PENTHOUSE

02242

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

NOVEMBER 1973 **ONE DOLLAR**

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BY MARCO VASSI

ANARCHY ON
THE RIGHT

LOVE AND DEATH
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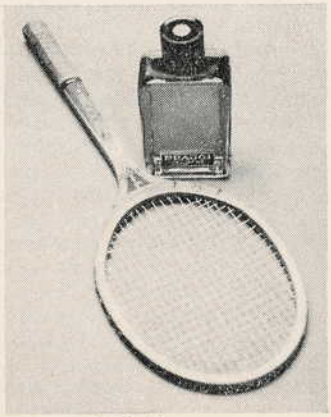

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NOVEMBER

PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of Penthouse, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Military aid

Thank you for your permission to reprint each of the following articles: *Apathy Now* by Craig Karpel, May '73; *Interview with Jesse Jackson* by Russ Euring, April '73; *Unhappy Landing* by Martin Schram and John Wallach, April '73. *Penthouse* will be given full credit on each copy reproduced.

These articles will be used during classroom discussions with U. S. Army officers attending the Military Police Officer Advanced Course at Fort Gordon, Georgia.

Enclosed is a copy of the SPROCAD notebook that your articles will be a part of with your permission. Thank you for your favorable consideration—*Richard S. Nate, CPT, MPC, Dissent and Disorder Management Group, Department of the Army, Fort Gordon, Ga.*

Obscenity in the eye of the beholder

I had to write to tell you how good I felt after reading Mr. Guccione's position regarding the recent ruling by the U.S. Supreme Court on obscenity. Just viewing his magazine I can see that he does not regard the human body as obscene. I hope that *Penthouse* will continue its photographic achievements and possibly go on to new heights.—*Paul J. Novack, Seneca Falls, N.Y.*

I think I'm finally fed up. What the hell is wrong with sex? What's all the talk about? Why crack down on XXX movies and book shops? Are they forcing people to go in? Who gave anybody the power to say two, three, or one hundred people can't all screw when they want if they're all consenting? A guy just came to my door selling Bibles. Why don't they stop that? It offends me!!!

What's going on with this government of ours when they spend so much money on trying to stop an institution (pornography-art) when they could be doing something useful like bugging someone's home or office? I guess we should all just give up and let Nixon make us all go to church and hide *Penthouse* under our beds!!!

Sometimes I wonder if these weird people screw just so they can have kids. Sex for enjoyment or love? Who ever heard of such a thing? I'm sick!—*M.N. Piro, Niles, Mich.*

As long as you find it necessary to publish this type of magazine, I feel it is also your duty as editor to have some concern for the general public. I for one do not find it appealing to be bombarded with pictures of nude women every time I walk into a stationery store. You could, at the very least, confine your smutty pictures to the inside of the magazine instead of displaying them for the whole world to see on your cover.

Have you no concern for the millions of people who don't find your type of magazine necessary? Apparently not! Or maybe you're just another male chauvinist who is out for a fast buck by using women to attain your goal? If you don't give a damn about the citizens of the world, you certainly should be able to find in your conscience a little concern for the well-being of children who are also subjected to your type of "entertainment."—*Mrs. R. T. (name withheld), New York, N.Y.*

And should we also cover the mirrors in our houses, so we need never see ourselves nude?—Editor

For medicinal purposes only

I am physician-in-charge of one of the largest and most active amputee-prosthetic rehabilitation services in this country. We have recently embarked on a clinical research project to determine the influence of major limb amputation on sexual function among our patients. I find it quite surprising that there has been next to nothing at all published in the world scientific literature regarding this problem.

It was called to my attention by a friend that in some issues of *Penthouse* there were articles or letters that made reference to sex and the amputee. We are presently using this material as a starting point for our research. —*Victor Cummings, M.D., Associate Professor, Albert Einstein College of Medicine, Yeshiva University, Bronx, N.Y.*

On July 31 to August 1 we held here in our Department of Postgraduate Education a workshop for clergy on human sexuality and marital problems. Attendance was limited to thirty-five men and women.

This letter is to thank you for sending me a number of sample copies of *Penthouse* that were made available to participants. Your magazine has a very definite philosophy concerning sexuality, and I was happy to receive that input for our registrants. Thank you again for your assistance.—*W. Noel Brown, Staff Chaplain, University Hospital, Ann Arbor, Mich.*

I read your Forum with great interest since March 1972. During the months of January '72 and December '72 I was preparing a scientific paper on the subject of amputees. I must sincerely thank you for every one of your published letters under the title of "Monopede Mania," because they directed my attention toward a little-known aspect of human compulsions. Since that time I have collected twenty-seven cases, in which nonamputees were seeking out amputees as satisfactory (if not the *only* satisfactory) sexual partners. Your articles, letters, and comments on this subject inspired me to investigate and to interview many such devotees and finally to write a major scientific paper on the subject.

What you term "Monopede Mania" is really "anaclysis," and this particular sexual preference was given the name "étayage" by me to describe the dependence on amputees for sexual gratification. The paper on "étayage" will be published in December or January. In the meantime I'm still seeing, corresponding with, and consulting people who

CONTINUED ON PAGE 10

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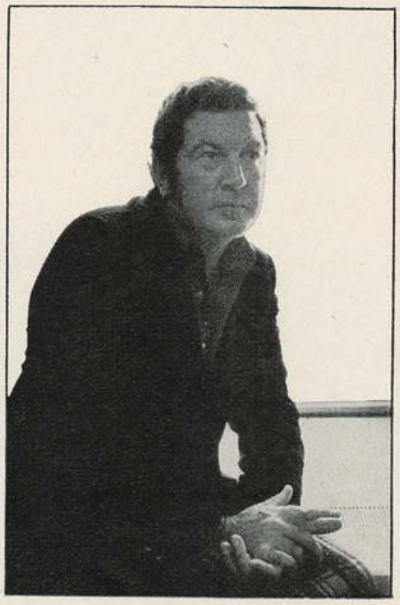
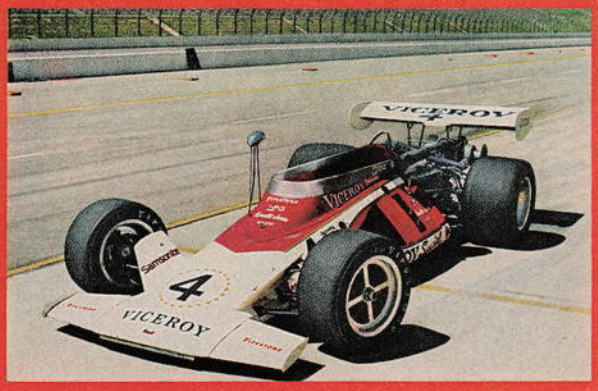


CUMINGS

VASSI

HOUSECALL

"The realm of Chaos and old Night"—thus the poet saw anarchy. In fact, argues **Samuel L. Blumenfeld**, anarchy is a sensible and highly moral means for an individual to control his own life. It is also a philosophy of public and private ethics that is rapidly gaining credence, not among the crazies of the Bomber Left, but with conservative members of the corporate community. In *Zero Government: Anarchy on the Right*, Blumenfeld interviews leading right-wing libertarians, examines their ideas, and accounts for the first significant resurgence of anarchism since the yeoman idealism of Thomas Jefferson. Blumenfeld is the author of *How to Start Your Own Private School—And Why You Need One* and, published this past summer, *The New Illiterates* (Arlington House). "I like the idea of zero government as a theoretical position," he says, "but have no illusions about it ever coming into being except through science fiction." There are some taxpayers, however, who justly feel that zero government is upon us already—particularly when it comes to those public servants entrusted with keeping the peace. Certainly the troubles that have beset **Dave Greenberg** and **Bob Hantz**—the "Batman and Robin" of the New York Police Department—since they captured headlines as the last of the tough cops and became the heroes of Hank Whittemore's best-selling *The Supercops* and a forthcoming MGM film, are evidence of something rotten in the state of Law and Order. In this month's *Penthouse Interview* by Terry Guerin, Greenberg and Hantz talk about the way they brought upon themselves the wrath of the powers that be—and the gratitude of the citizens of Brooklyn's dangerous Bedford-Stuyvesant district—for cleaning up most of the heroin traffic in America's second-largest black ghetto. They did it the usual way—by risking their lives. Ordinary people, of course, risk their lives every day in ordinary ways, as **J. G. Ballard** reminds us in *Crash*. Driving an automobile is exposed by Ballard as the hairline between life and violent death. Half a dozen lives can be snuffed out by a single driver's miscalculation—or deliberate calculation. Is the multi-car pileup in certain circumstances the necessary and desirable automotive orgasm of the modern era? Ballard, the master fantasist of the living English novel, is best known for books like *The Drowned World*, *The Crystal World*, and *The Wind From Nowhere*. The present fiction is from his latest novel, *Crash*, just published by Farrar, Strauss & Giroux. **Marco Vassi** also feels that sex is the central experience of our time—or rather metasexuality: "everything that we do (in bed) that partakes of the forms of sexual behavior and feeling," beyond the actual chore of making babies. In *The Eroticum: Sex versus Metasex*, Vassi offers both a new theory of sexuality in life and relationships and some proposals for discovering and inventing metasexuality, whereby we may "begin to turn our faces toward honesty, survival, and true human dignity." Vassi, thirty-five, the author of four widely read erotic novels, presently dwells in bucolic Lake Hill, New York, where he writes and meditates. On the ever-present lighter side of *Penthouse*, designer **Don Moravick** and photographers **Walter Swarthout** and **Jim Fridley** take a whimsical look at the dark quarter of the inner man in their ten case studies of *The American Dream*. The orthodox chicken in every pot it isn't, but we're just suckers for their opulent castles in the air. Cartoonist **Art Cumings** airs a few breezy stories himself in *Balloon Heads*, which he modestly describes as "the parts they left out of *Blow-up*." There's always something in the air with Cumings, a graduate of prestigious Pratt Institute, a resident of Long Island, satirist, illustrator, and prolific purveyor of "pictorial literature." He believes his cartoons are serious art, opening up new fields of sophisticated humor and, consequently, human awareness. Elsewhere in this issue, **Henry Morgan** takes a few risible pokes at the "energy crisis" and **Frederic Mullally** and **Ron Embleton**, the new dynamic duo of the strip cartoon, continue to chronicle the merry doings of *Wicked Wanda*.



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O'JAYS' GREATEST HITS — NOT AVAILABLE IN CASSETTES — 94991

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are interested in amputees or who have amputee partners (girl friends, boyfriends, husbands, or wives) or those who became amputees while married or single and felt that life cheated them out of "complete" pleasures.

I often had an urge to write to many of your corresponding people, and if it could be possible, I still would like to do so, since I have successfully readjusted six amputee couples and a few single amputees to live a better and satisfactory sexual life.

Because of my experience, I can't emphasize enough how much such persons suffer due to the lack of proper consultations and due to their own fear of talking about or doing something about it. Please, let all of these persons know that there are people around them who care (like AMPALS, or Bruce Thomason in Florida, the Conquerors in Illinois), that there is no need to feel unwanted like a few of your contributors do (Carol E. of Dallas, Jane of Mobile, or Allan J. of Chicago, just to mention a few). I would be more than happy to correspond or to personally counsel anyone on the subject of problems and solutions of amputees or devotees of "étayage."

If I may, I would like to have your written permission to use *Penthouse* Forum as a source of reference in the aforementioned article of mine. Many thanks for the enlightening and inspiration.—*Adalbert B. Vajay, M.D., Monmouth Medical Center, Long Branch, N.J.*

Permission, of course, was gladly given.—Editor

Don't keep off the grass

It is my hope and desire that among your readers, there will be someone who is in a position who can and will initiate some action to legalize marijuana.

I regard *Penthouse* as a highly liberal magazine and I'm hoping this letter will be printed so as to bring about some balance.

I will start by stating that I am an American presently living in South Vietnam and working for an American contractor. I have spent a total of four years in this country, the first two in 1966–1968 as a soldier in the Vietnam conflict, during which I also first turned on to grass that could be bought easily and cheaply. There was very little harassment at that time of the war by the Vietnamese police authorities. Most of the time all the GI's who were turning on were only cautioned on being busted by the MP's or plainclothes CID personnel. In the last three years the U.S. government and the Vietnamese government, through their various drug-enforcement organizations, have practically eradicated the availability of marijuana, which is not a drug or a narcotic. The fact that these so-called law enforcers and some of the legislative members that make the laws of the land will include marijuana as a drug or a narcotic is beyond me.

I left the U.S. a few years ago as a result of the stupid marijuana laws that are still being imposed today. I chose to settle in South Vietnam, having been there in the Army and knowing I wouldn't have any trouble buying grass and smoking it. The fact that a person could buy grass anywhere and in any amount cheaply really appealed to me. As a result of the lack of grass I have turned into a heroin addict. Heroin is now as available and cheap as grass was a few years ago. As I have mentioned above, there is now a scarcity of grass all over the country. It is only being cultivated and smoked by some mountain tribes who simply do their "own thing."

I do not like heroin. Any heroin addict will tell you the same thing. But I don't make the laws, and if the grass was legal or available, I wouldn't be an addict today. I know that there are many other heroin addicts who share the same view as myself, for a lot of my friends are also addicted.

Someday it is my hope that marijuana smoking will be legalized by countries all over the world. *Penthouse* can be a big factor by publishing the facts to open the minds of ignorant men and women who are opposed to the use of this wonderful herb. Thank you.—*M.S. (name and address withheld)*

It takes all kinds

I have been an avid reader of *Penthouse* for three years. In these three years I have drooled at your girls, laughed at your jokes, and been entertained and enlightened by your stories and articles.

Lately though, I have been noticing some disturbing political overtones to your magazine, for example in your July article *The Assassination Tapes.* Not only is this story a bunch of bullshit in content, but it subtly casts doubt not only on our government but our entire judicial system. In the July issue also, in the section View From the Top under the subtitle "Words," your writer refers to every conservative policeman as a pig and every liberal policeman as an antipig (acceptable). I really hate to see pure liberal shit like this coming from *Penthouse.* If I wanted to purchase left-wing propaganda such as this, I would never have stopped buying *Playboy.* You people just might be surprised at the number of your readers who match up to your idea of a pig (i.e. short hair, no beads, no beards, and no sandals).

I have faith in you people, I believe you will get back to being a magazine devoted to entertaining its readers, not educating them. Entertainment is the underlying reason most of us pigs buy your magazine and I know even though some members of your staff may be a little left-leaning, they are still the decadent capitalists we pigs represent.

After all, you are still writing *Penthouse* for your readers, aren't you?—*Lester Stephany, Florence, Ky.*

Penthouse readers have many different views, so the magazine reflects conservative, liberal, and other persuasions. You can't please all the people all the time!—Editor

And now a public service announcement

After watching *Sins of the Fathers* on television last night, my husband and I desperately want to adopt an American-Vietnamese child.

We haven't the faintest idea how to even begin this task, so I am writing to you with the hope that you can help us. You always seem to know what is going on and are able to find out things most of us can't.

I would also like to write to Michele Wentzel, the social worker over in Vietnam who was on the show, but I haven't any idea how to get in touch with her, either. Is there any way you could get her address and any other addresses that handle overseas adoption? We would sure appreciate it.

It may be helpful to put something of this sort in your magazine. I'm sure there are others who feel as we do.

Thank you for your time and for anything

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you are able to do.—*C.D. (name and address withheld)*

The address aired was: American Counsel of Voluntary Agencies for Foreign Services, 200 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10003—Editor

Viva voices

I have just finished the July issue of *Penthouse* and have never been motivated to write any publisher or editor before this. I have read no magazine that reached my standards.

Congratulations on creating a fine publication with all the reality of life itself. A clean, fresh effort in the right direction; a magazine for real people about real people.

I am a female who believes it is well worth it to look upon any well-developed, healthy body. Compliments to your photographers, especially Ken Marcus, for having it together. Let's see more natural layouts like his last, Cindy; really beautiful.

I look forward to your offspring, *Viva*, with confidence. To hell with all the complaining, dissatisfied, bored housewives who thirst for a juicy centerfold because the men have it. My trust to you who are worthy of choosing your format.

You've spawned new hope in literature and photography for a sense of the real and the changing I thought had been lost. Thank you.—*Deborah Bramble, Seaford, Del.*

Being a three-year subscriber to your great *Penthouse*, I regret that this is the first time I have written you. First of all, I'd like to say thank you for all of your lovely Pets.

Secondly, and my major motive for writing this letter, is that I would like to know if *Viva* is going to have pictures of nude men? If not, I would like to say your choice is not only selfish to the ladies, but highly unethical. Women are human, too! They have sexual feelings as well as men. For centuries, women have had to sit by the wayside while men viewed their men's magazines. Now that you have finally realized the injustice committed to the ladies, you are going to deny them a centerfold?! For shame!

A centerfold would also bring in more money, but I doubt if you are hard up for cash.

Finally, I would like to say that the way *Penthouse* is presented is not demeaning to women, and therefore, in return, will not be demeaning to men. For years now *Penthouse* has revealed the beauty of the female anatomy: now let its counterpart do the same for us males. Please reconsider your decision. —*S.Z. (name withheld), Baltimore, Md.*

My question is—is she or isn't she? I have addressed several envelopes to subscribe to your new female counterpart *Viva*, and then found a bit of information that made me toss it out. So I have decided to write to you and find out the truth. Will the new magazine have pictorial articles on men equal in quality and content to those of females in the *Penthouse*?

My husband and I appreciate your magazine for showing that sex can be lots of things besides the missionary position and that females have other parts to their bodies aside from boobs. We are interested in your new publication, but we feel that the sensations of male bodies must be a part of it. Men are as beautiful and as exciting to women as the opposites.

I await your reply with my subscription card

Andy Warhol doesn't play second base for the Chicago Cubs.

He doesn't even know who does. But he's a man of many talents and interests — art, music, movies, literature — in fact, everything that's exciting in the world around us today.

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filled out. PS My coffee club group awaits your reply too.—*M.S. (name withheld), Wichita, Kan.*

Like ***Penthouse, Viva*** *will include several pictorial features, among which will be a pictorial love story every month.*

I understand you're putting out a "groovy" magazine for us gals, called *Viva*. Well, all I can say, if your gals' magazine will be like the *Penthouse* for guys, is "Bravo!"

Now don't chicken out and cover up the male body with hands, fig leaves, or whatever. You don't do it to the girls, so come on you fellas, don't be so inhibited. *Cosmopolitan* gave us girls a bit of a treat, but it isn't fair —you show the girls completely nude so I think it's time to reciprocate.

You're going to have this new magazine edited by men. Well, men, give us some beautiful men. I think personally you're all afraid to show off your bodies below the waist. After all, there isn't anything wrong with the human body, only what some real weird people think about it. After all it's art, isn't it? I can suggest some really fantastic men—I have a marvelous boyfriend, but him I won't share. But some men like Mark Lindsay of Paul Revere & the Raiders, Mick Jagger of the Stones, David Cassidy, and Tom Jones are just a few. So come on, and if you need any help to do the job I'll be only too willing to help.—*Jo Houtschilt, Calumet City, Ill.*

Don't you think your magazine *Penthouse*, the so-called International Magazine for Men, is just a little discriminatory? Well, I along with many happen to think so.

In years gone by, it was probably considered outlandish for women to even be associated with such "lewd" or "obscene" material. But man, time has changed. And I believe that it is certainly unfair to all the women who read your magazine for you to be so selective with your customers. I happen to *enjoy* reading *Penthouse*.

Maybe it would be more appropriate (and fair) to say *Penthouse*—The International Magazine.—*Mrs. John Smith (and all of the Jane Does in the U.S.)*

You and your friends will enjoy ***Viva,*** *the* ***Penthouse*** *for women, which is on all major newsstands now.—Editor*

Voices from prison

I just received my copy of *Penthouse* for July and feel I have to respond to Mr. Buerkle's letter concerning prisons and prisoners in this issue. I'm afraid he has no idea what he is talking about concerning us. I am presently serving a one-to-twenty-year sentence in Lebanon Correctional Institution, for the exorbitant crime of writing a fifteen-dollar bad check which was five dollars overdrawn on the account. I feel I can speak with some authority on life in this prison and others like it across the country. I've been here six months and incarcerated ten months altogether.

Mr. Buerkle seems to think that we pay no taxes while incarcerated. That's bullshit. We pay taxes on the goods we are able to buy in commissary and if we own property we still have to pay those taxes too. That's damn hard to do on ten cents an hour. Very little, if any, of his tax money goes into any prison anywhere. These places are self-contained cities of their own and self-supporting. One supplies food, one furniture, one clothes, and most, if not all, maintenance is done by the population of the prison. The state nets much money from what we produce and pays less than slaves' wages. How much higher would your taxes be if outside industry did our work?

He says that most crime is committed by persons awaiting trial or who have been in prison before. If you put a young man or woman in a prison with hardened criminals, he listens to them and then will try and imitate them. An eighteen- or nineteen-year-old person may be adult by law, but too many are easily influenced by what they see or hear. You are sure to read headlines of ex-cons who got busted doing something, but you never hear or read of the ones that go straight. Did you ever hear of convicts helping a children's home or of inmates who help handicapped children? We do here. I give a tenth of my wages every month to the children's home in this county, as do many others here. Do you give a tenth of yours, Mr. Buerkle, or do you even care? You never hear anything till you go to get a better job to support your family and can't because of a past record.

It's the one-track, go-to-church people that have made this country what it is today—a farce of law and justice. I'm here right now for one reason and one reason alone: my past record. I got screwed as have thousands of others in these United States.

I could get burned for this letter, but too many of us have sat back too long and kept quiet about the rip-off we got. Your judges may be able to lock me away, but walls or fences will never lock my mind or my freedom of speech.

Mr. Buerkle wants you to print more constructive articles. Run a series on prisons in this country. Make the public aware of what it is really like in here. It is anything but soft or easy. If people really know what it's like here, maybe they will realize where it's at! I hope so!—*(Name withheld), Lebanon Correctional Institution, Lebanon, Ohio*

After having first read *Penthouse* while in prison, I have to say it is one of the best mags I have come on to. But I haven't seen any letters in Forum from other prisoners. Is this because you don't receive any to be published, or what? I myself am twenty-seven years old, this is the first time for me to be busted, and my last. *Penthouse* and the other magazines that are for the male are our most cherished possessions while locked up. This is the closest that we come to having a woman while being locked up, so when you find one of the male mags, it not uncommon to find the date a year or two old. Keep the fine work going for us cons as well as the free-world people. I will be free in February 1974. As the saying goes, I am looking for more in '74.—*(Name withheld), Springfield, Mo.*

I'm writing this letter in answer to a letter in Forum in the July issue by Cole W. Buerkle, Lancaster, Calif. He said that the article *Unhappy Landings* by Martin Schram and John Wallach (April) was a useless and meaningless article. I happen to disagree. I thought it was a fine article! Cole states in his letter that "the Government is too damn easy on prisoners," and that "too many people abide by the law for a few idiots to think that they can break it, and get away with it and just serve a few years."

Well I'd like to tell him and the rest of the

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readers something. I am now incarcerated in the Oregon State Penitentiary for the crime of concealing stolen property. When I got busted I was just a mixed-up kid, but now, thanks to guys like Cole, I hate society in general (the way the system works) and I just don't give a damn about much of anything.

So why don't you readers of *Penthouse* wake up out there and give us prisoners a little break? We're not all hardened when we first come in, but we get that way fast when we see attitudes like Cole's. You know, we're human beings too. Not just animals, as some people seem to think.

Personally, I'd like to see a few more articles in *Penthouse* like *Unhappy Landings.* —*J.S. (name withheld), Salem, Oreg.*

Assassination tapes

George O'Toole's article *Assassination Tapes* proves that the American public will believe "the truth" no matter what the facts tend to indicate. I am curious as to what would turn up if the Watergate hearings were subjected to the PSE. I only hope that we don't have to wait ten years to find out.—*Scott Mainzer, Wayne, N.J.*

I read with jealous interest George O'Toole's fascinating and well-done article on the Kennedy assassination.

Having done several years ago an exhaustive research paper on the same subject, allow me a few observations.

Mr. O'Toole states: "The more I read (about the assassination) the more I doubted the official account. . . ."

Question: Did the author's reading include Edward J. Epstein's scholarly and seriously factual critique of the Warren Commission? Epstein's documented account in essence concludes that it was a physical impossibility for *one* man to have fired *all* the shots within the time period stated by the commission.

Mr. O'Toole also admits to what many might consider a fatal flaw in his research: namely, that he allowed the National Committee to Investigate Assassinations—a group with vested interests—to furnish him with the tape of Chief Justice Warren's comments.

Did it not occur to the author that any group with a less than impartial stance toward the Warren Commission could easily doctor a tape to fit their own preconceived conclusions? In short, does Mr. O'Toole realize that he may have fallen into a trap?

It is even harder to understand why an experienced CIA man would let himself be used this way, especially since he was able to obtain other tapes from CBS, an obviously more impartial organization than the committee.

I find these questions very disturbing and would appreciate some answers, especially since Mr. O'Toole admirably points out in his article that his investigatory methods are not yet perfected and merely raise a probability rather than a conclusion of doubt.—*Stan Gelman, New York, N.Y.*

Just finished reading your article, *Assassination Tapes.*

Suggestion: In order to clear yourself AND the CIA, maybe, have yourself hooked up to the PSE and have the examiner ask you the following questions:

"Do you have any knowledge of CIA involvement in the assassination of JFK?"

"Did you in any way conspire to assassinate President Kennedy?"

Anyone who loved President Kennedy deeply would probably show psychological stress —measurable by polygraph or PSE—just reading and talking about his assassination.— *George E. Cauthen, Houston, Texas*

I'd like to try Mr. O'Toole's PSE machine on Billie Lovelady, who said he was standing in the doorway to the Texas Book Depository as the first shots hit JFK. A picture in the *Herald Tribune* showed Oswald standing in that ground floor doorway as the first shots hit JFK. Lovelady sat on the steps below him. I'd like to try your PSE on those Cubans now in jail over the Watergate matter and ask them questions leading to the question, "Were you in Dealey Plaza at the time JFK was shot?" And another question, "Did you have any prior knowledge about the shooting of JFK in Dealey Plaza?"

I would like to use your PSE on Nixon and ask him questions concerning what he was doing in Dallas two days before Dealey Plaza, what he was doing the morning of the assassination before he left Dallas.

I think the whole damn Dallas police force needs to be requestioned.

I think you would do well to read Sylvia Meagher's book, *Accessories After the Fact,* and put the PSE on all the suspicious characters she unearthed—including tapes of Ruby and Oswald, of course.

Another question you could ask Nixon's Cubans would concern their part in the Bay of Pigs. And I'd like to point out that witnesses other than the one you PSE'd saw the shooting of Tippitt and they testified the shooter was a short, broad-shouldered man with dark hair who could not possibly be Oswald. . . . Just for starters.—*John B. Wentworth, Washington, D.C.*

Great! Stupendous! Unbelievable! *Assassination Tapes* is definitely the best article ever to appear in *Penthouse* magazine.

Mr. O'Toole's approach, writing style, and handling of a very touchy, yet very interesting subject of national interest is quite excellent.

Only through the efforts of such men as George O'Toole will the truth emerge as to what really occurred in Dallas on November 22, 1963.

With articles like these, *Penthouse* is sure to catch, and even exceed, *Playboy* in circulation. (The PSE showed no stress during the previous statement!)—*Wally A. Terry, Hampton, Va.*

Mr. O'Toole replies:

Many readers raised the subject of using the PSE on the televised Watergate hearings. While I have done this in a few isolated instances to satisfy my own curiosity, I have not had the time to undertake the same kind of comprehensive investigation I am carrying out regarding the JFK assassination. I prefer not to comment on what I have done because it is incomplete and, more importantly, because it could further diminish the chance that the Watergate witnesses will ever be brought to trial. However, I know of several instances in which people with PSE's have used them on the Watergate testimony, and I expect that some of their results will have been reported in the news media.

I know what Mr. Mainzer means, and I appreciate his comment, but I'd like to remark on his wording. "What the facts tend to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 20

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If you have one, a blow-dryer or hot-comb is important for three of these styles. But you must use it properly. Always brush hair up and away from your scalp and dry it from underneath. Pull hard to get rid of curly tendencies. (If your hair is a bit too straight, small, circular movements with your brush and dryer can give it more life.) Longer hair should be dried with steady, continuous movements.

Just one word of warning about blow-dryers and hot-combs: they dry out hair. We believe it is vital to use a conditioner on hair that is hot-air dried in order to keep it healthy looking as well as styled.

If you don't have a hot-air dryer, don't run out and buy one. Three of these styles work perfectly well without one.

SHORTER HAIR

1. Short part

This is how you'd like your hair to look. But it won't. Because it isn't thick enough or long enough.

Blow-dry your hair up and away from your head for a chunky feeling. Now it looks like it just grew an extra inch in length. And doubled in thickness.

Lift your hair all over except one place—your neckline. If you keep your hair close here, even flip it out, it looks longer.

When you comb, make a short part. Comb your hair in the direction it grows. (Across the forehead and down over the ears for most guys.)

Since blow-drying dries out your hair, prevent this by using a little Brylcreem Hairdressing before you begin. It helps shorter hair in lots of ways. Its conditioners put back the moisture hot-air drying removes, giving your hair a healthy looking, natural sheen. Brylcreem also makes your hair more manageable, so it does exactly what it's supposed to.

2. No part

Maybe you've had enough of parting your hair—and seeing your forehead—to last you a lifetime. (Or at least the next few months.) If so, try this.

Massage Brylcreem's new Dry Style into your hair. Then comb top hair from the crown of your head towards your forehead, side hair down to your ears and forward to the temples, back hair down and under around your neck.

Now you can leave your hair as is, or comb again for an even fuller look. (But remember, no part.) Dry Style is like hair spray in a bottle, controlling your hair naturally and invisibly.

3. Opposite part

You prefer your hair parted, but just want something different. How's this? It works without a hot-air dryer, too.

First, massage a little Brylcreem Hairdressing into your damp hair, for body and manageability.

Then, part your hair high, on the side opposite to its "normal" part. Grooming away from the growth pattern will temporarily straighten out waves and will also help give the height this style requires on top.

Brush hair up and back on top, straight down and flat to the head on the sides. Flip up the hair at the nape of your neck.

Let it dry just as it is.

LONGER HAIR

1. Side part

Here's how to get your hair looking its best if you want a side part.

Brush and dry your hair in one smooth motion, turning the ends under. This makes it look shorter. (Maybe you can get by without a haircut for a few more weeks.)

change the way your hair looks. Without cutting it.

Side hair is groomed under and towards your cheek. Top hair goes to the side, then back away from your face.

If your hair has a mind of its own, use a spray of Brylcreem Soft Hair Dry Spray with Protein before you start blow-drying. It does two important things for longer hair: conditions and controls. Spray it on, then massage it into your hair and scalp. The protein penetrates your hair shafts, helping to protect your hair from the parching effect of blow-drying. And the styling control of Soft Hair will help you get your hair going where you want it. And keep it there.

2. No part

If you can't be bothered with blow-drying or you'd like to look more mature, try this.

Spray your towel-dried hair with Soft Hair Dry Spray with Protein and massage it in. This puts styling control where you need it: down deep in your hair.

Then, with your brush, groom all your hair straight back against your head. You've got a forehead again. Earlobes, too. Flip the hair at your neck out and up.

Use the brush at the crown to lift your hair and turn it under. This gives a little extra height where you may need it.

Another spritz of Soft Hair where your natural part may be trying to appear will help prevent it from doing so.

3. Center part

The last time you parted your hair on the side it either fell in your food or made you look lopsided. Try a center part instead.

With your hot-comb or blow-dryer, turn your hair forward and under on either side of the part. Starting from the part, your hair should go away from your forehead, towards your cheek and back to your ear. An S-shape. This makes your hair flip out at the bottom.

From the end of the part down the back of your head, all hair goes up and under, for fullness. At the very bottom make the ends flip by turning them up.

And don't forget Soft Hair Dry Spray with Protein. Its conditioners will counteract the drying effects of a hot-comb or blow-dryer. And it'll control your hair while keeping it healthy-looking.

After all, if your hair is dull and dried out, all the styling in the world won't help the way you look. That's why, no matter what style you decide on, we've got a product that will help you.

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indicate," is not, in my opinion, the conclusion of the Warren Report. The facts that were established by the Warren Commission did not support the commission's version of what happened, and public opinion surveys have shown that a large portion of the American public never accepted this version (and it's interesting to note that the skeptics included the late Senator Richard Russell, a member of the commission, and former President Lyndon Johnson, the man who instituted the commission). My objective, in my ongoing PSE investigation of the JFK assassination, is not merely to prove the Warren Commission wrong, but to actually uncover the truth.

To answer Mr. Gelman's first question, yes, I have read Epstein's **Inquest** *and believe it to be one of the most thorough, objective, and valuable analyses of the Warren Report. In regard to his comments and question concerning the Committee to Investigate Assassinations, I have several things to say. First, I am not sure what he means when he says that the committee has "vested interests." The committee is a loosely organized group of people who feel that the recent political assassinations deserve further inquiry, and who, in many cases, have devoted themselves to such investigation without any hope of financial reward. Did it occur to me that they "could easily doctor a tape to fit their own preconceived conclusions?" Frankly, no. I'm not at all sure that it is even theoretically possible to add or remove stress on a prerecorded tape, but, if so, I know that it would be a rather ambitious electronic project. The word "easily" certainly would not apply. Assuming the committee did this, why stop with the Warren tape? Why not furnish me with "doctored" copies of the other tapes, instead of letting me get them directly from CBS? Anyhow, In the interests of thoroughness, I called Bob Smith of the committee on the telephone and asked him. He assured me they did no such thing. And somehow, I know he is telling me the truth.*

Assuming Mr. Cauthen is serious, let me say the following: first, one is not "hooked up" to the PSE, that's part of its charm. Second, a self-administered PSE or polygraph test is a meaningless absurdity. Third, I stand ready to take either a PSE or polygraph test administered by a qualified examiner on the points raised by Mr. Cauthen and also regarding the sincerity and authenticity of my investigation and results.

I have found nothing in my investigation which would link the Watergate commandos to the JFK assassination or suggest there was anything sinister about Nixon's trip to Dallas. However, I share Mr. Wentworth's curiosity regarding the other matters he mentioned. Incidentally, since writing the article, I have turned up additional PSE evidence which suggests that Oswald did not shoot Officer Tippitt.

It's very gratifying to receive Mr. Terry's comment, even though it's an overstatement.

Vernon Bellecourt

Did you ever think that an Indian, who was true to himself and his people and was still able to remain married to a white woman and teach his children (and maybe the rest of us) the inner values and merging justice of his people, may be the culmination of all those peace treaties, hopes, and broken promises?

Imagine an Indian with a shirt and tie, who was established in the mainstream of society, who could deal with living, and cared about the treatment of his people and those of his son's sons. The values of tradition go far beneath the cloth!

God be with him and his people.—*Vincent Lutrano, Chicago, Ill.*

Analyzing the energy crisis

I read Walter Gutman's article on the energy crises in your September issue with real interest. This is probably the most comprehensive article on the subject that has come out of Wall Street. I am most pleased to learn of your thoroughness. How about getting it published in one or more labor journals? All industries and, of course, their employees will be in some manner or other affected by the availability of oil and gas.—*John F. Bricker, Chairman of the Board, Exchange Oil & Gas Corp., New Orleans, La.*

Disputing Darwin

Maybe Fred Darwin's ideas on the death penalty (View From the Top, June) would be different if he had been in Oklahoma City a few weeks ago. A young man, his wife and their six-year-old son were made to lie on their stomachs and, one by one, were shot in the back of the head by a murderer who knew there was no death penalty. But it is evident that Mr. Darwin lives in isolation in a dreamworld. I suggest that he move to the Soviet Union, where most of the standards he asked for already exist. It's a place he obviously admires.—*Coy Prather, Oklahoma City, Okla.*

As Fred Darwin in View From The Top (June) has assumed the role of judge and jury in advocating that the indiscriminate use of technology (including the media) to the detriment of man, individually and collectively, be a capital crime, one can only surmise that he has assumed the role of executioner and quaffed his cup of hemlock. Why and how people can conclude that man's inhumanity to man has its origin in technology seems to defy explanation. One need only to read your definition of "Inquisition," in Sexindex in the same issue to conclude that man was quite capable of atrocious treatment of his fellow man without the aid of technology. In fact, if one were forced to choose between a firing squad and burning at the stake, one might conclude that the invention of the gun was one of man's more humane activities.

As for the safety of the gun and automobile, they become unsafe only in the hands of a user, and are only as unsafe as he makes them. Collisions occur when two or more objects arrive at the same place at the same time. As automobiles must follow the classic laws of motion, their paths are predictable within limits. If some attempt were made to enlighten drivers as to the use of information available to them by just looking, the need for energy-absorbing front ends, arresting devices, and the like would disappear. So, if the use of the media to promote the stupidity rather than the enlightenment of man constitutes indiscriminate use of the media, your Mr. Darwin stands guilty as charged.

Technology is part of mankind. Man can hate himself if he wishes, but when his ancestors got down out of the tree and were capable of recognizing the stone as a meaningful implement, the atom bomb was just a question of time. While some people might agree that man would be better off had he

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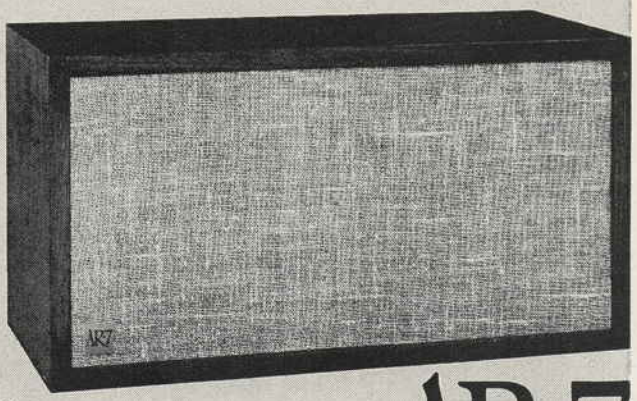

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stayed in the tree, had he done so they would be incapable of that agreement.—*Carl E. Koehler, Circle Pines, Minn.*

Mr. Darwin replies:
If Mr. Prather will reread the piece, he will discover that the Soviets are more in agreement with him than with me. As my article pointed out, the death penalty has been reinstated in the Soviet Union. It extends not only to murder, but to such crimes as currency speculation and counterfeiting.
I agree with much of what Mr. Koehler has to say in his thoughtful letter. But if he, too, will reread the column, I think he will see that I do not condemn technology—only those who misapply it or refuse to apply it in ways that would contribute to public safety.

Pet partisans
Do I detect underarm hair in your photographs of Cindy McDee in your July issue? It seems that I do, and I find it very sexy. In fact I would like to request that you print some photos of some "really" beautiful women—to me this means women with beauty (inner and outer) that requires no makeup. And don't touch up the photos or make them hazy. Let us see women as they are, not with all that artificial guck (makeup) on. And why don't you drop your male chauvinist actions of only showing nude females and not the male also? You do believe in men and women being nonexploitive don't you?—*Kenneth E. Lubel, San Francisco, Calif.*

I'd like to take this opportunity to tell you that I think your July Pet, Cindy McDee, is the lustiest honey I've ever seen in yours or any other magazine. My only wish is that the entire issue could have been devoted to her.—*D.B. (name withheld), Old Tappan, N.J.*

What a pleasant surprise it was to find your lovely July Pet of the Month, Cindy McDee. I'm glad someone finally realized that beauty in a woman is not necessarily synonymous with large breasts.—*Jim Ericksen, Lewiston, Maine*

Camera query
Does Bob Guccione use a box camera?—*David Townson, Rexdale, Ontario*

Wouldn't you like to know!—Editor

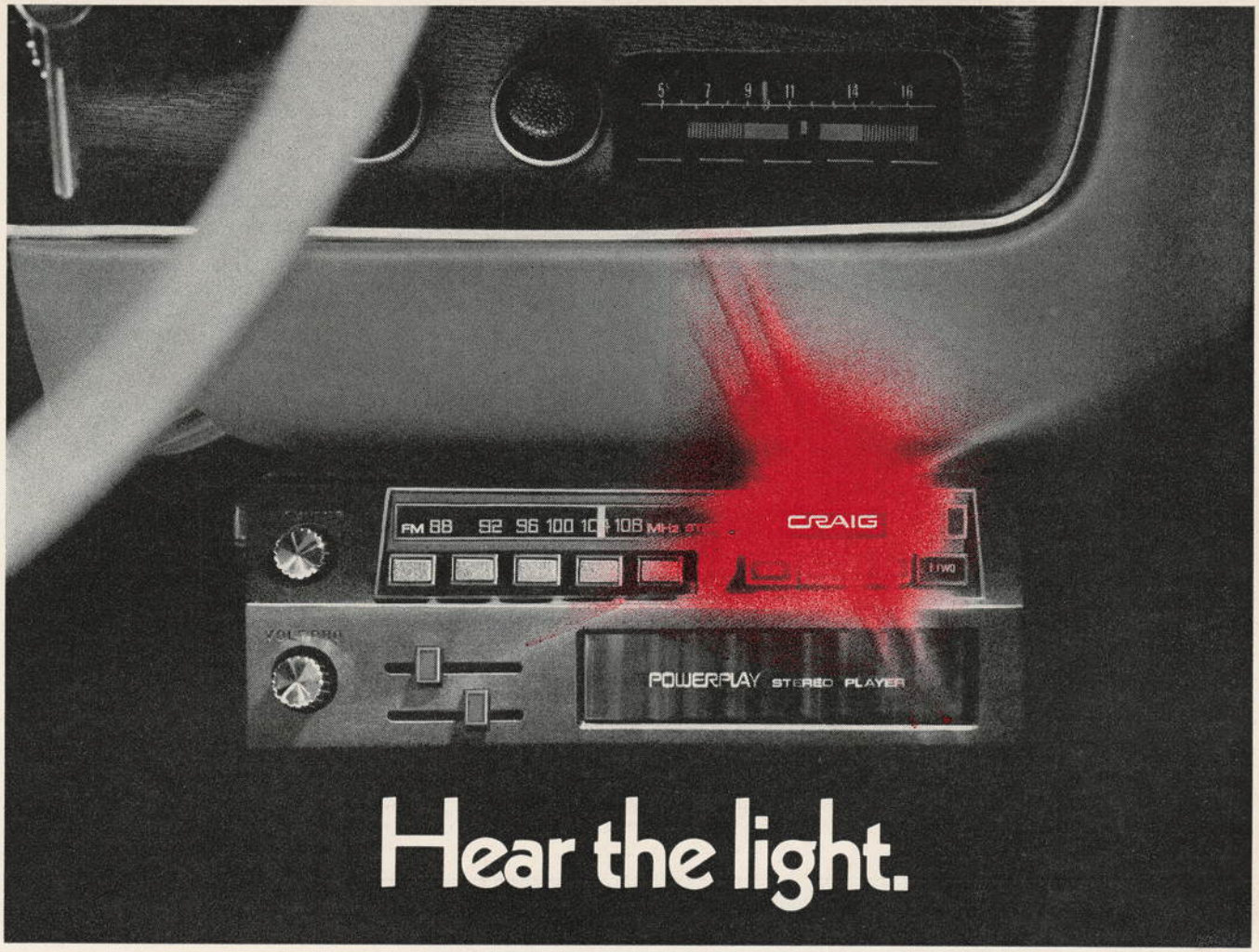
Country music forever!
I just finished reading *Honky-Tonk Angels in Hillbilly Heaven* by David Dalton (July).
I hope I can put in words the feeling I got from this story. I've been a country-and-western fan for about ten years now, and never have I read a story with so much feeling and truth about country music.
Dalton must have done a lot of research into country music because he didn't leave out anything about how all country songs are so sad and yet have so much feeling. As for Kitty Wells, she will always be the queen of country music and her song "It Wasn't God Who Made Honky-Tonk Angels" will never be forgotten. It will live on forever. Hank Williams is another that will never be forgotten, nor will his songs. In many of Hank's songs he seemed to be telling the story of his life—a life of sadness. Yet his songs of everyday life brought much happiness to hearts that were broken and full of loneliness. I could go on and on about how beautiful country music is and will always be to me and everyone that listens to it. But I could never really put it into words as David Dalton did.
I hope my letter will be printed so everyone will see that country music will never die in my heart as well as theirs.—*Ronald Waynard, South Walpole, Mass.*

Sexindex
I read your magazine quite frequently and usually find it really entertaining. However, I was quite dismayed when I found "the Jewish bar mitzvah ceremony" equated with sexual "initiation rites" of primitive tribes. The only similarity it shares with the ceremonies of other "primitive societies" is that it marks adulthood—but here the similarities cease. There are no "trials of physical endurance and circumcision," there are no "cords attached to their genitals." I trust the author of your Sexindex is aware of this and in the future will be more careful about insinuation of such poor taste. Actually a bar mitzvah is no more similar to the initiation rites than is a sweet-sixteen party or high school graduation.—*Eli Schmell, Baltimore, Md.*

You're right. We did not intend to imply that painful physical ordeals were part of the modern Jewish ceremony.—Editor

Sign of the times
I am a hot-natured redhead, and I like to be eaten (what woman doesn't?). There is a hand signal that is now going the rounds on the "In set" that lets you know discreetly.
You tap the first finger up and down on the thumb rapidly in a nibbling semblance, many times. This means simply, "I want to eat you." The girl gets the message and lets the sender know by smiling back, or nodding her head yes or no.
There are also hand signals going around for getting together. The fellow sticks out one finger straight. This means, "Ball me." If the girl is willing she gives him back the V for victory sign which means, "I'll spread my legs for you." If she declines she holds the first two fingers close together meaning "No go." If the girl wants to give the signal first she flashes the V sign with her first two fingers. Then the fellow replies in kind, if agreeable.
These hand signals are fine for flashing sex signals when it is hard to contact the person in conversation. These secret sex hand signals are getting a big play now in sophisticated circles, so sexual enlightenment marches on.—*D.M. (name withheld), Washington, D.C.*

Nothing new under the sun
I got a chuckle out of the July letter from E.Y. about the generations of fellatio in her family. Four generations of fellatio? More like four thousand, or how many generations it takes to go back to her ancestors who lived in caves. Has E. Y. read the Bible, or seen any pictures of the drawings on walls of lost cities dug up by archeologists? Now there was graffiti.
We think ours is a free-swinging society, but the Thirties, when gals went out with nothing under their dresses but themselves (and actresses like Jean Harlow and Norma Shearer wore nothing under their gowns in motion pictures), were sexy. The flaming Twenties—the era of hip flasks, roadhouses, and rumble seats had, statistically, more sex encounters than today.
I could mention the orgies through all the



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But I enjoy reading over the old story in Forum!—*Marion Garrity, Drums, Pa.*

I have never seen the controversial movie *Deep Throat,* but my husband endearingly refers to me as his "little Linda Lovelace" because of my irresistible penchant for fellatio.

I am twenty-four years old and we have been married for seven months. I readily accepted my introduction to fellatio, and although I thoroughly enjoy coitus, I discovered I *preferred* fellatio. It is intimate, exciting, and stimulating. An aphrodisiac! I actually have an orgasm as a result of my husband's emission. He is delighted because of this uncontrollable attraction for him, and my craving has grown into an obsession during seven months of marriage. It now includes my brother-in-law and two close friends of my husband's. He excitedly watches the performances. More recently it also has included a telephone repairman and a bachelor neighbor. My husband is not aware of these two latter indiscretions. I don't want to wreck my marriage with this intense desire and want to know if some of your distaff readers have the same problem.—*C.H. (name and address withheld)*

More static on charged bodies

I feel compelled to answer the letter by T. Milleman, of Lombard, Illinois, published in the July issue of *Penthouse,* which refers to my comments of last May, also printed in your magazine, in regard to the fact that pubic hair discharges the electrical impulses of male and female sexual action.

It would take a little research to prove my point that most females are charged negatively and most males are charged positively, but there are indeed measurable currents involved in sexual actions, as shown by charts developed by Masters and Johnson, and others. It may be that Mr. Milleman has been using a "half-dead" sexual organ, or else thrusting it into a "half-dead" vagina.

From Adam's rib to women's lib the female has been a negatively charged potential, except for some girls who have been extra sensitive, and males have been mostly positively charged. Since there is no human battery involved, as such, it does not necessarily charge your battery to engage in violent, rapid sexual action, thrusting at the rate of many times a minute, but it may indeed need recharging after a massive discharge, or orgasm. But some females are neutral, with no charge.

It is probably true that a great many couples never experience any electrical discharge in sexual intercourse, and of course, it does help to eat health foods, including fresh citrus and honey, and so-called "soul foods." The consumption of alcoholic drinks will not provide "battery water" for your sex machine, but rather may dilute your "sexual charge," and cause you to feel nothing at all.

Often, due to this sexual difference of electrical potential, a man will experience an ejaculation just by touching his potential mate, or perhaps by brushing against a well-developed young female in an elevator. Women also have orgasms upon physical contact, not necessarily involving the genitals.

Thus, pubic hair serves the purpose of discharging electrical potential between a man and his mate, even when they just mutually masturbate instead of relying on a lot of fast penile action for mutual sexual satisfaction. When some couples couple in the dark, the electrical discharges cannot only be felt but also viewed. Both partners should be nude and the female's vagina moist and hot. The woman should be somewhat of a sexpot who answers every thrust with a lunge.

Of course, there are some women who act like cold fish and get it over with as quickly and quietly as possible. You are not going to see any electrical display from such a pubic area, even at night.—*Dr. Karl H. Stell (retired), Adelphi, Md.*

Sweet feet

I have been a reader of *Penthouse* since September of last year. Although I enjoy it very much, there is one thing that annoys me: you seem to avoid showing the legs and feet of your Pets. The Pets of September, December, January, May, and July had their legs and feet either ignored or clothed with stockings. I am sure that in many relationships the feet of the female play a role in sexual activity. I can arouse not only myself but also my wife by sucking her toes and licking her feet. This is a regular part of our foreplay, and I enjoy it immensely.—*R.C. (name withheld), Plainfield, N.J.*

Pain and pleasure

Being an avid reader of *Penthouse,* I have followed Forum, and wish to relate some of my experiences on corporal punishment. At the present time, I am eighteen years old and a freshman in college and I have a brother three years younger than myself. I was brought up in a strict household, and my parents believed in corporal punishment for any aged child because of its embarrassing aspects. Recently, while at home on vacation, I became involved in a typical sibling argument with my brother and one of his friends. Before it was over, he had hit me and I had retaliated with an egg thrown in his face and some rather vulgar language which my father overheard. My father came in and ordered me to remove all of my clothes right there in front of my brother and his friend, and then took me over his knee and gave me a severe walloping with a paddle. I could not sit comfortably for three days and endured comments from my brother and his friends for days afterward. Needless to say, my language was much cleaner thereafter. This was not an isolated case—this type of punishment was common, and I'm grateful to my father for this type of upbringing. Dad's rules were simple—you knew that if you did something wrong, your clothes would come off and you'd be paddled, regardless of those present.—*M.U. (name and address withheld)*

Special preference

In your July issue, a reader from Detroit describes his humiliation at being given enemas by his mother while lying on his back. He states that this is the wrong position to receive an enema.

Not so, particularly for an infant or a child. Almost any book on child-rearing or child-nursing written between 1900 and 1930 recommends this position for children. Indeed, the many illustrations show the child lying on its back, with the legs extended upward by the nurse's left hand, and the tube being inserted with her right hand. In about half of

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the pictures, the child is receiving the enema on a padded table, in the others the child is on the nurse's lap.

I received my enemas lying face down across my mother's knees. I suspect that the reason for this was that she used a squeeze bulb syringe, and it was necessary, in her thinking, to refill it four or five times during the procedure. Certainly this was much more convenient for her if I was face down.

I remember being called into the bathroom. On the bench, next to my mother, would be a white basin full of soapy water, with a bar of Ivory Soap floating in it. She would be stirring it with the enema syringe. Across her lap was a bath towel. She would lift me across her knees, and hold me down with her left elbow. With her left hand she would pry my buttocks apart. Her right hand held the syringe. There was seldom any big deal about the operation, and no delay. The tube went in, squeeze, out again and refill. This went on until I yelled "enough!" or the juvenile equivalent. No tears, no fuss, no discussion. I know I cooperated with her, because I rather enjoyed the attention.

All that was, alas, many years ago. But although I have had many enemas since then, and enjoyed every one of them, I would love to meet the woman who would take me face down over her lap and do it that way. It would probably be a grotesque sight, but would be a pleasant variation from the left-side, knee-chest, or lie-on-the-back positions that are routine today.—*E.M. (name withheld), Portland, Oreg.*

I've just finished your July issue and took particular notice of another of the continuing letters about the pleasures of the enema. Although I had wanted to write in the past but did not, I now have the courage to share my pleasures with your other readers.

My youngest recollection of anal stimulation is at about the age of seven. In normal child homosexual contact, we would undress and imitate our parents taking our temperatures substituting for a thermometer our fingers, pens, swizzle sticks, and occasionally wax crayons (although they tended to break). I enjoyed this tremendously. Growing into my teens, I continued it privately.

At age fifteen I was dating an eighteen-year-old college freshman. Because enemas had by that time become one of my favorite stimuli, upon visiting his apartment I was quick to notice his enema bag hanging on his shower nozzle. We had explored each other sexually and I wasn't too shy to inquire about it and even suggest that he use it on me. He used an enema only to cleanse his bowels and was shocked at my suggestion, but only at first. After my confession, he admitted that he too received sexual arousement from an enema. He subsequently agreed to experiment. It was at this time that I experienced my first full orgasm, although our experimentation was limited to the conventional "fillers": water with soap and seltzer.

It's been five years, and many experiences since have refined my tastes to the optimum that I wish to share with your readers. I suggest a two-way enema to be followed by analingus. My two favorite fillers are two parts milk to one part cocoa (preferably luke-warm) and tomato juice (bottled *not* canned) with a dash of lemon juice at room temperature.—*B.J. (name withheld), Huntingdon Valley, Pa.*

Monopede mania

As a handicapped girl, I would like to comment on the many male letters extolling the sexuality of amputee girls that have appeared in Forum in recent months. Like the girls they have written about, I too am handicapped, but in a very different way. I had polio as a child and as a result, I wear two long leg braces and use crutches to walk—and without them I am helpless. With so many men apparently "turned on" by legless girls and by their stumps, I wonder if there are other men who are similarly excited by girls wearing braces or using crutches? After all, we have legs!

As a young girl, in my twenties, attractive, well-built (36-24-36), who, thus far, has been completely unapproached by the male sex (due, I feel, to the braces and crutches) I am extremely interested. If there are, I'm sure there are many handicapped girls in braces and crutches, who would like to know! I would for one!—*H. K. (name withheld), Brooklyn, N.Y.*

The series in the Forum about amputees is of much interest to me; I have never met anyone who is turned on by an amputee the way I am, so I am surprised to find out that there are so many of us. I think that a number of escapades in these letters occured only in the mind of the letter writer, but I can recognize the true interest that is shown.

Most of the writers haven't mentioned any real early interest in amputees, so I thought that I would tell you that my interest goes back as far as I can remember. Even though I am heterosexual, the sight of a one-legged man on crutches will give me an erection, and this was true even when I was a small child. Long before I reached puberty, my mother would take me downtown shopping with her, and occasionally we would see a one-legged man. This would give me an erection as I walked along the sidewalk, and I didn't know why (actually, I still don't know why). Once, I saw a legless man with some sort of leather boots strapped to his thigh stumps walking along the sidewalk on his stumps. This, too, gave me a powerful erection. Considering my age at the time, the sight of a naked woman would probably have had no effect on me.

Once I reached puberty, the thought of a female leg amputee entered my mind, and this would seem to be about the greatest sex object that a person such as myself could have. Unfortunately, I have never met one and have only seen two or three, but the sight of one is enough to make me breathe hard and break out in a sweat.

If a one-legged female thinks that she is not quite sexy enough on crutches, (for sexual effect, artificial legs should be avoided like the plague) she should learn to walk using only *one* crutch. This would leave one hand free for carrying things and opening doors, and would make her even more attractive than a two-crutched woman.—*J.S. (name withheld), Kansas City, Mo.*

Correction: ***Once Upon An Abacus****, in the September* ***Penthouse****, appeared without a photographer's credit. Photography was by Ryszard Horowitz.—Editor*

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting ***Penthouse Forum*** *magazine now on sale at your newsstand, or send $1.00 to* ***Penthouse Forum,*** *909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022 for this month's copy.*

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TITLE 1955	ARTIST
Cherry Pink/Apple Blossom White	Perez Prado
Rock Around the Clock	Bill Haley
Atutumn Leaves	Roger Williams
Yellow Rose of Texas	Mitch Miller
Love Is A Many Splendored Thing	Four Aces
Moments to Remember	Four Lads
Ain't That A Shame	Pat Boone
Crazy Otto	Johnny Maddox
Hearts of Stone	Fontane Sisters
Let Me Go, Lover	Joan Weber
He	Al Hibbler
I Hear You Knockin'	Gale Storm
Unchained Melody	Al Hibbler
Till	Roger Williams
March from the River Kwai	Mitch Miller
Friendly Persuasion	Pat Boone

TITLE 1956	ARTIST
Heartbreak Hotel	Elvis Presley
I Want, I Need, I Love You	Elvis Presley
Hound Dog	Elvis Presley
Don't Be Cruel	Elvis Presley
Love Me Tender	Elvis Presley
My Prayer	The Platters
Only You	The Platters
The Great Pretender	The Platters
Green Door	Jim Lowe
Singing The Blues	Guy Mitchell
Poor People of Paris	Les Baxter
Whatever Will Be, Will Be	Doris Day
Canadian Sunset	Hugo Winterhalter
Allegheny Moon	Patti Page
I Almost Lost My Mind	Pat Boone
Memories Are Made Of This	Dean Martin

TITLE 1957	ARTIST
Bye, Bye Love	Everly Brothers
Problems	Everly Brothers
Love Letters in The Sand	Pat Boone
April Love	Pat Boone
Don't Forbid Me	Pat Boone
Loving You	Elvis Presley
Teddy Bear	Elvis Presley
All Shook Up	Elvis Presley
That's When Heartaches Begin	Elvis Presley
Little Darlin'	Diamonds
Searchin'	Coasters
Young Love	Sonny James
Silhouettes	Rays
Gone	Ferlin Husky
So Rare	Jimmy Dorsey
White Sport Coat	Marty Robbins

TITLE 1958	ARTIST
It's All in The Game	Tommy Edwards
Twilight Time	The Platters
All I Have To Do Is Dream	Everly Brothers
Bird Dog	Everly Brothers
Patricia	Perez Prado
Voare (Nel Blu Di Pinto Di Blue)	Domenico Modugno
Little Star	Elegants
Don't	Elvis Presley
Tom Dooley	Kingston Trio
Get A Job	Silhouttes
Purple People Eater	Sheb Wooley
Poor Little Fool	Ricky Nelson
Yakety Yak	Coasters
Great Balls of Fire	Jerry Lee Lewis
At The Hop	Danny and the Juniors
Peggy Sue	Buddy Holly

TITLE 1959	ARTIST
Mack The Knife	Bobby Darin
Dream Lover	Bobby Darin
Smoke Gets In Your Eyes	The Platters
El Paso	Marty Robbins
Stagger Lee	Lloyd Price
Personality	Lloyd Price
Donna	Ritchie Valens
La Bamba	Ritchie Valens
Charlie Brown	Coasters
Kansas City	Wilbert Harrison
Sleep Walk	Santo and Johnny
The Happy Organ	Dave (Baby) Cortez
Heartaches By The Number	Guy Mitchell
My Heart Is An Open Book	Carl Dobkins, Jr.
Venus	Frankie Avalon
Lonesome Town	Ricky Nelson

TITLE 1960	ARTIST
Theme From a Summer Place	Percy Faith
It's Now Or Never	Elvis Presley
Stuck On You	Elvis Presley
I'm Sorry	Brenda Lee
He'll Have To Go	Jim Reeves
Cathy's Clown	Everly Brothers
Running Bear	Johnny Preston
Last Date	Floyd Cramer
Save The Last Dance For Me	Drifters
Greenfields	Brothers Four
A Thousand Stars	Kathy Young
You Send Me	Sam Cooke
Wonder World	Sam Cooke
Itsy Bitsy Teenie Weenie Bikini	Brain Hyland
Handy Man	Jimmy Jones
Good Timin'	Jimmy Jones

TITLE 1961	ARTIST
Tossin' and Turnin'	Bobby Lewis
Big Bad John	Jimmy Dean
Exodus	Ferrante and Teicher
Runaway	Del Shannon
Runaround Sue	Dion
Will You Love Me Tomorrow	Shirelles
Travelin' Man	Ricky Nelson
Michael	Highwaymen
The Lion Sleeps Tonight	Tokens
Bristol Stomp	Dovells
Blue Moon	Marcels
Surrender	Elvis Presley
Take Good Care Of My Baby	Bobby Vee
Hit The Road, Jack	Ray Charles
Run To Him	Bobby Vee
Crying	Roy Orbison

TITLE 1962	ARTIST
I Can't Stop Loving You	Ray Charles
Big Girls Don't Cry	Four Seasons
Roses Are Red	Bobby Vinton
Stranger On The Shore	Acker Bilk
Sherry	Four Seasons
Johnny Angel	Shelly Fabares
Return To Sender	Elvis Presley
Soldier Boy	Shirelles
The Stripper	David Rose
Breaking Up Is Hard To Do	Neil Sedaka
Ramblin' Rose	Nat King Cole
Good Luck Charm	Elvis Presley
Loco-Motion	Little Eva
Bobby's Girl	Marcie Blane
Monster Mash	Bobby Pickett
The Wanderer	Dion

TITLE 1963	ARTIST
Sugar Shack	Jimmy Gilmer
He's So Fine	Chiffons
Hey, Paula	Paul and Paula
Blue Velvet	Bobby Vinton
Louie, Louie	Kingsmen
Sukiyaki	Kyu Sakamoto
My Boyfriend's Back	Angels
I Will Follow Him	Little Peggy March
Walk Like A Man	Four Seasons
It's My Party	Lesley Gore
Surf City	Jan and Dean
I'm Leaving It Up To You	Dale and Grace
Deep Purple	Nino Tempo
Rhythm Of The Rain	Cascades
If You Wanna Be Happy	Jimmy Soul
Our Day Will Come	Ruby & The Romantics

TITLE 1964	ARTIST
Anyone Who Had A Heart	Dionne Warwick
Laugh, Laugh	Beau Brummels
A Summer Song	Chad & Jeremy
Its Not Unusual	Tom Jones
Baby, I'm Yours	Barbara Lewis
Girl From Ipanema (Full Version)	Getz/Gilberto
Last Kiss	J. Frank Wilson
Hello, Dolly!	Louis Armstrong
I Get Around	Beach Boys
Where Did Our Love Go	Supremes
Mr. Lonely	Bobby Vinton
Do Wah Diddy Diddy	Manfred Mann
Everybody Loves Somebody	Dean Martin
Chapel Of Love	Dixie Cups
Rag Doll	Four Seasons
Leader Of The Pack	Shangri-Las

TITLE 1965	ARTIST
Satisfaction	Rolling Stones
You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin'	Righteous Brothers
Downtown	Petula Clark
Turn! Turn! Turn!	Byrds
Stop! In The Name Of Love	Supremes
Liar, Liar	Castaways
Do You Believe In Magic	Lovin' Spoonful
What Becomes Of The Brokenhearted	Jimmy Ruffin
This Diamond Ring	Gary Lewis & Playboys
My Girl	Temptations
I Got You Babe	Sonny and Cher
Get Off My Cloud	Rolling Stones
Sounds of Silence	Simon and Garfunkel
Help Me Rhonda	Beach Boys
Tambourine Man	Byrds
Eve of Destruction	Barry McGuire

TITLE 1966	ARTIST
I'm A Believer	Monkees
Winchester Cathedral	New Vaudeville Band
96 Tears	? and the Mysterions
Soul and Inspiration	Righteous Brothers
Snoopy and the Red Baron	Royal Guardsmen
Monday, Monday	Mamas and Papas
Good Vibrations	Beach Boys
Reach Out, I'll Be There	Four Tops
Cherish	Association
Good Lovin'	Young Rascals
Sunshine Superman	Donovan
Wild Thing	Trogge
Strangers In The Night	Frank Sinatra
Poor Side Of Town	Johnny Rivers
When A Man Loves A Woman	Percy Sledge
Hanky Panky	Tommy James

TITLE 1967	ARTIST
Ode To Billie Joe	Bobbie Gentry
Daydream Believer	Monkees
Light My Fire	Doors
The Letter	Box Tops
Windy	Association
Groovin'	Young Rascals
Incense & Peppermints	Strawberry Alarm Clock
Little Bit O' Soul	Music Explosion
Never My Love	Association
Can't Take My Eyes Off You	Frankie Valli
Kind Of A Drag	Buckinghams
Pied Piper	Crispian St. Peters
Woman, Woman	Gary Puckett/Union Gap
Ruby Tuesday	Rolling Stones
I Was Made To Love Her	Stevie Wonder
Sweet Soul Music	Arthur Conley

TITLE 1968	ARTIST
Atlantis	Donovan
I Heard It Through The Grapevine	Marvin Gaye
Love Is Blue	Paul Mauriat
Love Child	Diana Ross/Supremes
Sittin' On The Dock Of The Bay	Otis Redding
Honey	Bobby Goldsboro
People Got To Be Free	Rascals
This Guy's In Love With You	Doors
Harper Valley P.T.A.	Jeanne C. Riley
Hello, I Love You	Doors
For Once In My Life	Stevie Wonder
Those Were The Days	Mary Hopkins
Little Green Apples	O. C. Smith
Green Tambourine	Lemon Pipers
Cry Like A Baby	Box Tops
Mrs. Robinson	Simon and Garfunkel

TITLE 1969	ARTIST
Sugar, Sugar	Archies
Aquarius/Let The Sunshine In	Fifth Dimension
Honky Tonk Women	Rolling Stones
Everyday People	Sly & Family Stones
Crimson and Clover	Tommy James/Shondells
By The Time I Get To Phoenix	Glen Campbell
In The Year 2525	Zager and Evans
Leaving On A Jet Plane	Peter, Paul & Mary
Someday We'll Be Together	Diana Ross Supremes
Crystal Blue Persuasion	Tommy James/Shondells
Hair	Cowsills
Spinning Wheel	Blood, Sweat & Tears
I'm Gonna Make You Love Me	Supremes & Temptations
A Boy Named Sue	Johnny Cash
Proud Mary	Credence Clearwater
Green River	Credence Clearwater

TITLE 1970	ARTIST
Raindrops Fallin' On My Head	B. J. Thomas
Bridge Over Troubled Water	Simon and Garfunkel
Close To You	Carpenters
I Think I Love You	Partridge Family
Pinball Wizard (Original Version)	The Who
Rose Garden	Lynn Anderson
Mr. Business Man	Ray Stevens
One Less Bell To Answer	Fifth Dimension
War	Edwin Starr
A-B-C	Jackson Five
Mama Told Me (Not To Come)	Three Dog Night
Make It With You	Bread
American Woman	Guess Who
We've Only Just Begun	Carpenters
Cracklin' Rosie	Neil Diamond
Everything is Beautiful	Ray Stevens

TITLE 1971	ARTIST
Brown Sugar	Rolling Stones
Want Ads	Honey Cone
If	Bread
Sweet Hitch-Hiker	CCR
Sweet Mary	Wadsworth Mansion
Country Roads	John Denver
How Mend A Broken Heart	Bee Gees
I Am I Said	Neil Diamond
Walk Away	James Gang
Maggie May (Full Version)	Rod Stewart
Loving Her Was Easier	Kris Kristofferson
Old Fashioned Love Song	Three Dog Night
Do You Know What I Mean	Lee Michaels
It's Too Late	Carole King
Story In Your Eyes	Moody Blues
Wild World	Cat Stevens

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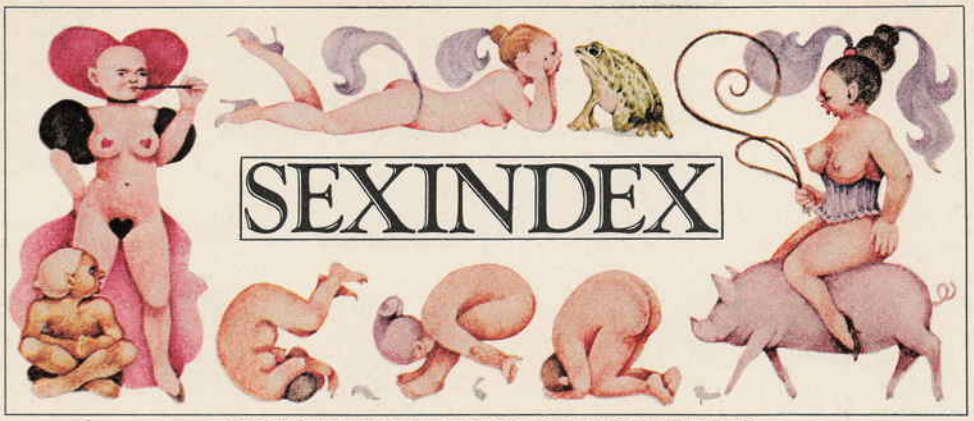
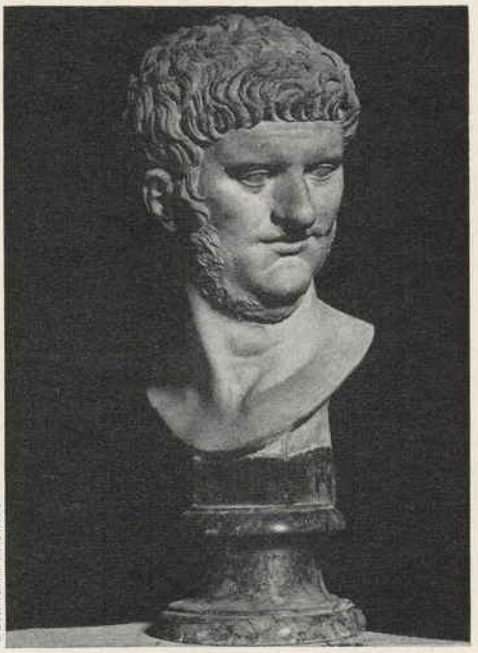


AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF EROTIC ENLIGHTENMENT

Nero (A.D. 37–68): Roman Emperor, fifth of the Julio-Claudian line and one of the most depraved. His mother was Agrippina, an ambitious, sensual, great-granddaughter of the notorious Julia (*q.v.*), and his father was Domitius who was believed to have committed incest with his sister. When Domitius died, Agrippina married the Emperor Claudius and persuaded him to make Nero his heir. Claudius died in A.D. 54 (possibly poisoned by Agrippina) and Nero, aged seventeen, succeeded. The first five years of his reign seem to have been reasonably free of scandal, though already there were rumors of an incestuous liaison with his mother. Then he met the beautiful and sophisticated Poppaea, of whom Tacitus wrote, "She had every quality except virtue." She was a few years older than Nero and encouraged him in ever wilder forms of debauchery. Suetonius records that Nero began giving all-night orgies in the Circus and that he raped the Vestal Virgin Rubria. For the imperial boating parties on the Tiber, he had temporary brothels erected along the banks with noblewomen to act as madams. The Emperor and his cronies wandered the streets at night, disguised as slaves, and beat up passers-by, and he seduced many free-born boys, probably including his fourteen-year-old stepbrother Britannicus, whom he later poisoned. In one gladiatorial parody at the Circus, Nero appeared dressed in animal skins and "attacked the private parts of men and women who stood fastened to stakes." Tacitus, after describing a particularly abandoned party on a lake, adds: "Nero himself, defiled by every natural and unnatural lust, had left no abomination in reserve with which to crown his vicious existence; except that, a few days later, he became, with the full rites of legitimate marriage, the wife of one of that herd of degenerates, who bore the name Pythagoras. The couch of wedded love, the nuptial torches, were there: everything, in fine, which night enshrouds even if a woman is the bride, was left open to view." Despite these homosexual excesses, Nero remained infatuated with Poppaea and determined to marry her. But she was already married and so was he—to Octavia, whom he loathed. The greatest obstacle, however, was his mother, Agrippina. He first planned to poison her but this would have been too obvious (rumors about Britannicus's death were widespread), so he had a special boat built, one fitted with murderous booby traps. When Agrippina went aboard, a lead canopy was supposed to crash down and crush her, whereupon the boat would immediately sink. But Agrippina somehow managed to escape (though one of her servants was killed) and swam ashore. Nero had to finish her off more conventionally by having her stabbed by a hired assassin. He then divorced, banished, and later killed Octavia on a trumped-up adultery charge and married Poppaea. The next great scandal was the fire which destroyed half of Rome in July of A.D. 64. Nero was widely believed to have started it, but in fact he was away when it began and only returned a day or two later to recite his poem over the blazing city. He decided to put the blame on the Christians, and many of them were coated with pitch and used as human torches at the Emperor's evening parties. In a fit of anger, he kicked Poppaea—who was pregnant—to death. For the next three years he amused himself by appearing in public contests of music, acting, and gymnastics. Needless to say, he invariably won. By this time he was universally hated, and in A.D. 68 the frontier armies and the Praetorian Guard rose against him. Nero fled to a suburban villa, where, when he heard that his enemies were on their way and planned to flog him to death, he committed suicide.



Bettmann Archive

Nero: emperor of depravity.

nipple: The projecting tip of the breast, present in both men and women. Some people have more than two nipples, a condition known as polythelia (*q.v.*). In childhood, the nipples are almost flat, but at around ten the surrounding areola bulges and the nipple projects from the center. Male breast development stops at this point, but the female breasts continue to grow for about eight more years. During pregnancy, the nipples enlarge and become more supple, and the areola enlarges and darkens. After childbirth, milk is secreted by the fifteen to twenty-five milk-duct openings in each nipple. Some women are born with inverted nipples, but these usually evert (that is, pop out) during the last weeks of pregnancy. In addition to child-suckling, nipples play an important part in erotic response. Nipple erection is an early sign of sexual arousal in women, and the nipples simultaneously increase in length and diameter. As excitement continues, the areolas and breasts swell perceptibly. Masters and Johnson (*q.v.*) found that some degree of nipple erection also occurs in about 60 percent of men during sexual excitement.

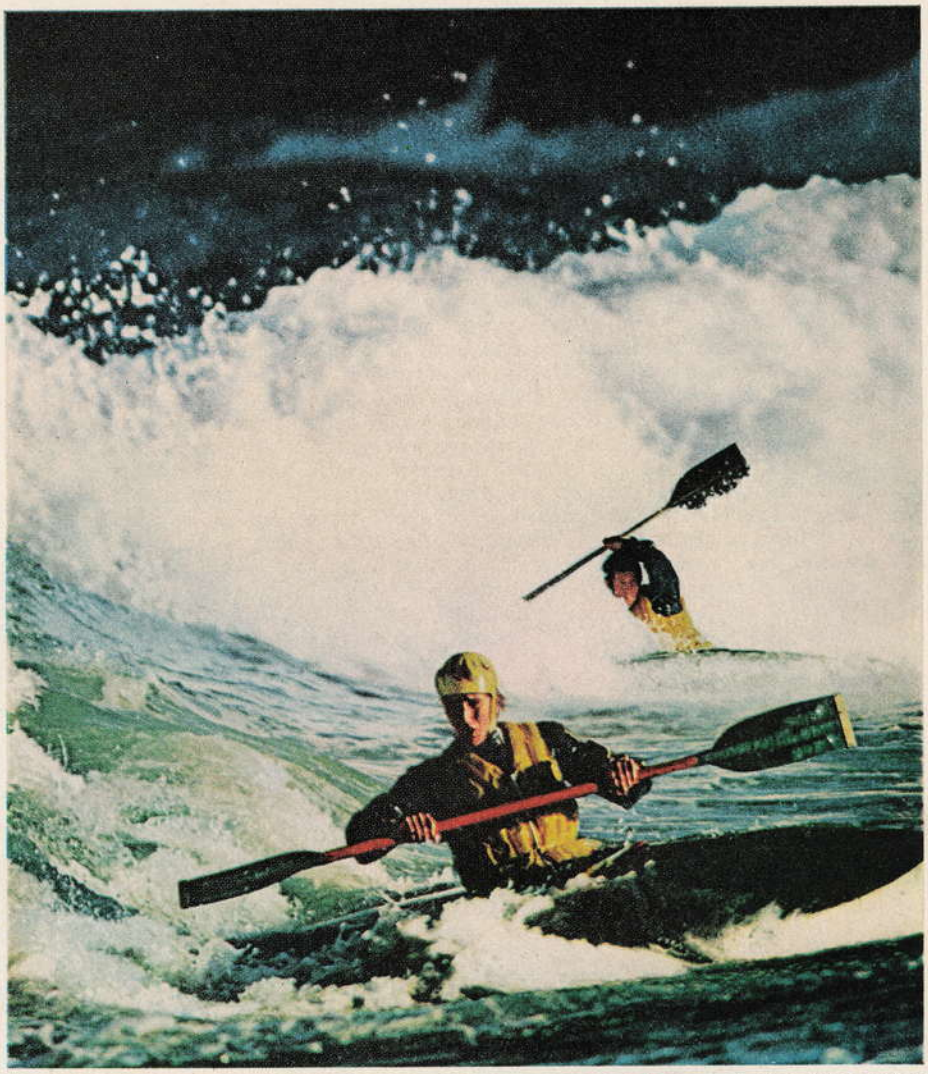
nocturnal penile tumescence (NPT): State of penile erection or semierection during sleep. Scientists have recently established that NPT is a sign that the sleeper is dreaming, and so NPT measurements are used to establish dream frequency. Most men under fifty spend about 25 percent of their total sleep time in a state of NPT; in old age the figure falls to 15 percent. Current research indicates that NPT is linked to a temporary rise in the level of testosterone (*q.v.*) in the blood.

nongonococcal urethritis (NGU): Inflammation of the urethra caused by something other than gonorrhea. Among the symptoms may be a scalding sensation on urination, unusually frequent urination, urethral discharge, and inflammation of the eyes, joints, mouth, or testes. The disease may take several months to incubate, and treatment with antibiotics is always necessary. Alcohol and sexual intercourse must be avoided during treatment.

nonspecific urethritis (NSU): Cases of NGU (see above) where the causative germ cannot be identified—about 60 percent of NGU cases are nonspecific. The symptoms are the same as for NGU and require the same treatment. NGU and NSU are usually considered as venereal diseases and treated in VD clinics, but occasionally cases arise where sexually transmitted infection seems to be impossible, e.g. in a married man who has never been unfaithful and whose wife has never been unfaithful to him. The consorts of men with NSU do not show any symptoms, though this does not necessarily mean they are unaffected by the disease. NSU is the fastest growing venereal disease and is now more prevalent than gonorrhea.

nudism: Organized nakedness, i.e. groups of people gathering in clubs or colonies to sunbathe, play table tennis, etc., without any clothes on. The nudist movement started in Germany in the early 1900's as part of a general pseudo-Hellenistic enthusiasm for sunworship and gymnastics. It quickly spread to England where in 1922 an "English Gymnosophist Society" was founded to practice "Nude-Life Culture." In 1929 the Sun Ray Club and New Health Society formed a nude bathing club on the shores of a reservoir near London, but were driven away by crowds of hostile spectators. "They were so scared at seeing me," reported one tabloid journalist, "that these madmen and madwomen gathered up their clothes for a speedy departure."

"Behind us 40 tons of thundering Australian surf... ahead of us an obstacle course of jagged rocks."



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Nevertheless, by the 1930's nudism had attracted at least 30,000 British enthusiasts, including many intellectuals. When asked, "What do you think of nudism?" George Bernard Shaw replied: "I do not think of it. Now that you call my attention to it I can only say that it seems to me to be a reaction against the doctrine of original sin and against the abuse of clothes to produce an unnatural excess of sexual desire. . . . On these points all my sympathies are with the nudists." Of course, there were still objectors: a reader of the London *Daily Mirror* remarked that "The white races were certainly never meant to expose themselves in this way." In 1933 the Scottish Protestant League published a furious attack entitled *In a Nudist Camp! (Somewhere in England.) or The Naked Truth. By an Eye-Witness.* But within a few years the fervor had died and nudists were considered more comical than anything else. ("I've got a job as attendant in a nudist colony." "What do you do?" "I keep the stone seats warm for members.") Perhaps it was for this reason that in 1961 the British Sunbathing Association resolved to ban the words "nudism" and "nudist colony" in favor of "naturism" and "sun club." Even such daring verbal innovation, however, could not rekindle the public's waning interest, and by 1970 membership of British "sun clubs" was down to 12,000. Undoubtedly most people in the permissive age are put off by nudism's nonalcoholic, nonsexual image. The male novice's fear that he will disgrace himself by getting an erection is almost invariably groundless, though in a few old-fashioned clubs he will be asked to leave if he does. Besides, as Jack Wrate, editor of the nudist magazine *Sun and Health* pointed out: "When everyone can sunbathe in the nude wherever they want, there won't be much point to sun clubs, will there?"

nympholepsy: Infatuation with young girls, a mild form of paedophilia (*q.v.*). Many Victorian bachelors were seen to have been prone to nympholepsy and rarely recognized the suppressed sexual origins of their sickly passions for "little angels." The Rev. C. L. Dodgson (Lewis Carroll) spent all his spare time photographing young girls, often in the nude, but he invariably lost interest in them when they began to show signs of puberty. In 1865 he wrote of Alice Liddell, the original of *Alice In Wonderland*: "Alice seems changed a good deal, and hardly for the better—probably going through the usual awkward stage of transition." Another Victorian cleric, the Rev. Francis Kilvert, filled his diary with sentimental effusions about various "darlings," and at one point conjured up an imaginary bedroom scene—albeit with the Sun supposedly as hero: "He has stolen into her bedroom and crept along the wall till he has reached the bed, and has kissed the fair hand and arm that lies upon the coverlet and the white bosom that heaves half uncovered after the restlessness of the sultry night, and has kissed her mouth whose scarlet lips, just parting in a smile and pouting like rosebuds to be kissed, show the pearly gleam of the white teeth," etc. Edward W. Benson, who later became Archbishop of Canterbury, went even further in the 1850's and actually *proposed* to a twelve-year-old girl. He had first conceived of the idea the year before, when she was eleven, and inserted in his diary an imaginary dialogue to pave the way for his design:

Minnie: When I am twenty, how old shall you be?
Edward: Thirty-two.
Minnie: Thirty-two! Edward, I shan't look so little compared to you, shall I, when I'm twenty and you're thirty-two as I do now that I'm eleven and you're twenty-three?
Edward: No, no, you won't, Minnie.

And he added immediately afterward, "This unexpected close made me blush indeed, and the palms of my hands grew very hot." Even more amazingly, Benson *did* marry his Minnie when she grew up.

nymphomania: Insatiable sexual desire in women. Though nymphomaniacs are a dime a dozen both in fiction and male fantasy, they are extremely rare in real life, and some psychiatrists doubt whether they exist at all. The husband who complains that his wife is a "nympho" because she wants sex more than two or three times a week is revealing his own sex problem rather than hers. Moreover, *all* women are potential nymphomaniacs since, unlike men, they are capable of experiencing several orgasms without intervening periods of sexual satiety. There have been many well-documented cases, however,

Bettmann Archive

Cleopatra: 106 men in one night.

of women with notoriously large sexual appetites: Messalina (*q.v.*) was one and Cleopatra (who reputedly slept with 106 men in one night) was another. The 17th-century French courtesan Ninon de Lenclos had countless lovers and her desire continued right into old age. She seduced Monsieur de Sévigné when she was thirty-four, his son when she was sixty, and his grandson when she was seventy-six. She also committed incest with her own son, who blew his brains out when he discovered that his mistress was his mother. Colin Wilson in *Origins of the Sexual Impulse* cites the case of a modern American nymphomaniac. The girl was seen soliciting men and arrested for prostitution, but she was able to prove that she never took money for her services. She was asked to go before a psychiatric board, and she explained to them that her nymphomania had started some months before on her wedding day. She and her new husband had stayed in a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 160

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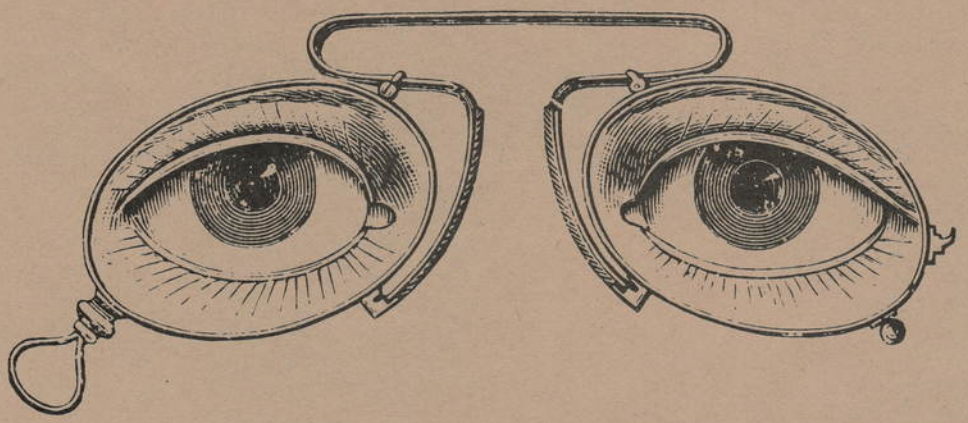
VIEW FROM THE TOP



NAVEL INTELLIGENCE

Astronomy buffs are known to get pretty excited just reading about the discovery of a new planet. But that is nothing compared to the thrill that came to this dirty old (sensuous) man not long ago. A planet, after all, is only a planet. It's too damned inaccessible for us to do anything except look at it.

Unlike the astronomer, who is basically a voyeur, I go for things you can touch and fondle. Which is why I was so pleasantly startled to read in the scientific literature on sex of the discovery of a new erogenous zone—the navel!

I learned that navel-fondling is already an established practice among college students, the avant-garde of our society. The kids are still way ahead of the rest of us it seems.

Of course the mere existence of the navel is not news. We've known it was there for some time. It's rather obvious, located as it is smack in the middle of the belly (hence the colloquial "belly button"). What remained for the researchers of academe and their subjects to discover was what it was there *for*.

The medical people weren't much help. They simply wrote it off as a scar, resulting from the severing of the umbilical cord following birth. Folk wisdom added little beyond the suggestion that it was a convenient place to keep the salt when eating celery in bed. The only hint of its possible prurient value came in the form of certain legal statutes requiring that it be covered up by females appearing in public, on the beach, or even, in some cases, on the burlesque stage. This led to the creation of some rather gaudy costume jewelry in the shape of rhinestone butterflies, starfish, and such.

All this, thank heaven, went out with the advent of the bikini.

But the authorities on sexology, in all their scholarly writings on the stimulation of various appendages and orifices of the human anatomy, continued to disdain or ignore the navel. It received scant attention in the marriage manuals. You won't even find it listed in the index of Dr. Richard Lewinsohn's *A History of Sexual Customs*. It receives barely a passing mention from the *Sensuous Woman*, who assigns it no higher priority than is accorded ear lobes, toes, and the backs of necks. The same seems to be the case with the *Sensuous Man* and the *Sensuous Couple*, and other less scientifically accredited authorities, including our own Xaviera Hollander.

In fact, even an exhaustive analysis of both ancient and modern so-called hardcore pornography (for research purposes only, of course) reveals an almost total neglect of the navel.

So it might well have been many more years before the general public was apprised of the advance work being done in this field on campus had not my alert staff uncovered it in the course of its routine scanning of the May 1973 issue of the *Journal of Sex Research*, published by the Society for the Scientific Study of Sex.

It was not headlined or highlighted, but virtually buried in an article, "A Four–year Comparison of Premarital Sexual Attitudes," by Professor James W. Croake of Florida State University and Professor Barbara James of West Virginia University.

The main thrust of the piece wasn't too startling—"college students held more liberal attitudes toward premarital sexual behavior in 1972 than they did in 1968." The real nugget was contained in the inevitable statistical data supporting the thesis. The students surveyed in each of the two sample years were asked to rate their feelings about thirteen specific forms of sexual behavior. These ranged through a dozen of the more common varieties, from "French kissing" and "breast fondling" all the way to "full intercourse with male and/or female orgasm." It was that thirteenth category (actually number three in the tables) that fairly leapt off the page at us: "navel fondling"!

On a scale of 1 to 5, in which number 1 indicated strong disapproval and 5 strong approval, with 3 indicating "undecided," you may be interested to learn that, between 1968 and 1972, premarital navel fon-

dling among students advanced its approval rating from 2.35 to 3.04—or, from unfavorable to slightly favorable. At that it came in fourth both years, behind "thigh fondling" in second place and "breast fondling" in third. The winner, still far out front, was "French kissing." Care to place your bets for 1976?

Well, never one to accept these things at face value (and a little miffed at my own ignorance), I checked first with my friends and acquaintances of college age. And not one of them would confirm that he or she had ever engaged in any form of navel fondling. Beyond that, all, without exception, demanded to know what the hell it meant and how it was done. Obviously I was in no position to know.

The same was true of those beyond college age, male and female, homo- or heterosexual. All were convinced that I was kidding or perhaps a little spaced out. One or two played along and asked me whether I was referring to "innies" or "outies."

Thus armed, I sought out Professor Croake to challenge the validity of his study with the suggestion that the race might have been inadvertantly fixed.

"Was there any explanation of the term in the questionnaire given the students?" I asked.

"Oh, no," he replied. "That wasn't necessary. They all know what it means. The practice of navel fondling is very, very widespread on campus, and detailed studies of it have been made as far back as eight years ago."

We went on to discuss the technicalities involved. Was it done, for example, as a prelude or as a substitute for going "all the way"? Answer: both, but mostly as prelude. A few other factors were covered, including technique and variations in skill and varying receptivity from one individual to another.

Finally I pressed him to explain why those I had surveyed seemed to share my own ignorance on the subject.

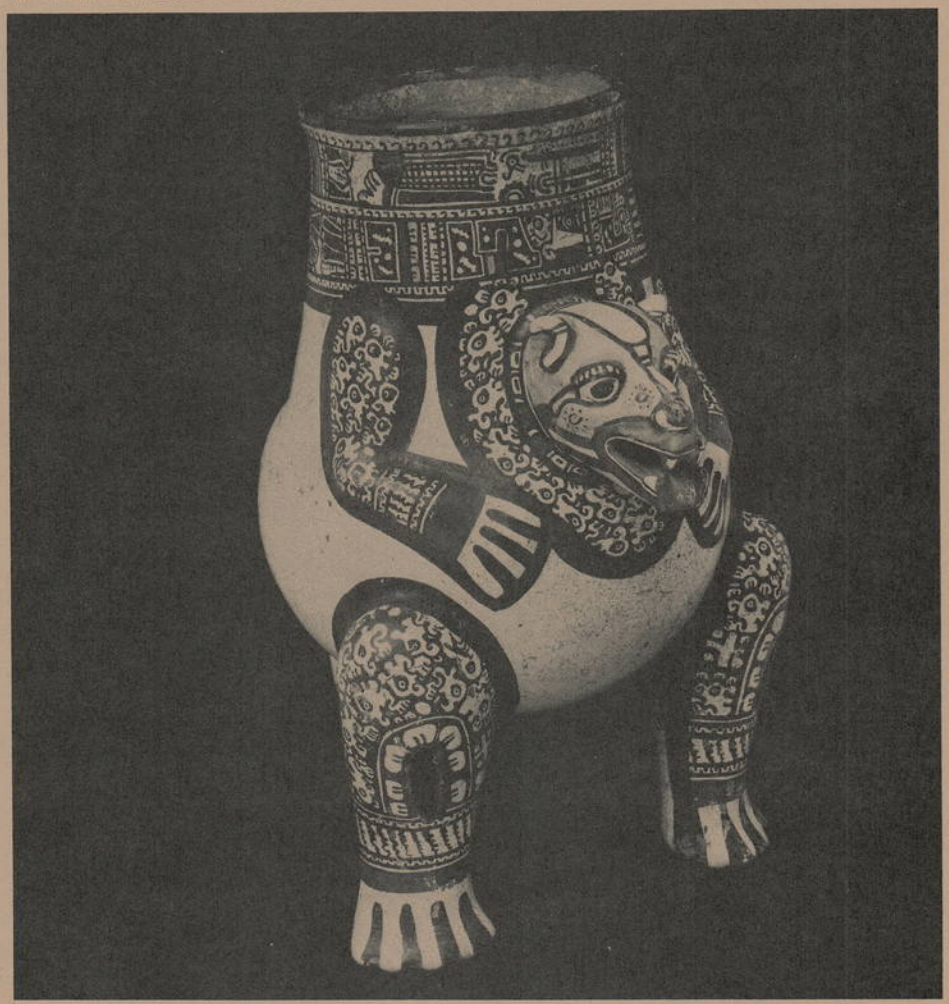
"Well, there's a strange thing about this particular category," he said. "Though it's an extremely popular activity among students, there is a very strong reluctance among them to talk about it. Much stronger, in fact, than about many other, more advanced, forms of sexual behavior."

"Weird," I said.

"Yes," he agreed.

Thus did I come up with not one but two noteworthy discoveries: first, the news about the development of a whole new erotic technique exploiting a hitherto uncharted erogenous zone; and second, the fact that you just can't trust your friends.

—Fred Darwin



Two examples of "Masterworks from the Museum of the American Indian." Above: a pottery jar from Peru. Below: "El General" from Costa Rica, created before A.D. 1000.

HAPPENINGS

MASTERWORKS OF INDIAN ART

When Christopher Columbus discovered the New World, its native peoples had been living there for at least ten thousand years and had created an art of incredible variety and expression. No one until now has attempted to distill this art into a single exhibit.

The historic exhibit "Masterworks from the Museum of the American Indian" opened in October at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. It is funded by matching grants from Phillip Morris Incorporated and the National Endowment for the Arts.

The exhibit, which is unprecedented in scope and approach, represents four thousand years of the cultural history of the native peoples of the Americas—from 2500 B.C. to A.D. 1973—and spans the length of the two continents, from Arctic shores to Tierra del Fuego.

Dr. Frederick J. Dockstader, Director of the Museum of the American Indian in New York City, consulted with Douglas Newton, curator of the Metropolitan Museum's Department of Primitive Art; they selected two hundred of the most significant objects from the Museum of the American Indian's total collection, the largest collection of its kind in the world.

With a collection of literally millions of objects to draw from, the Metropolitan is giving its visitors the opportunity to see some of the finest examples of religious and aesthetic expression, as well as many everyday articles—enhanced by master craftsmanship to make them pleasing to the eye.

The show also gives testimony to the Indians' close relationship with the earth. Their artists and craftsmen work in nearly every medium: gold, silver, wood, stone, metal, clay, textiles, feathers, bone, and shell.

The exhibit offers the oldest piece of pottery yet discovered in the Western Hemisphere—a Valdivian artifact from Ecuador. The most recent work is the cover design for the exhibit's illustrated catalog. It was painted only a few months ago by R.C. Gorman, a Navaho artist living in Taos, New Mexico. The largest piece is a massive carved house-post from the Haida of British Columbia; the smallest is a miniature Pomo basket from California.

The real purpose and importance of the exhibit, however, goes far beyond these extremes of size or age. The exhibit is laid out chronologically to show what was going on simultaneously throughout the New World from 2500 B.C. to the present. One can compare different cultures of the two continents in their various stages of development—hammered gold to hammered bark.

The exhibit is also unique in that it gives a simultaneous view of the Central American cultures of the Maya, the Aztecs, and the Caribbean islands, as well as the predominant cultural groups that inhabit the vast expanse of South America. There are also many works from the more familiar cultural groups of North America, including Plains beadwork and Navaho silverwork.

Beginning with the carved masks and ivory effigies of the Arctic Eskimo, the visitor can travel down the spine of the two continents and finally see a painted guanaco-hide garment of the Tehuelche, a Patagonian people who live at the very tip of Tierra del Fuego.

Recently there have been some outstanding American Indian art exhibits across the country, but they have been limited to only a part (and sometimes a small part) of the Indian culture of the Americas. This exhibit covers the whole range of Indian art in all its vast and subtle richness. Starting in January 1974, the Museum of the American Indian will send an even larger exhibit of Indian works to Indianapolis, Cleveland, Detroit, and Pittsburgh. It shoud not be missed.—*Jack Parks*

Malcolm McDowell, in O Lucky Man, *tries to sell some coffee beans.*

SHOWS

OF YOUNG MEN SEEKING

A young man trying to find a place for himself in the world is the theme of two recent movies, Conrad Rooks's *Siddhartha* and Lindsay Anderson's *O Lucky Man!*

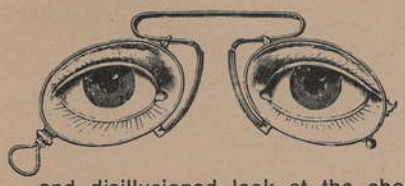
Siddhartha, based on the novel written by Hermann Hesse fifty years ago, is set in India about 500 B.C. Siddhartha (played by Shashi Kapoor) is the son of a wealthy Brahmin who one day decides to leave his father's palace and search for truth.

Siddhartha lives with the Sadhus, an ancient tribe of holy men who spend their lives in meditation and fasting; he learns the art of sex from Kamala, a courtesan who maintains a "pleasure garden" for the delight of her lovers; from Kamaswami, a wealthy merchant, he learns the way to material success; and from Vasudeva, a ferryman, he learns to listen to the river and discover in it the secret of existence—seeing all parts of his life simultaneously, as one continuous flow of experience. With this understanding, Siddhartha attains the state of Om, or perfection.

Rooks, for many years a student of Indian life and literature, shot the film entirely in northern India. The Sadhu sequence was filmed in the jungles along the Ganges at Rishikesh, a holy city.

The love scenes were shot in the sumptuous palace of the Maharajah of Bharatpur, and the river scenes were filmed in the Maharajah's hunting grounds at Bareta, an exotic terrain of clustered islands, temple ruins, and crocodile-infested waters. *Siddhartha* was photographed by Swedish cinematographer Sven Nykvist, who has filmed most of Ingmar Bergman's masterpieces over the years.

O Lucky Man! is a much more cynical



and disillusioned look at the chances of finding truth and happiness. In England, an enterprising young coffee salesman, Mick Travis (Malcolm McDowell), wants to go places in the business world, and he gets his chance when one of the company's representatives in the north of England suddenly disappears. Mick's ready smile and eagerness get him the job, and he's off to conquer the world.

But he learns quickly that beneath life's bright promises lies a kick in the balls. He is arrested while trying to sell coffee beans at an atomic research center. Interrogated, tortured, and condemned, he is never informed of his crime. An atomic explosion throws the center into confusion, and he hastily makes his escape—only to encounter additional perils. In order to make some money, he agrees to become the subject of an unspecified scientific experiment. Again he escapes, barely in time, when he learns the experiment is designed to turn him into a dinosaur.

Things seem to pick up again when he gets a job as the personal assistant to one of England's wealthiest industrialists. But success is short-lived. Mick is framed for a corrupt business deal by his employer and sent to prison for five years.

Out of prison, Mick tries to lead a good life. He works for the Salvation Army, only to be nearly stoned to death by those he is trying to help. In desperation he ends up in an audition hall where a prominent director is casting for a movie. The director chooses Mick for a leading part and orders him to smile. "What's there to smile about?" Mick asks. "Don't ask why—just smile," the director replies. And when Mick's smile comes at last, it's hard to tell if it's a smile of resignation, of joy, or simply of a cynical understanding of what life's all about. As the film ends, Mick becomes a movie star—his latest grab for happiness. But there's no reason to believe his bad luck is at end.

Anderson's satire has many targets: corrupt policemen, a masochistic judge who has his court clerk flay him in his chambers, the sexual maneuvers of women, the impractical idealism of the Salvation Army, capitalist greed. As in Anderson's previous film, *If*, the satire is too diffuse to give the film proper focus, but he often hits his mark in individual scenes with scathing accuracy.

ALSO OF INTEREST

Alan Bridges's *The Hireling*, starring Robert Shaw and Sarah Miles, deals with the frustrated sexual relationship of a chauffeur and a lady of wealth in England in the 1920's. A fine film of people trapped hopelessly inside their class.—*Philip Cioffari*

WORDS

CONTROLLING OURSELVES

Why does anyone do anything? This is the bedrock question that behaviorists have been asking for half a century in uncountable and sometimes unthinkable ways. A million lab workers must have put the question to a billion white rats, to say nothing of dogs, chimpanzees, fish, pigeons, and hungry students.

Nonbehaviorists may be as turned off by the white-rat scene as I was in college on those nights when I had to wait for the

Lyall Watson: Explorer of Supernature.

last rat to make it through the maze before I could leave the lab to pick up my date. "Turn left, stupid. . . ." An unscientific goose in the ass, and the rat reaches his reward at last—a crummy pellet of lab chow. Then off to my reward—provided I could negotiate the maze of the female psyche.

Men, according to the behavioral psychologists, learn to negotiate their mazes in the same way as rats: it's all just stimulus and response. We are born with instincts such as hunger, sex, and fear. We are then forced to act and learn like laboratory rats. A "right" response is reinforced by a piece of food, or a piece of tail. A "wrong" turn is punished by a shock.

The rat-race view of man's development suffered a decline after America's pioneer behaviorist, J.B. Watson, huckstered his science on Madison Avenue in the 1920's. But now it's hot again, as we know from Harvard's B.F. Skinner, with his tennis-playing pigeons and his plan for a behaviorist utopia in the book *Walden Two*, a paradise that will be *Beyond Freedom and Dignity*, the title of his latest best-selling book.

However, one of the most rigorous and highly respected behaviorists has now nudged psychology beyond *Walden Two* and Skinner, too. The exciting thing for those who don't feel like a rat in a maze is that Neal Miller seems, by objective experiment, to be turning psychology full circle back to its subjective origins. (Psychology books are still classified in libraries with philosophy rather than science because, as its name suggests, psychology began as the study of what the self knows about itself.)

Dr. Miller, starting his experiments with rats, and continuing on to man, has demonstrated that we higher animals can exert voluntary control over such involuntary functions as heartbeat, sweating, blood pressure, and brainwave patterns—without moving a muscle.

The implications of the work of Miller and others are shattering to some basic attitudes of Western science, but Miller, who spent thirty-five years among the white rats at Yale and Rockefeller University, is not rushing into popular print with such a claim. Fortunately he has acquired a Boswell named Gerald Jonas, who explains the significance of Miller's breakthrough in an inviting profile of the man and his work. The book is *Visceral Learning: Toward a Science of Self-Control* (Viking, $6.95), but don't let the title put you off—the story reads like a first-class mystery.

Jonas saunters through the story so easily that you are unprepared for the seriousness of his conclusions. Science must, he says, "reappraise the introspective 'prescientific' view of man that has been associated with the mystical religions of India, China, and Japan for thousands of years." And he warns that "we must begin to develop habits of self-control that have been all but forgotten in the West during the great technological binge of the last century and a half."

To Skinner's vision of social engineers manipulating men through behavioral psy-

chology, he finds an answer in Miller's behavioral work: "a science that will tell us not just how to control others, but how to control ourselves. If we are lucky we may get it in time."

For every recognized scientific advance, there are thousands of well-verified experimental results that don't fit any acceptable hypotheses. When science is not ready to use a fact, it is simply buried in the literature, as happened notoriously with Mendel's genetics, and now happens every day, especially in the life sciences.

Some of these mind-boggling facts may be gleaned from the occult journals; I find them as irresistible as salted peanuts—and just as unsatisfying. Biologist Lyall Watson has produced the most exciting collection I have seen in *Supernature* (Doubleday, $7.95). He loses none of the mystery or tastiness, but he adds a profound satisfaction by providing an enlarged scientific framework for our awe—a response that he encourages: "Of all the faculties we possess, none is more important at this time than a wide-eyed sense of wonder."

Watson, who is a biologist, has observed that life, which develops increasingly intricate structures, is an astonishing reversal of the observed direction of the rest of the physical universe: from order to chaos, from structure to randomness—the principle of increasing entropy. His thesis is that life, in its selective response to the universe, is seeking patterns, extracting order from chaos. Working from this idea, he then creates exciting speculative explanations of wildly diverse unexplained phenomena.

Although his thesis is not original, Watson has been enormously ingenious in finding and collating evidence of the incredible sensitivity of life's responses to signals from all sources. These signals are too subtle to be received by the traditional five senses or to be studied by traditional science. Watson cites the visceral learning experiments described in Jonas's book, in addition to such phenomena as the tidal memory of oysters and variations in the electric field of an ovulating woman—no list can suggest the riches. He finds possible bases for astrology (he scorns the popular versions), telepathy, and other "occult" crafts, but not the defensive arguments you get from their practitioners.

Watson is not, of course, presenting scientific hypotheses; he is trying to help our science-oriented imaginations to develop further and to "search out those things that we may have known all along, but have been hiding from ourselves."

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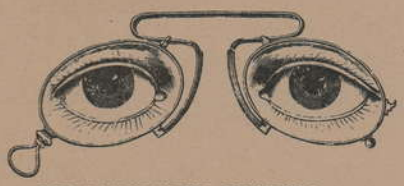

RECOMMENDED READING

Cock-A-Doodle-Dew, by Joe Brandon (Manor Books, $.95). A funny book at a low price. Its honest blurb lists "perversion, sex, sickness, wildness, cannibalism, and phantasmagoric confessions."

Hustling: Prostitution in Our Wide Open Society, by Gail Sheehy (Delacorte, $7.95). A "new journalism" report on an old subject that makes the life seem very real. —*Norman Hoss*

SOUNDS

OVER THE RAINBOW FOR REAL

I remember Patti LaBelle and the Bluebelles from Murray the K shows at the Brooklyn Fox: four black girls wrapped up tight in sequined sheaths; glossy wigs out to here, styled as elaborately as their choreography of hand gestures. They sang such standards as "I Believe," "You'll Never Walk Alone," and "Danny Boy" with an intensity so thrilling it made you shiver. Patti would hit those high notes and hold them until the audience broke from stunned silence into frenzied shouting. They came from two groups in Philadelphia and Trenton, and had been talked into putting their name on a disbanded group's record to get their first hit, "I Sold My Heart to the Junkman," in 1962. They went on to become the sweethearts of Harlem's Apollo Theater with a string of ballad remakes they usually hated. It wasn't exactly a glamorous life, but they had a considerable success in the mid-Sixties, especially in New York. The reputation the group made in those years lasted through the struggle against obscurity that followed.

Patti LaBelle and the Bluebelles emerged again two years ago as Labelle, shedding the old image along with the name, ready to become *the* girl group of the Seventies. Now a trio—Cindy Birdsong left some time ago to join the Supremes—Labelle underwent a strict renovation at the hands of Vicki Wickham, a young English producer. They went from "I Believe" to Jagger-Richard's "Wild Horses," from "Over the Rainbow" to "Get Off of My Cloud." The matching gowns and heels disappeared and Patti now worked the stage feverishly in purple platform boots and knickers, her hair an intricate pattern of cornrows and looping tendrils, while Nona Hendryx and Sarah Dash backed her up in patched jeans and skirts slit deliciously high. But the transformation was not an easy one. Patti fought it every step of the way: the name change, the new clothes, and especially the new material.

"Vicki picked most of the material," Patti remembers, "and I didn't like any of it. I hated it all. When she brought this stuff to me, like 'Morning Much Better,' I said, 'You expect me to sing a lyric like that?' Because it was such a *nasty* song. I said, 'Vicki, I'm not going to get up there and sing about, excuse the expression, screwing.' " But Patti finally gave in, and that nasty song became one of their hottest numbers on stage. Whatever her offstage reservations, Patti doesn't hold anything back when she performs. Her face explodes in a kaleidoscopic series of expressions; it glistens with sweat; she flails her arms as

Labelle: "Finally Made It Home."

if evoking spirits and fast-steps across the stage holding the mike, prancing like a colt during "Wild Horses." She sings with the same fervor, her voice alternately rough and sweet, biting off lines and spitting them out or holding notes as in the old days, soaring to impossible heights.

Since being reborn as Labelle, the group hasn't lost old fans. Their early summer concert in Carnegie Hall was a celebration among devotees so chicly dressed that the group had to outdo itself just to keep on top. But they did. After a film clip of the old Bluebelles singing "You'll Never Walk Alone," the new Labelle came on stage looking as if they'd just stepped off the screen. It was 1965 again, in hobble-skirted bright-red sequined gowns with a gaudy flare of net ruffles at the bottom (and for Patti, who was seven months pregnant, ruffles at the top, too) and enormous bouffant wigs. The audience howled with delight, then hushed again for Patti's version of "Over the Rainbow," as unashamedly emotional as ever.

Labelle's material is still a rich, intelligent mix from other sources—ranging from Cat Steven's "Moonshadow" and the Who's "Won't Get Fooled Again," to Nina Simone's "Four Women." But in concert and on their albums (the third, *Pressure Cookin',* was released earlier this year by RCA) an increasing number of songs are being written by Nona Hendryx. Her steamy "Touch Me All Over" is one of Labelle's most successful numbers, sending both Patti and the audience into nearly erotic ecstasy; and the strong self-determination of "I Believe That I've Finally Made It Home" has turned it into an anthem for their fans.—*Vince Aletti*

ARIF MARDIN: SOUND SURGEON

Former Turkish basketball star Tunc Erin, who now heads artist relations for Atlantic Records, compares the technique of his friend and fellow Turk Arif Mardin, producer of such greats as Aretha Franklin and the late King Curtis, to that of a surgeon.

"Arif has the miraculous ability," Tunc says, "to diagnose the particular problems of every artist he produces—and then he operates to get exactly the right combination of sounds. The excess is cut away so expertly. The patient doesn't even know it's missing."

Indeed, this conservatively dressed, impeccably groomed, and faultlessly courteous man resembles a successful surgeon rather than the stereotype of the hip contemporary record producer.

"I know that with my suits and ties and this Adolph Menjou mustache of mine, I don't exactly fulfill the image," the forty-year-old producer confides with a chuckle. "But it would be silly for me to try and dress more groovy and act like someone else just for the sake of image. Besides, I actually like my suits and ties and my Adolph Menjou mustache!"

In the studio with younger musicians like Darryl Hall and John Oates, Arif's Gucci-style suede loafers tapping perfectly in time with platform-soled goody-two-shoes suggest, in visual, comic-strip terms, Otto Soglow's Little King suddenly put in charge

over the Katzenjammer Kids.

"I started out as a kid," he says, "with the improbable ambition of becoming a jazz composer. I can remember saving up every penny to buy the latest American jazz releases, which were relatively rare and expensive in Turkey."

Eventually there were piano lessons and lessons in composition, and the young Arif grooved so studiously that in 1958 he was awarded the first international Quincy Jones Jazz Scholarship by the Berklee School of Music in Boston.

Shortly after arriving in the U.S. Arif met another Turk who had grown up listening to American jazz: Nesuhi Ertegun, cofounder of Atlantic Records, with his brother Ahmet and Jerry Wexler. Nesuhi offered the promising young composer a job as an "apprentice editor, quondam leader, splicer, and general engineering acolyte," to quote Wexler. Arif accepted, little realizing that Atlantic would become his permanent home and that his talents as a producer would prove so prodigious that his compositions would have to take a back seat.

"To this day," he laughs, "many of my Turkish friends in America know me primarily as a composer. They have no idea what I do at Atlantic and they couldn't care less. They still introduce me as 'Arif Mardin, the well-known jazz composer'—as though I was Duke Ellington! I've stopped trying to explain it to them. I did realize a lifelong dream when both Dizzy Gillespie and Duke Ellington recorded jazz compositions of mine."

As he dug in for his long apprenticeship at Atlantic, Arif went increasingly native; he hung out and listened to music whenever he wasn't busy in the studio, taking, as Jerry Wexler puts it, "night classes in civics and bop-talk for new citizens." Steadily, over the years that he has been associated with Atlantic, Arif Mardin has established a professional reputation for both expertise and eclecticism. Starting with modest, dues-paying gigs supervising jazz dates and sketching in horn fills, he worked his way up to producing today's major artists. Such diverse talents as the Rascals, Aretha Franklin, Wilson Pickett, Donny Hathaway, and John Prine are among the many who have benefited from his acute ear and deft sound-scalpel.

"If I have one characteristic as a producer," Arif says, "It is that I do not impose a recognizable style on every record that I produce. I don't think, for example, that anyone could listen to one of my records and say, 'That's an Arif Mardin sound' in the same way that they could positively identify, say, a Phil Spector sound."

Mardin has honed his professional expertise down to a fine style, as shown by his own *Glass Onion*, for which he enlisted the services of Felix Cavaliere (formerly of the Rascals) and King Curtis. The album, whose release in 1969 was a gesture of faith by the company (since albums fronted by behind-the-scenes figures, no matter how brilliant, rarely show tangible returns), is a delightful sampler of his own arrangements of such familiar tunes as "Sympathy for the Devil" and "How Can I Be Sure?", as well as an outstanding original composition called "Midnight Walk."

Although the making of his own album

Arif Mardin: Atlantic Records' superproducer.

provided him with great personal satisfaction, Arif, with characteristic humility, names Aretha Franklin's *To Be Young, Gifted, and Black* as the album he is most proud of.

Arif's plans include a Nashville trip to preside over some John Prine sessions; then he will fly back to New York to begin work on Bette Midler's eagerly awaited second album.

"It excites me to go from one project to another," Arif says. "I guess you could say that it makes me feel high. That's why I was never tempted to try drugs—not even grass. It's not that I have a prudish attitude about them, but that I am wary of anything that promises instant ecstasy—especially when just being in the studio makes me feel as high as anyone could possibly get."—*Ed McCormack*

SHOTGUN WILLIE'S NEWFOUND FAME

Willie Nelson, sad-eyed minstrel of personal apocalypse, was sitting in his lakeside retreat in central Texas. He seemed totally impervious to the fact that he was being talked up as this year's likeliest candidate to cross from hard-core country to pop. He was merely spending a lazy, rainy Texas afternoon relaxing and listening to the advance tapes of his *Shotgun Willie* sessions for Atlantic Records.

With his gold earring, shaggy hair, and bristly beard and mustache, he bore little or no resemblance to the apple-cheeked, Tom Sawyerish "Country Willie" Nelson of yesteryear.

Country music has always been fueled by a mixture of despair and tragedy. During the past two decades, Willie's songs of pain and loneliness have struck many a responsive chord in late-night honky tonks and bars—"Wake Me When It's Over," "Funny How Time Slips Away," "Mr. Record Man," "Hello Walls," "Half a Man," "Touch Me," "Night Life," "Crazy," and "My Own Peculiar Way." Still, Nelson is only now beginning to be recognized as a singer.

Willie's change of fortune began in mid-1972. His Nashville home was gutted by fire, and he decided to move to his native Texas. There he found sudden acceptance from Texas rock audiences and strong encouragement from Darrell Royal, football coach of the University of Texas and a well-known patron of country music. Following a chance meeting with Jerry Wexler, he exchanged the halfhearted support of RCA for a contract with Atlantic Records tailored to his personal and professional requirements.

"I met Jerry at a songwriters' party at Harlan Howard's house during the disc jockey convention in Nashville last year." (Harlan Howard is a famous Nashville songwriter with nearly forty years' work behind him.) "I was ready to make a move by then. Now I'm very happy with Atlantic. They've let me do exactly what I wanted to, and haven't said a thing.

Nineteen hundred and seventy two was also the year when Willie met Leon Russell, the beginning of an enduring friendship and developing musical relationship. One of the more memorable events at the recent Dripping Springs Festival was the Willie Nelson-Leon Russell concert. They performed for three hours before an enthusiastic audience,

starting with songs from Leon's country–western album, *Hank Wilson's Back* (released in September by Shelter), and went on to do country standards like *Crazy*.

Willie's newfound acceptance by young, rock-oriented listeners has surprised him. "I knew that market was there," he said, "but all of a sudden young people took an interest in country music, because it's original and because it's real."—*Chet Flippo*

SHORT TAKES

Cosmic Cowboy Souvenir/Michael Murphey (A&M SP-4388). Cowboys, centipedes, gophers, tornadoes, natural gas, rattlesnakes, ghosts, and Cadillacs drift through Michael Murphey's songs. He recreates these personal mirages of the West partly from his own dreams and partly from the

Willie Nelson: Finding a new audience.

rivers and rolling hills of his native Texas. It is a witty, evocative world, in which drunken ladies try on buildings as bonnets, and where even mythical heroes are arrested. His irony and wistfulness are reminiscent of Randy Newman, but his imagery is more romantic and his humor is wilder. "Prometheus Got Busted," for instance, is a Jerry Lee Lewis parody, juxtaposed with a chorus that sings, "Turn him loose, won't you turn him loose, Zeus?" "Honolulu," with Murphey on acoustic guitar, is a nostalgic tale that anyone who's ever taken a vacation with his parents can understand—"When I was three I went to Honolulu/Dad wore aloha shirts, Mom wore a muumuu/ The centipedes are all that I remember/I think I dropped my toy drum in the cinders/ down into the mouth of some volcano." Murphey lives in a crayon-colored world—simple, roughly textured, and boyishly creative. A nice place to live.

Triumvirate/Bloomfield, Hammond, Dr. John (Columbia KC 32172). Not long after supersession albums started coming out, it became obvious that two superstars (or three or four) were not necessarily better than one. The problem was finding superstars who could hang in together without killing each other musically. This album is a marvelous example of what a supersession can be. The fusion of three white-blues giants under the direction of producer Tommy Kaye resulted in a classic R & B album. John Hammond has an uncanny blues voice; in fact, in the past it has seemed almost too perfect. But his numerous solo efforts always lacked a believable structure, and this is supplied here by Dr. John's funky ivories and Bloomfield's great white ax. Besides having definitive white-blues versions of B.B. King's "Rock Me Baby" and Willie Dixon's "Pretty Thing," *Triumvirate* creates a smoldering atmosphere with John Lee Hooker's "Groundhog Blues" and "Sha-dooky-doo." Who says white boys can't sing the blues?

Frampton's Camel/Peter Frampton (A&M SP-4389). In 1968, Peter Frampton, lead singer of the Herd, was dubbed the "Face of the Year" by an English newspaper. Although at sixteen he did look a little like Jean Shrimpton, cosmetic rock was beginning to wear thin, even in England. After leaving the Herd, Frampton created Humble Pie with ex-Face Steve Marriott. Frampton stayed with Humble Pie for four years, but after five albums it became clear that he and Marriott were moving in different directions. "We take our guitars to very different places," Frampton says aptly, and this excellent new album is proof of how far Frampton has traveled. His solo LP, *Winds of Change*, was one of last year's most refreshing events, and *Frampton's Camel* takes his reflective style even further. His tasty guitar and keyboards are backed by a solid group consisting of Rick Wills, John Siomos (both from Humble Pie), and Mick Gallagher. The album has to be one of the major recordings of 1973.

Yessongs/Yes (Atlantic SD 3-100). This three-record set is in the monster-package tradition of *Woodstock, The Dead Live in Europe*, and Leon Russell's recent triptych. Almost everything on it derives from previous Yes albums with the exception of the excerpts from Rick Wakeman's *The Six Wives of Henry VIII*, in which he exhibits his many styles and effects. These six sides suffer from the usual defects of the group: pretentious, stream-of-consciousness lyrics; virtuosity for its own sake; arbitrary time changes; solo "shoot-outs"; and the reedy voice of Jon Anderson. While marathon albums usually tend to worsen existing flaws, *Yessongs* submerges them in a mixture of rock, jazz, folk, and technology. This is one of the few three-record sets that really works, and the best yet from Yes.

Electric Light Orchestra II (United Artists LAO 40-F). This is what you get for reading too many Dan Dare comics and eating too many Aero bars: Mekon (the great green one) music. The tea orchestra has gone mad and the triffids are dancing to "From the Sun to the World (Boogie #1)." It's enough to make you want to open all the air locks. ELO began as a classical rock

Peter Frampton: Traveling to excellence.

venture of England's superpunk rock band, the Move, and ELO II is more of the same: Masterwork Mash minus Roy Wood, who left to form a more raunchy form of cello-rock with Wizard, his own group. Why would a bunch of rockers from Burning Gum want to do this to themselves? This stuff is really weird. My favorite is "Kuiama." Try it.—*David Malarek*

Sweet William/Andy Bown (Mercury SRM 1-656). The distinguishing feature of this marvelously tuneful and well-produced record is Bown's self-deprecating wit. His adenoidal voice contributes to the overall comic effect. Beneath it all is a very sensitive fellow who deserves a listening. The string arrangements by Jimmy Horowitz rate special mention.—*Ben Gerson*

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Is Government necessary?
Conversations with businessmen, executives,
writers, and teachers who don't think so.

ZERO GOVERNMENT: ANARCHY ON THE RIGHT

BY SAMUEL L. BLUMENFELD

There is a new philosophy being cultivated across the land. It calls itself libertarianism, anarcho-capitalism, autarchy. Its followers make up a wide spectrum of well-educated, productive people. They include corporation presidents, executives, writers, students, and teachers. They share a vision of a completely free society, established on the principles of individual sovereignty and private ownership, without any government whatever.

No government? Why that's anarchy, you might say, and anarchy is a word that inspires images of chaos, rampant lawlessness, and mass fear.

But what is peculiar about the "new anarchy" is that it claims to be far more orderly and stable than the organized chaos that is our present system of government. The new libertarians, as most of the new anarchists call themselves, contend that government, by its very nature, is the world's greatest creator of chaos and fear. They cite the wars of the past fifty years that have brought catastrophe to many enlightened nations: the extermination of millions of people by government acts; Vietnam; Watergate; police corruption; rapacious taxation; inflation; a justice system with medieval punishment and retribution; the Supreme Court decision on obscenity that has caused instant confusion and uncertainty; and oppressive laws that restrict our economic and social

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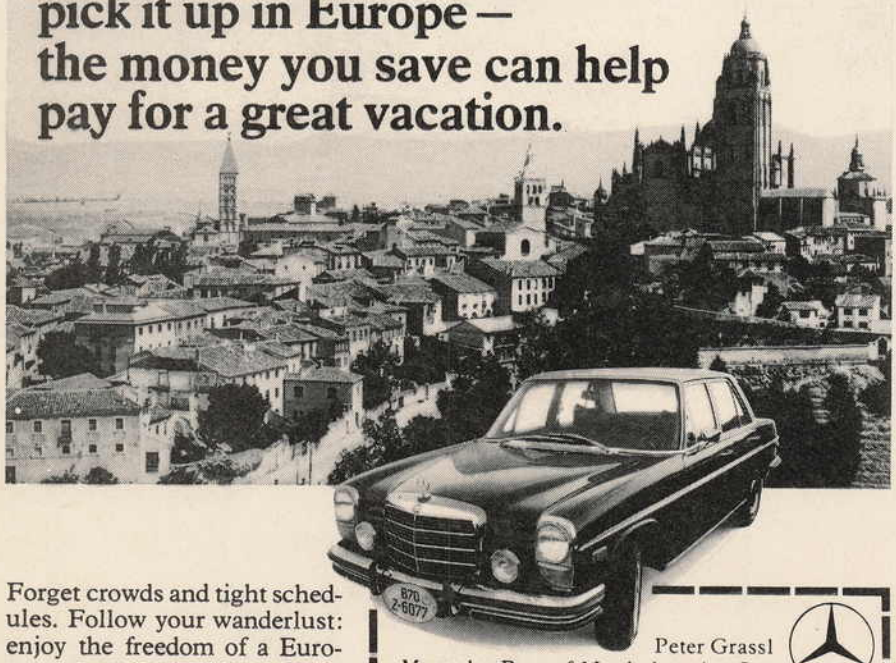

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lives. They see taxation as theft and military conscription as slavery. Most people tolerate all this in the name of government and law and order. Their assumption is that without government conditions could get much worse.

But would they? Has history not shown that when governments are destroyed people not only manage to survive, but the basic fabric of society is maintained? Does society not depend more on individual self-control for stability and prosperity than on government control?

Perhaps "anarchy" is the wrong word to apply to a system wherein individual freedom and rights to property would be the fundamentals of a governmentless society. The old-style anarchists, born in the early days of the industrial era, championed individual freedom but thought property was that freedom's enemy. They saw government as enforcing the property system, and therefore they went to great extremes, including bombings and assassinations, to bring governments down. The old anarchists conceived the ideal society to be communal, a concept that contradicted the notion of individualism. They fell into this contradiction because they lacked a proper understanding of economics, of the connection between freedom and property—between a man's productivity and the ownership of his tools and products of his labor. They did not understand the marketplace or the principles of human action that govern the creation of wealth. They did not understand that a man could control his own life only to the degree that he could control his property.

But could not government be used in a limited way to protect individual freedom and property? Is not our present government a perversion of the ideal of limited government envisioned by our founding fathers? To answer these and other questions about a society with zero government, I talked to some new anarchists—including a professor of economics in New York, a best-selling writer in Vancouver, and a corporation president in Wichita.

I talked in New York with Murray Rothbard, professor of economics at the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn. I had met him ten years before, when he was already known for his radical anarchistic views which then carried little weight among political conservatives who believed in limited, constitutional government. Ten years ago, a distrust of government, especially big government, was all that Rothbard and political conservatives had in common. They generally agreed that the less the government interfered with the economy, the better. Since then, Rothbard has written a number of books on economics and has become a spokesman for right-wing anarchism or, as he calls it, "anarcho-capitalism." He has acquired a large following, and his most recent book, *For a New*

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Liberty (Macmillan, 1973), is being advertised as the "libertarian manifesto."

Rothbard told me that he had arrived at his ideology through the influences of his parents and teachers. Living in New York, his mother and father were involved in the Emma Goldman anarchist movement before World War I; but later, during the Depression, his father became a free-market conservative. While in preparatory school, young Rothbard was greatly influenced by a history teacher who was free-market oriented.

Pursuing the free-market argument to its conclusion, Rothbard could find no functions of government that could not be performed as well or better by private agencies:

"I found in my arguments with socialists and interventionists that once you justified the existence of the state, once you sanctioned the use of force to control people, for no matter what reason, you could justify taxation and every other evil and excess of the state."

For Rothbard, everything came down to one basic question: was government necessary at all? Tom Paine had called government a "necessary evil." But after two hundred years of American government and the full flowering of capitalism, one could finally ask if even that "necessary evil" was necessary. Rothbard has concluded that it is not.

What about ecology, roads, educating the poor, the national defense? Rothbard goes into considerable detail in his book on these questions and how they would be handled in a libertarian, governmentless society. If one thinks of these problems in libertarian terms, a number of noncoercive solutions are suggested. A libertarian society assumes a sufficient reservoir of goodwill and voluntarism to look after the helpless and indigent. Liberals believe that people have to be forced to help the unfortunate. Libertarians disagree, they are optimistic about basic human benevolence, and believe it would flower more in a voluntary society than a coercive one.

Ironically, some of the strongest opposition to Rothbard comes not from the liberal establishment, which sees libertarianism as a minor right-wing irritation, but from an element within the libertarian movement—the followers of novelist Ayn Rand. Champion of heroic individualism and laissez-faire capitalism, Ayn Rand considers herself an antistatist. However, she reserves for government three important functions: police protection, the courts, and national defense. She would fund these activities through voluntary contributions rather than taxation. Here Rothbard's followers challenge her. Why retain these lethal vestiges of government on even a voluntary basis? Police protection could be better provided by private protection companies. Arbitration, now a function of the courts, could be better provided by private, professional arbitration companies that would settle disputes through voluntary, rather than forced, agreement. Military defense could be provided by private military agencies employing volunteer personnel.

According to Rothbard, the main bone of contention between the two groups is the handling of criminals. "The Randians insist on a code of objective law to handle and punish wrongdoers. We suggest that the emphasis should be switched from punishing wrongdoers to getting restitution for the victims. Private police would not be interested in investing time and energy in 'punishing' criminals for their crimes, but in retrieving stolen goods. Ostracism would be society's principal means of 'punishment.' "

Why maintain expensive prisons and the apparatus of punishment and incarceration? In Rothbard's system the threat of ostracism would be a great deterrent to crime; keep in mind that a human being can take and even enjoy all kinds of punishment (punishment, in psychoanalyst Eric Berne's terms, is stroking of a kind). But few men could bear ostracism—or no stroking—for long. It is probable that in a society of Rothbard's construction, a criminal would find someone to "stroke" him in the punishing manner he craves.

Libertarian Sampler

For a New Liberty, by Murray Rothbard. Macmillan, 1973. $7.95.

How I Found Freedom in an Unfree World, by Harry Browne. Macmillan, 1973. $7.95.

The Nature of Man and His Government, by Robert LeFevre. Caxton Printers, Caldwell, Idaho. $1.00.

No Treason: The Constitution of No Authority, by Lysander Spooner. Pine Tree Publications, Rampart College, 104 West Fourth Street, Santa Ana, Calif. 92701. $1.50.

Libertarian Handbook 1973. 193 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. 02116. $2.00.

LP News. Libertarian Party, Box 31638, Aurora, Colo. 80011. $2.00 subscription.

Books for Libertarians. 422 First Street, S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003. $1.00 subscription.

Would life in such a society be less safe than it is today?

"It's estimated," Rothbard answered, "that only about 5 percent of the criminal population is in prison. The rest are at large. There are a lot of people in prison, perpetrators of victimless crimes, who would be no menace to anyone if they were given their freedom. Even if all the hard-core murderers were set free, chances would still be ten to one in favor of being killed by accident rather than by murder."

The federal government statistics bear this out. In 1967, for example, there were 21,325 suicides, 113,169 deaths by accidents, and 13,425 homicides. Most of the intentional homicides were crimes of passion committed by relatives. The odds of being murdered by a criminal are smaller than of being murdered by a relative.

If the government cannot eliminate deaths by suicide or accident, why should we expect it to eliminate deaths by murder? Governments have been the greatest murderers. Why should we expect a murderer to protect us from murder?

"Prisons are more for the punishment of lawbreakers than the protection of society," Rothbard went on. "There are a lot of taxpayers who are not interested in supporting institutions of punishment. That's another important difference between us and the Randians. Randians are punishment-oriented, and they spend a lot of time arguing over what punishments will fit what crimes."

I had once attended a series of lectures given by Nathaniel Branden, the intellectual heir of Ayn Rand before their bitter breakup in 1968. There was something peculiar about the Randians' lack of humor. These people were always deadly serious about their perfection and everybody else's imperfection. Of course, everyone was judged according to the Randian standard of perfection, which the Randians insisted was based on the coldest, most rational objectivism. The truth is that Ayn Rand's idea of perfection is based on her own subjective ideal, suited entirely to her own nature.

Despite these negative aspects of Randian philosophy, many of her followers have been led into the libertarian movement by her arguments against collectivism and statism, as well as by her support for laissez-faire economics. Randians were among a group of libertarians in Colorado who decided to organize the Libertarian party in the winter of 1971. During its first year, the party concentrated on the presidential candidacy of Dr. John Hospers. He is director of the School of Philosophy at the University of Southern California and one of the libertarian movement's leading spokesmen.

The party got its ticket on the ballot in only two states (Colorado and Washington), and drew about five thousand votes. Ironically, Ayn Rand urged her followers to vote for Nixon and said that voting for Hospers was a "moral crime" because it would help McGovern. Rothbard, on the other hand, has encouraged his followers to engage in political activity through the Libertarian party. He considers such activity educative.

The Libertarian party held its latest convention in Cleveland in June 1973. More than two hundred delegates were present. The party has grown to more than three thousand members; it is active in about thirty states and has embryonic groups in about fifteen more. The average membership age is twenty-six. The party's platform advocates, among other things, repeal of the income tax and of all laws against victimless crime—including smoking marijuana, publishing pornography, gambling, and buying gold bullion.

Since Rothbard is a professor of eco-

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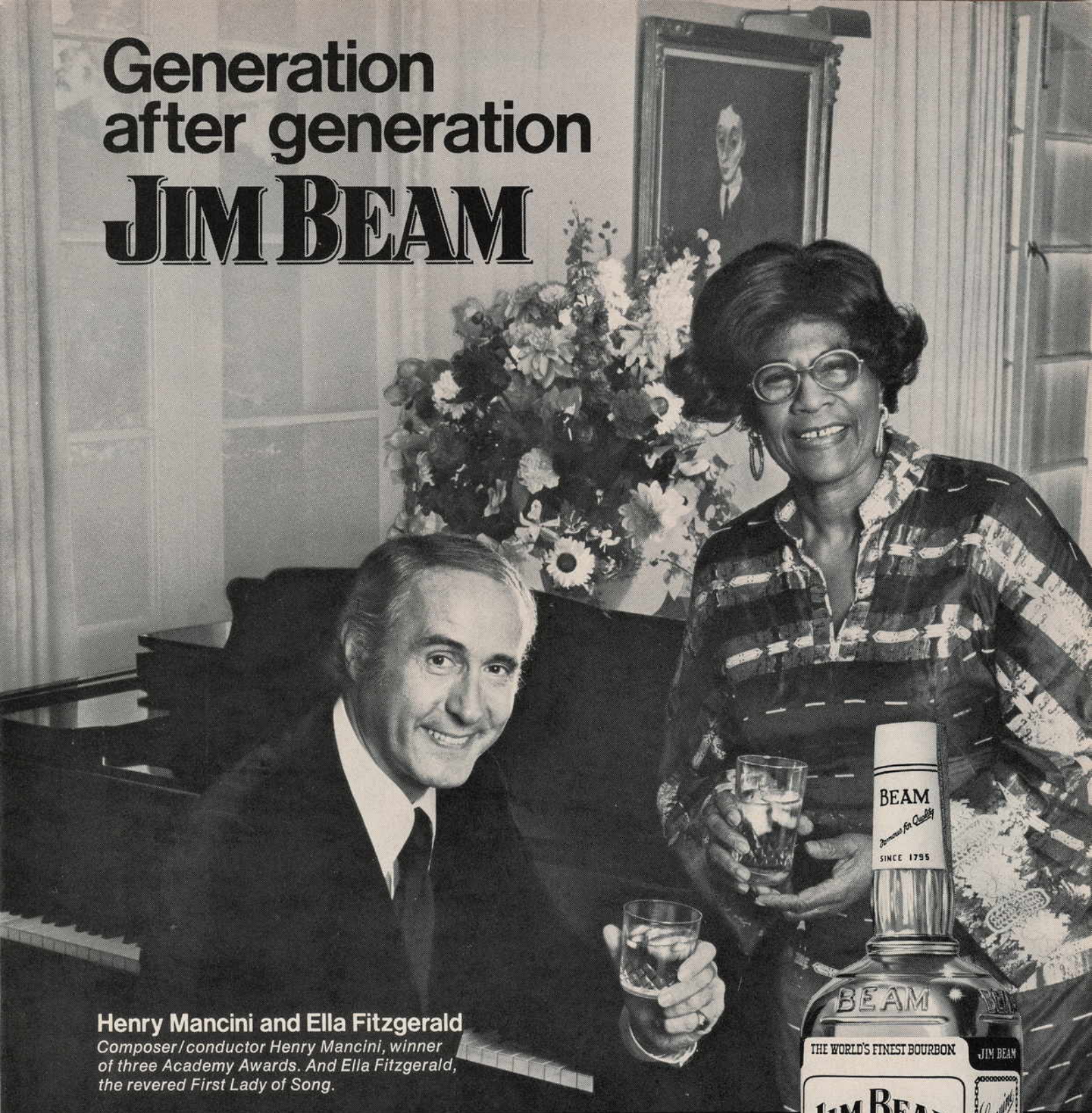
Generation after generation

JIM BEAM



Henry Mancini and Ella Fitzgerald
Composer/conductor Henry Mancini, winner of three Academy Awards. And Ella Fitzgerald, the revered First Lady of Song.

The year Ella Fitzgerald recorded her first hit record, the classic "A-Tisket, A-Tasket," an unknown Henry Mancini was playing first flute in his jr. high school band in Aliquippa, Pennsylvania.

They've both achieved unparalleled fame since then, because, they're dedicated to their craft.

The Beams, too, are dedicated craftsmen. And for 178 years now, son following father, they've respected their craft and excelled at it.

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AN OPEN LETTER TO PRESIDENT NIXON ON THE MATTER OF THE RECENT SUPREME COURT RULING ON OBSCENITY

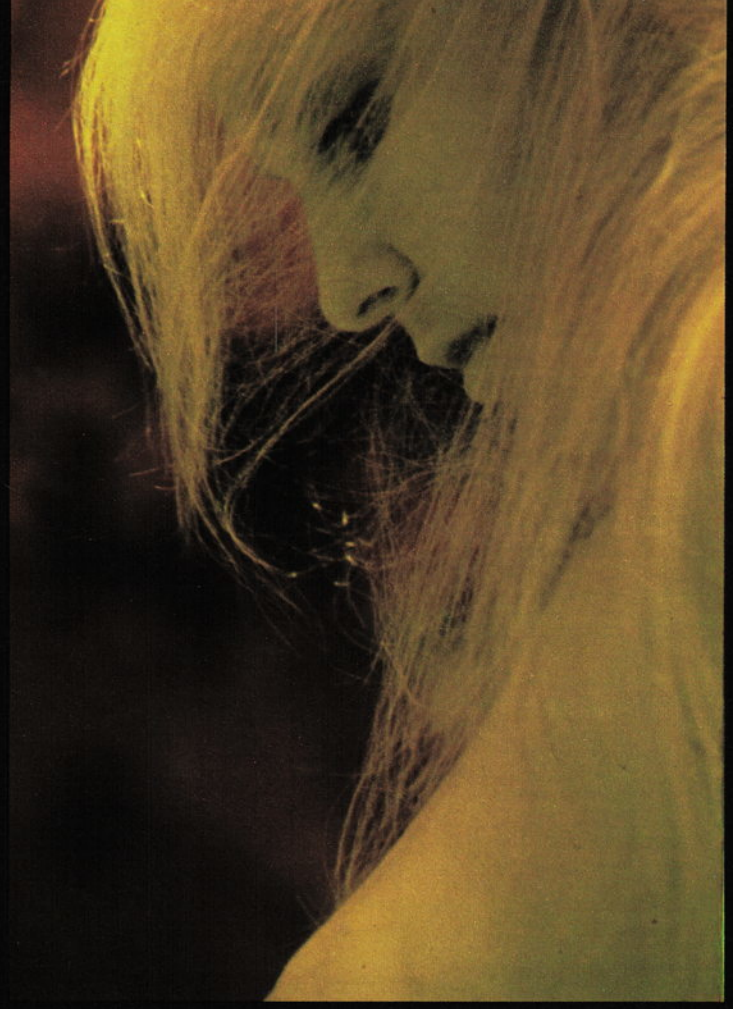
MR. PRESIDENT,

"I am…mortified to be told that, in the United States of America…a question about the sale of a book can be carried before the civil magistrate…are we to have a censor whose imprimatur shall say what books may be sold and what we may buy?

"Shall a layman, simple as ourselves, set up his reason as the rule for what we are to read?…It is an insult to our citizens to question whether they are rational beings or not."

RESPECTFULLY,

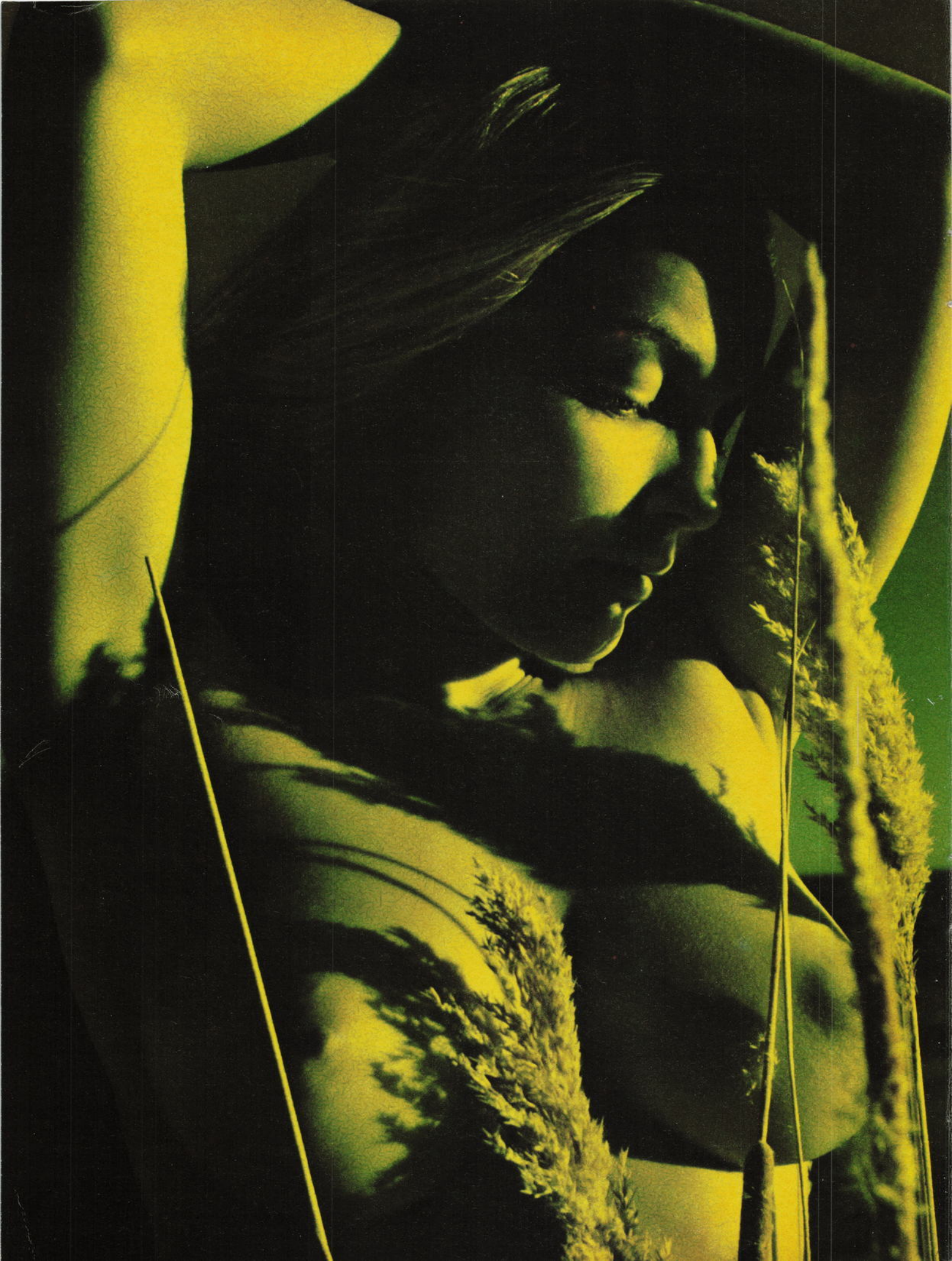
Thomas Jefferson

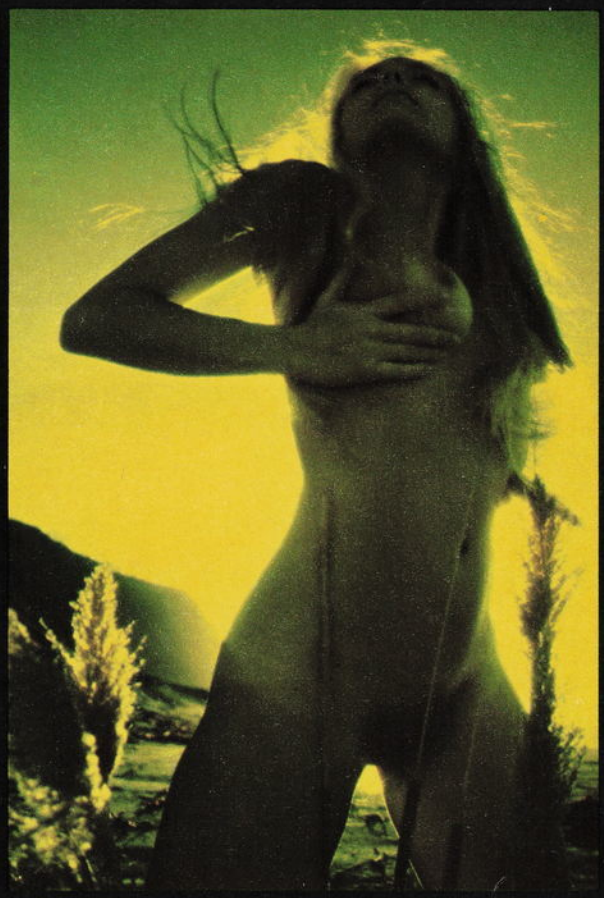


VENUS

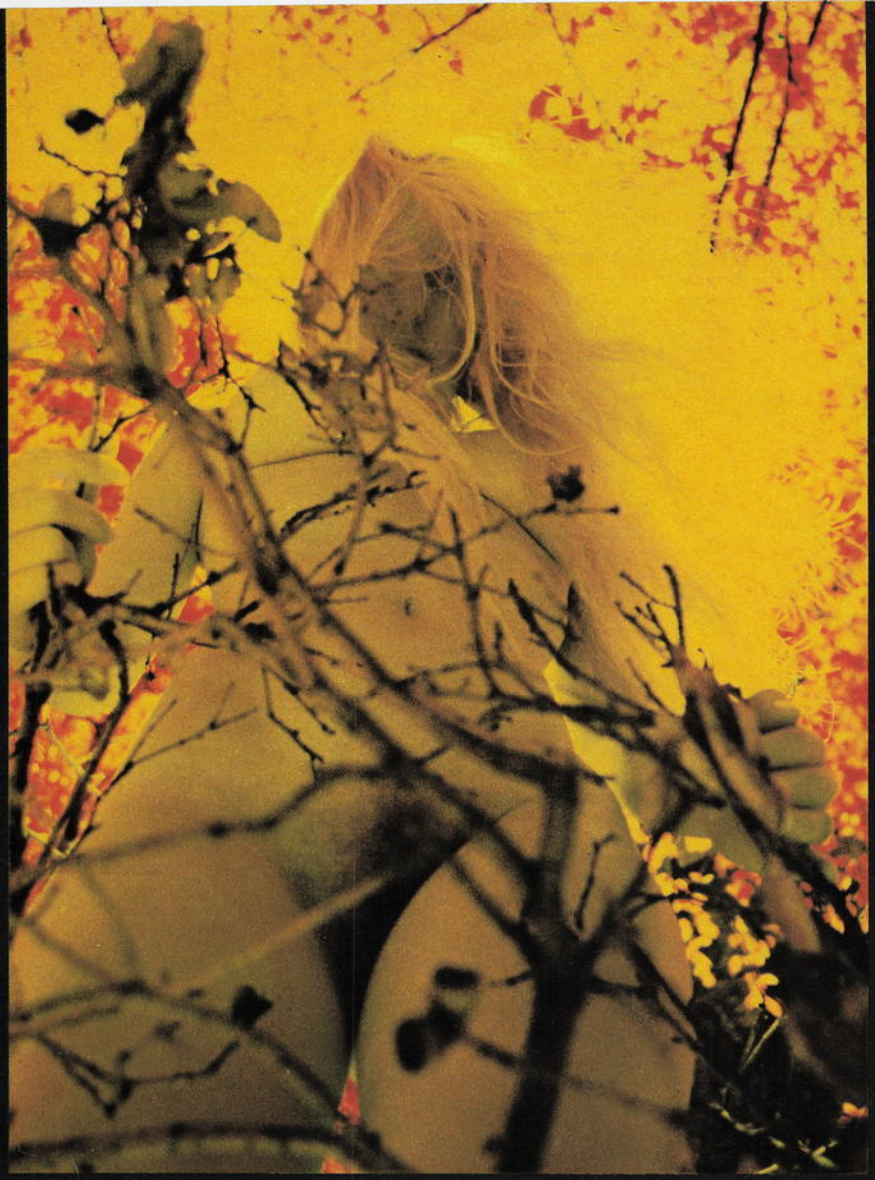
PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHILLIPP JASON

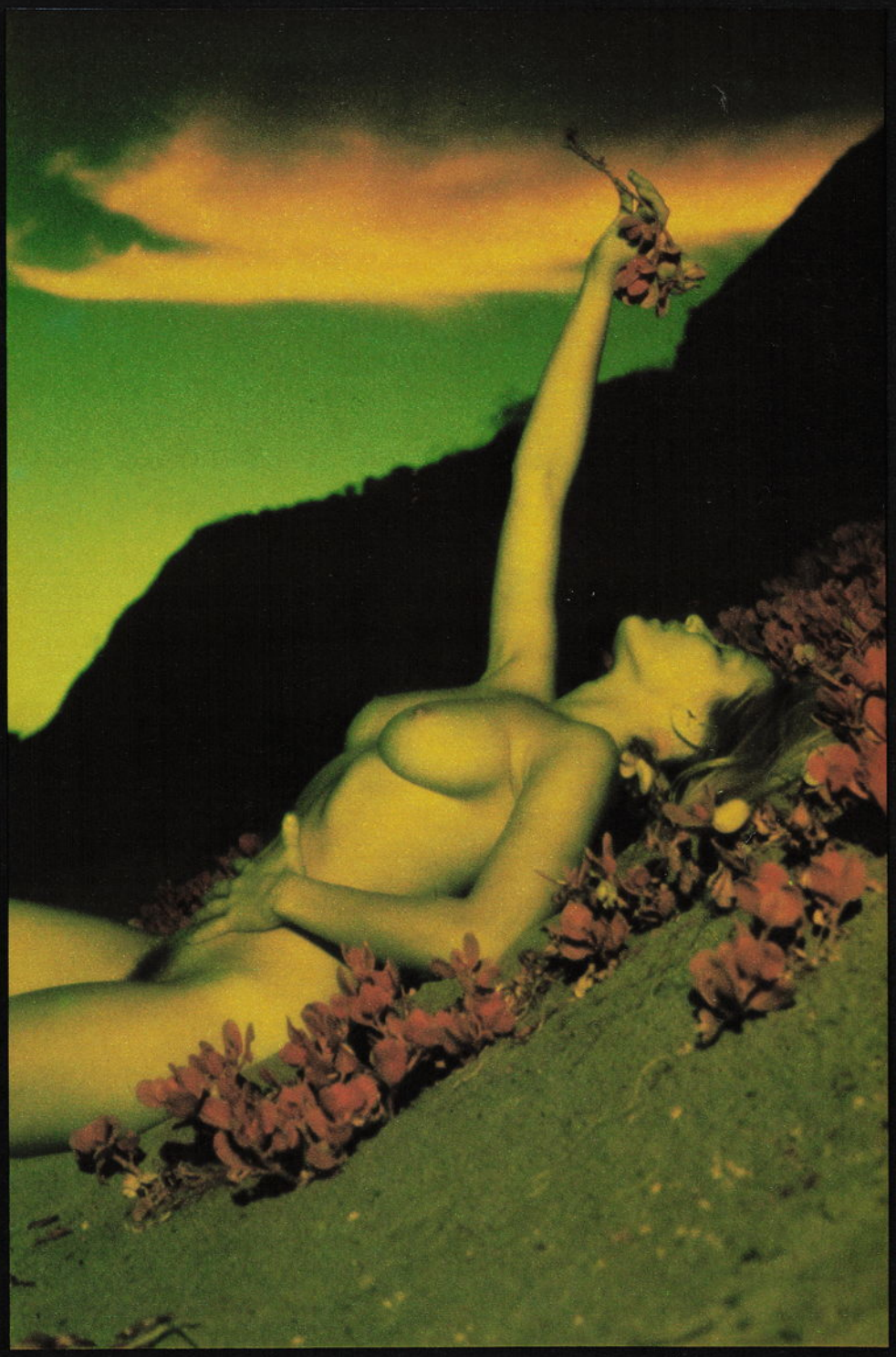
Venus is nude communion with sky and elements . . . she hears symphonies of Nirvana in cast-up shells . . . observes apparitional redwoods spiking the trackless Pacific horizon . . . enacts an



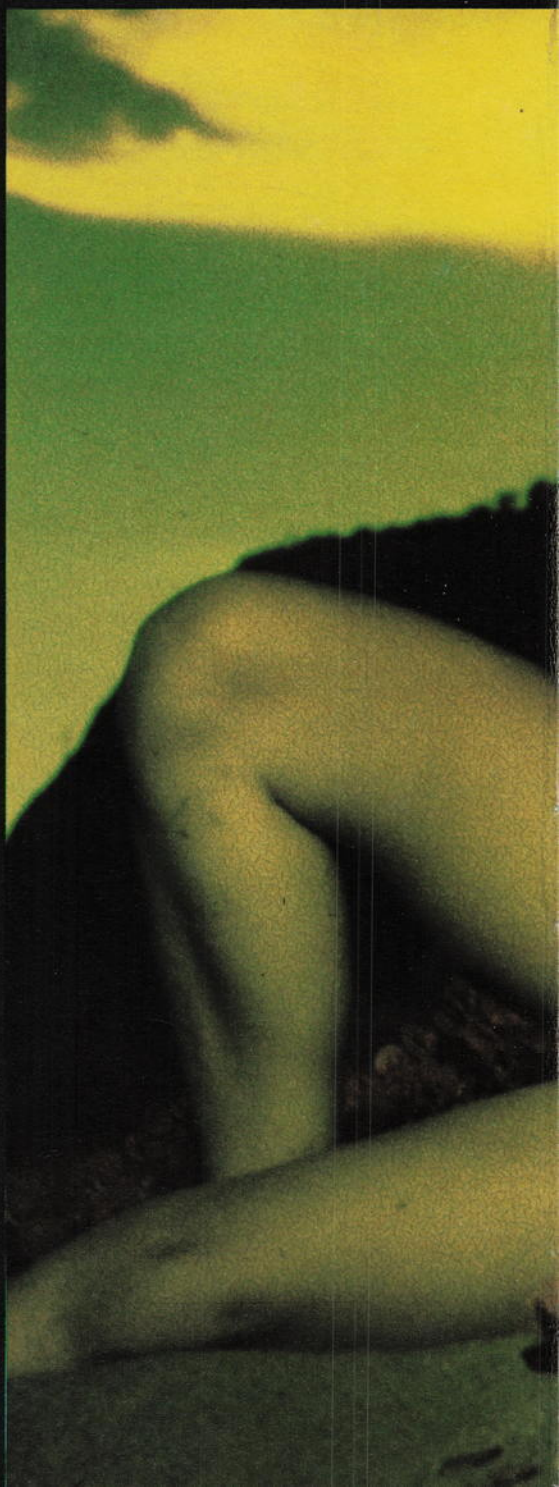


everlasting reverie of sensual Aphrodite, Ishtar, Isis . . . Venus. A nymph in an austere container. Herself a daughter of Venus, ruling planet under Libra. She is given to cycles of frenzy and lassitude. At her torpid times she hastens to the nearest spit of Pacific woods and shore to muse on the waters that gave birth to her mythological antecedent. At such times she is chaste, inviolable by alien masculine principles. At such times she waits serenely for the pendulum to swing, as it always has and inevitably must, back to the tempestuous throbbing of sinew, nerve, and blood in ageless lust. Venus in town is chic, aggressive, competent, glamorous, fashionable, gainfully employed as a boutique buyer, a model, a designer, an

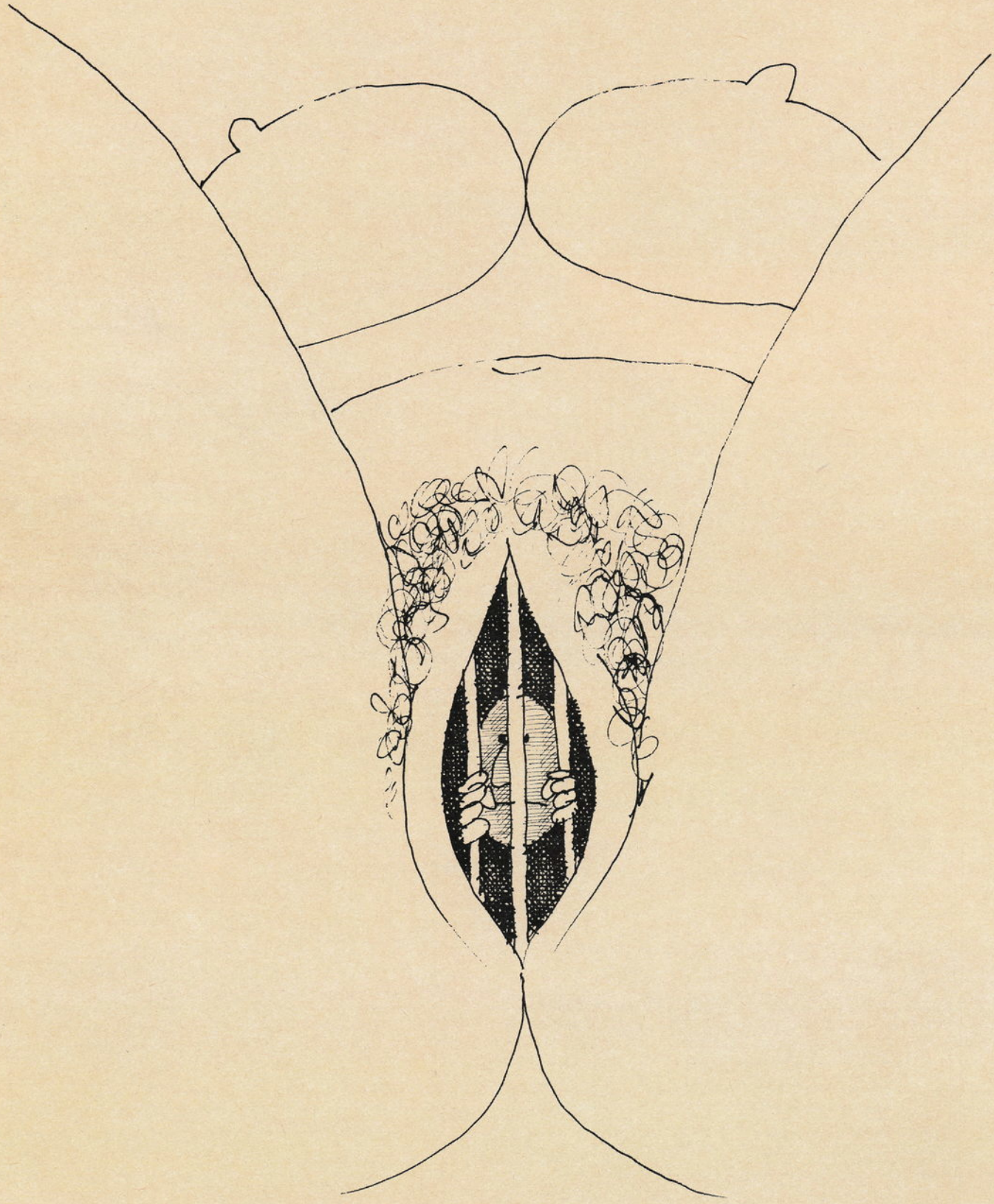




executive secretary. She hails from Sioux Falls, Des Moines, New Orleans. She is known to all and all have a good word for her. Venus is not ungenerous of her favors and feels there is much to be said for detached sex. She read something recently that would interest you—did you happen to read it? But there comes a time Venus *must* be alone.



Another denizen of Los Angeles might head for the clubs on the Strip, or tear off down the Freeway; for tourists there is Disneyland, and bus tours of the stars' homes in Beverly Hills. Venus eschews the wholesale fantasizing of Southern California. One day an earthquake will send the dream factory to the bottom of the Pacific—leaving skyscrapers bisected by canals, unnavigable straits, polluted rapids. Then soil will settle on the tops of the downtown towers, and life will begin again. All this lies in the future, but in the unspoiled tracts of wilderness there is a sense of primeval isolation to be recaptured—and foretasted. Occasionally the passage of another pioneer, the barrage of a duck hunter, betrays the solitude, but mainly Venus is alone with the life-force, basking in the hermaphroditic *érotique* that pervades all the living and the dead.



Walter Velez

White Rum. Puerto Rican Rum. Something you can stay with.

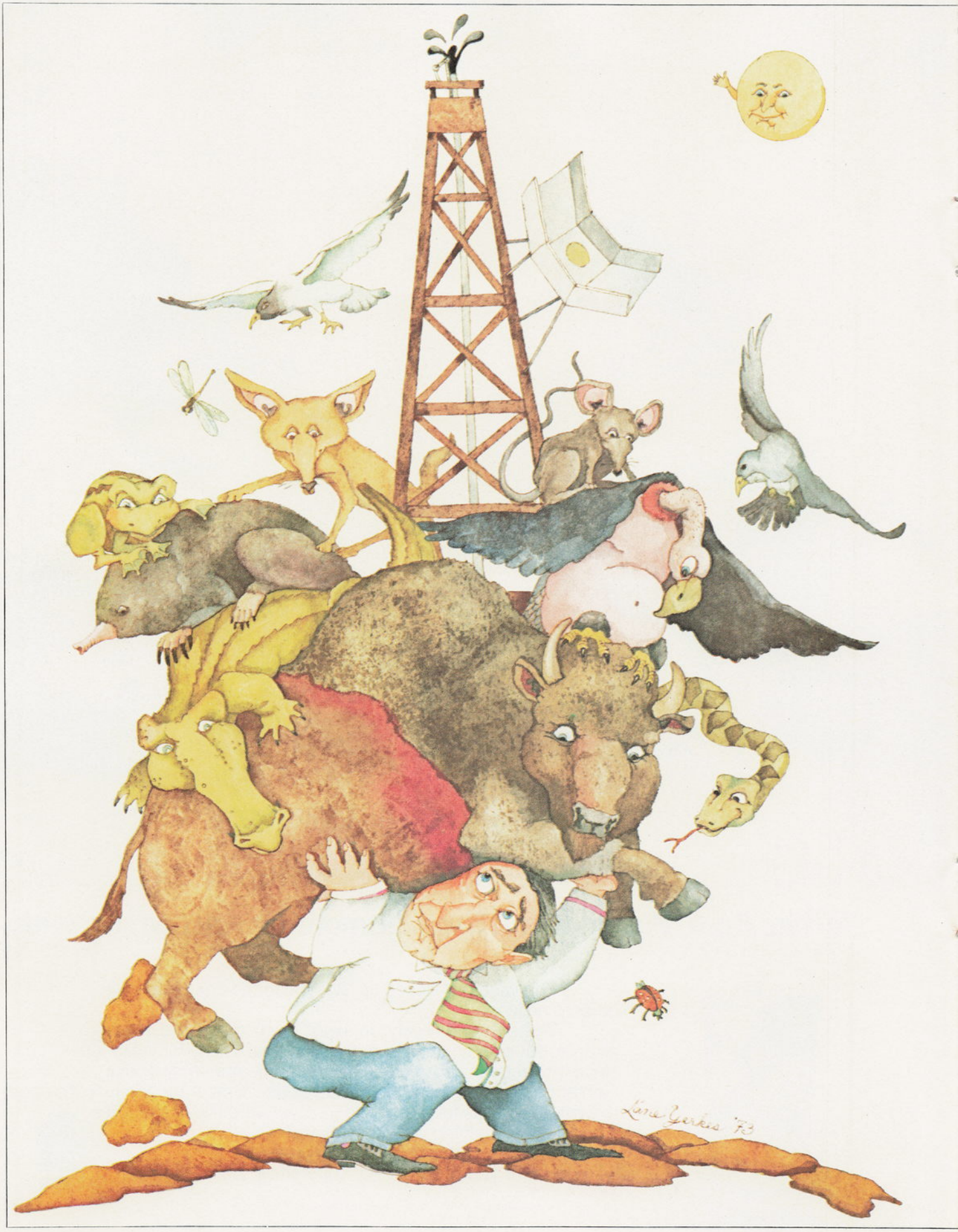
The wind just kicked up. But you're too deep into each other to notice.

White Puerto Rican rum won't break that mood. It's there, all right. But ever so quiet and discreet. That's easy for white rum since it's lighter than the driest gin. And smoother than vodka. Lighter because no extra flavors are added. Smoother because it's aged in white oak casks for one full year...by Puerto Rican law. Little wonder it's something you can stay with.

Add tonic, vermouth, soda or orange juice to white rum. Or add nothing—but yourselves.

PUERTO RICAN RUM

For free recipe book, write: Puerto Rican Rum, Dept. P, 1290 Ave. of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10019. © 1973 Commonwealth of Puerto Rico


Lana Gerkis '73

ENERGY CRISIS? WHAT ENERGY CRISIS?

The lights are going out all over Fargo, North Dakota, so let's cash in on our unendangered species, like those damned pigeons.

By Henry Morgan

Henry Ford the Two announced the other day that the Arabs were going to take over the world. Now, Henry knows a lot more than somewhat and he is, as they say, no slouch. If Henry the Two says something it's a good idea to pay him some mind, or he will hit you.

What he meant was that since the Ayrabs own all the oil and can raise the prices at will, which they do, the time will come . . . or is already here . . . when these savages won't know what to do with their money. They will therefore be obliged to buy up all the stocks on the U.S. Exchange. This will give them ownership of half of Canada and all of Italy.

(You couldn't sell Great Britain right now to the Ojibways.)

And all this because of the automobile and the airplane.

And houses. And electric generators, from which we draw the current to run our manicure sets and carving knives.

When the arguing stops and the Alaska pipeline is built there will only be enough oil for about another year.

Coal is running out.

Trees are in short supply.

Peat is used for making Scotch.

The fossil fuels are waving bye-bye.

But are we downhearted? NO!

Here are a few simple plans for carrying on in the world as we know and love it.

We are going to tap sources that will drive the Arabs back into well-deserved poverty. If the world will but pay attention, we'll have those people fighting the Israelis with sticks.

For openers, let's bring back the bison. At one time there were millions of bison in the American West, and they ate a lot of grass and turned it out the other end processed into . . . let's hear it, gang! . . . BUFFALO CHIPS! Right on!

When the Indians wanted quick pizza, how did they cook it? Buffalo chips. Heating the old tepee? B.C.'s.

Now, the best place for buffalo roaming is the area occupied by Omaha, Kansas City, and Des Moines. There is absolutely no known reason for not wiping out those places immediately and stocking the area with boy and girl bison. In practically no time, these kids will grow up and have more kids and together, young and old, they will crap up the prairies with fuel.

The hides, incidentally, can be used for clothing and making houses, and the meat can be used in patties. Chopped up fine and topped with pickle, it makes a great McBisonburger—your kids will love it!

Some people think that bringing back the horse and the donkey will help a lot. Cross a horse and a donkey and you get a jackass. Now, although the jackass is incapable of reproducing itself, there are a few hundred of them in Washington, D.C., who can reproduce like crazy. Hitch up a couple of Congressmen to a plow, feed them on bisonburgers, you've got raw power.

The average Congressman is able to produce considerable energy with just his own gas, of course.

Look at the energy we're wasting: Seagulls. Seagulls and pigeons. Seagulls, pigeons, starlings, and crows. Now, what the hell good are these birds? They toil not, neither do they spin. But He feedeth them. What for? They don't do a goddamn thing. Every time you see one of these bloody consumers flying by, think of the energy they're burning up. Energy that could be harnessed to light up New York and help get those cruddy muggers off the streets.

Mosquitoes. What good did they ever do? Mosquitoes, flies, wasps, beetles, and chiggers. Why, there's energy there . . . energy that's being squandered just to annoy Number One.

Bedbugs, ticks, lice, and frogs. All eating away the earth we walk on. Rattlesnakes, dragonflies, mice, coyotes, and moles. Worms. Scorpions. What are *they* doing? Not a goddamn thing but eating up the landscape and bothering everybody all to hell and gone.

Vultures. Vultures, condors, cassowaries, civets, crocodiles, hamsters, bats, and sharks. Toads, cockroaches, eels, kangaroos, and boll weevils.

Consumers! Eaters of energy! Flying and crawling and skulking around all over the place and using up our natural resources!

(Let's take a breather . . . it's getting hot in here.)

All right. Just look at these sources:

The sun. If the sun can be used to give electricity to some lunatic contraption floating around up in the air so that a bunch of acrobats can leave their wives for a few weeks, that same process can be used right here, down on the ground, where the *decent* people live. It's been tried in Norway—Norway, for chrissake! Why don't they try it down where the sun comes out, down there in some of those useless countries where the natives are always fighting anyway and would be a lot better off wiped out. You take your Nicaragua, your British Guiana, and whatnot, your Panamas and your Venezuelas, clear all those bloody wogs out of there and set up sun catchers. Why, you can power the whole damn map.

Tides. What's wrong with harnessing the tides? You put up a long dam along the shore, see? When the tide comes in, you just slam the gate and hold the water there. When the tide goes out, there you are with tons of water you can let out to run generators. Nothing to it. Damn tide just runs in and out twice a day not doing a blessed damn thing. It just *lays* there . . . while the Ayrabs are getting rich.

Rock concerts. Now, if somebody would just get out there and cut all the wires leading to all the guitars used at all the rock concerts in one year, the current saved would be enough to send a death ray at Russia. Once the Russians are out of the way, we turn the ray on Japan and then run over and grab all their little batteries. That would give us enough current to turn the ray a little higher and wipe out the Chinese.

Very few people seem to realize that with the Russians, Japanese, and Chinese out of the way there'd be enough fuel for the rest of us to watch old movies on TV at night for six hundred and fifty years.

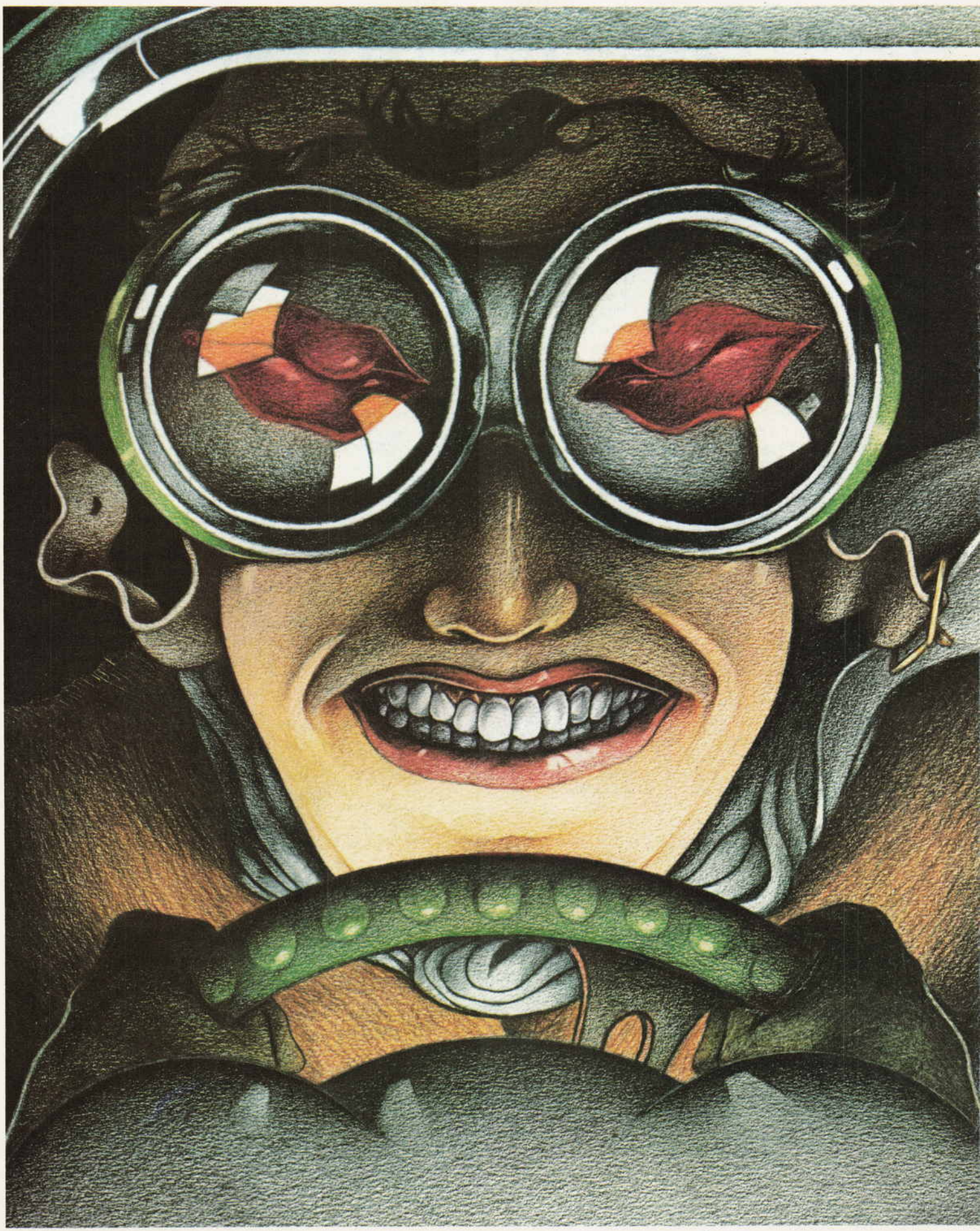
Bees. Scientists have proved that, using the known principles of flight, a bee can't get off the ground. This means that bees and hornets and humming birds are using up extra vim and vigor just for flying around. (This is just statistics and of no use to us at this time.)

Sex. Here is the greatest waste of all.

Every time a young man's fancy turns, he uses up about a thousand calories. You take an average night in an average motel chain, there's enough energy being, well, shot, to plow the entire state of Minnesota. To this you add what's going on in apartments, tents, phone booths, hallways, canoes, campers, theater balconies, and the backs of grocery stores; in ditches, on haystacks, under tarpaulins, and in graveyards—the sheer, overwhelming force of it is frightening. Now add what's going to waste in massage parlors, gypsy caravans, and advertising agencies and the picture becomes clear.

There is no energy crisis. Henry Ford is wrong. If the Ayrabs and the Nicaraguans are eliminated, the bugs wiped out, and the sun and tide used, and if the rest of us will just stop screwing around, there will be no problem.

And how about windmills?



Vaughn wanted to hear sirens
scream and bells ring, to see lights
flash and explode, to feel the earth move—
and to die with his seat belt off.

CRASH

By J. G. Ballard

Vaughan died yesterday in his last car-crash. During our friendship he had rehearsed his death in many crashes, but this was his only true accident. Driven on a collision course towards the limousine of the film actress, his car jumped the rails of the London Airport flyover and plunged through the roof of a bus filled with airline passengers. The crushed bodies of package tourists, like a haemorrhage of the sun, still lay across the vinyl seats when I pushed my way through the police engineers an hour later. Holding the arm of her chauffeur, the film actress Elizabeth Taylor, with whom Vaughan had dreamed of dying for so many months, stood alone under the revolving ambulance lights. As I knelt over Vaughan's body she placed a gloved hand to her throat.

Could she see, in Vaughan's posture, the formula of the death which he had devised for her? During the last weeks of his life Vaughan thought of nothing else but her death, a coronation of wounds he had staged with the devotion of an Earl Marshal. The walls of his apartment near the film studios at Shepperton were covered with the photographs he had

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taken through his zoom lens each morning as she left her hotel in London, from the pedestrian bridges above the westbound motorways, and from the roof of the multi-storey car-park at the studios. The magnified details of her knees and hands, of the inner surface of her thighs and the left apex of her mouth, I uneasily prepared for Vaughan on the copying machine in my office, handing him the packages of prints as if they were the instalments of a death warrant. At his apartment I watched him matching the details of her body with the photographs of grotesque wounds in a textbook of plastic surgery.

In his vision of a car-crash with the actress, Vaughan was obsessed by many wounds and impacts—by the dying chromium and collapsing bulkheads of their two cars meeting head-on in complex collisions endlessly repeated in slow-motion films, by the identical wounds inflicted on their bodies, by the image of windshield glass frosting around her face as she broke its tinted surface like a death-born aphrodite, by the compound fractures of their thighs impacted against their handbrake mountings, and above all by the wounds to their genitalia, her uterus pierced by the heraldic beak of the manufacturer's medallion, his semen emptying across the luminescent dials that registered for ever the last temperature and fuel level of the engine.

It was only at these times, as he described this last crash to me, that Vaughan was calm. He talked of these wounds and collisions with the erotic tenderness of a long-separated lover. Searching through the photographs in his apartment, he half turned towards me, so that his heavy groin quietened me with its profile of an almost erect penis. He knew that as long as he provoked me with his own sex, which he used casually as if he might discard it for ever at any moment, I would never leave him.

Ten days ago, as he stole my car from the garage of my apartment house, Vaughan hurtled up the concrete ramp, an ugly machine sprung from a trap. Yesterday his body lay under the police arc-lights at the foot of the flyover, veiled by a delicate lacework of blood. The broken postures of his legs and arms, the bloody geometry of his face, seemed to parody the photographs of crash injuries that covered the walls of his apartment. I looked down for the last time at his huge groin, engorged with blood. Twenty yards away, illuminated by the revolving lamps, the actress hovered on the arm of her chauffeur. Vaughan had dreamed of dying at the moment of her orgasm.

Before his death Vaughan had taken part in many crashes. As I think of Vaughan I see him in the stolen cars he drove and damaged, the surfaces of deformed metal and plastic that for ever embraced him. Two months earlier I found him on the lower deck of the airport flyover after the first rehearsal of his own death. A taxi driver helped two shaken air hostesses from a small car into which Vaughan had collided as he lurched from the mouth of a concealed access road. As I ran across to Vaughan I saw him through the fractured windshield of the white convertible he had taken from the car-park of the Oceanic Terminal. His exhausted face, with its scarred mouth, was lit by broken rainbows. I pulled the dented passenger door from its frame. Vaughan sat on the glass-covered seat, studying his own posture with a complacent gaze. His hands palms upwards at his sides, were covered with blood from his injured knee-caps. He examined the vomit staining the lapels of his leather jacket, and reached forward to touch the globes of semen clinging to the instrument binnacle. I tried to lift him from the car, but his tight buttocks were clamped together as if they had seized while forcing the last drops of fluid from his seminal vesicles. On the seat beside him were the torn photographs of the film actress which I had reproduced for him that morning at my office. Magnified sections of lip and eyebrow, elbow and cleavage formed a broken mosaic.

For Vaughan the car-crash and his own sexuality had made their final marriage. I remember him at night with nervous young women in the crushed rear compartments of abandoned cars in breakers' yards, and their photographs in the postures of uneasy sex acts. Their tight faces and strained thighs were lit by his Polaroid flash, like startled survivors of a submarine disaster. These aspiring whores, whom Vaughan met in the all-night cafés and supermarkets of London Airport, were the first cousins of the patients illustrated in his surgical textbooks. During his studied courtship of injured women, Vaughan was obsessed with the buboes of gas bacillus infections, by facial injuries and genital wounds.

Through Vaughan I discovered the true significance of the automobile crash, the meaning of whiplash injuries and roll-over, the ecstasies of head-on collisions. Together we visited the Road Research Laboratory twenty miles to the west of London, and watched the calibrated vehicles crashing into the concrete target blocks. Later, in his apartment, Vaughan screened slow-motion films of test collisions that he had photographed with his cine-camera. Sitting in the darkness on the floor cushions, we watched the silent impacts flicker on the wall above our heads. The repeated sequences of crashing cars first calmed and then aroused me. Cruising alone on the motorway under the yellow glare of the sodium lights, I thought of myself at the controls of these impacting vehicles.

During the months that followed, Vaughan and I spent many hours driving along the express highways on the northern perimeter of the airport. On the calm summer evenings these fast boulevards became a zone of nightmare collisions. Listening to the police broadcasts on Vaughan's radio, we moved from one accident to the next. Often we stopped under arc-lights that flared over the sites of major collisions, watching while firemen and police engineers worked with acetylene torches and lifting tackle to free unconscious wives trapped beside their dead husbands, or waited as a passing doctor fumbled with a dying man pinned below an inverted truck. Sometimes Vaughan was pulled back by the other spectators, and fought for his cameras with the ambulance attendants. Above all, Vaughan waited for head-on collisions with the concrete pillars of the motorway overpasses, the melancholy conjunction formed by a crushed vehicle abandoned on the grass verge and the serene motion sculpture of the concrete.

Once we were the first to reach the crashed car of an injured woman driver. A middle-aged cashier at the airport's duty-free liquor store, she sat unsteadily in the crushed compartment, fragments of the tinted windshield set in her forehead like jewels. As a police car approached, its emergency beacon pulsing along the overhead motorway, Vaughan ran back for his camera and flash equipment. Taking off my tie, I searched helplessly for the woman's wounds. She stared at me without speaking, and lay on her side across the seat. I watched the blood irrigate her white blouse. When Vaughan had taken the last of his pictures he knelt down inside the car and held her face carefully in his hands, whispering into her ear. Together we helped to lift her on to the ambulance trolley.

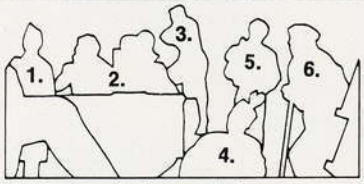
On our way to Vaughan's apartment he recognized an airport whore waiting in the forecourt of a motorway restaurant, a part-time cinema usherette for ever worrying about her small son's defective hearing-aid. As they sat behind me she complained to Vaughan about my nervous driving, but he was watching her movements with an abstracted gaze, almost encouraging her to gesture with her hands and knees. On the deserted roof of a Northolt multi-storey car-park I waited by the balustrade. In the rear seat of the car Vaughan arranged her limbs in the posture of the dying cashier. His strong body, crouched across her in the reflected light of passing headlamps, assumed a series of stylized positions.

Vaughan unfolded for me all his obsessions with the mysterious eroticism of wounds: the perverse logic of blood-soaked instrument panels, seat-belts smeared with excrement, sun-vizors lined with brain tissue. For Vaughan each crashed car set off a tremor of excitement, in the complex geometries of a dented fender, in the unexpected variations of crushed radiator grilles, in the grotesque overhang of an instrument panel forced on to a driver's crotch as if in some calibrated act of machine fellatio. The intimate time and space of a single human being

CONTINUED ON PAGE 152

Can you spot the Camel Filters smoker?

©1973 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.



Even at the firemen's parade, everyone seems to have a gimmick—almost everyone. Pick the one who doesn't.

1. Sorry. Meet "Clean Ed" Mealmangel, discount diner owner. Gimmick: Leaves his thumb print in mashed potatoes. Smokes ABL's "Any Brand Left" in the ash trays. **2.** No. And no. Tex'n'Tilly, icky-poo radio-TV personalities. Gimmick: If it moves, interview it. They once even used a stethoscope to talk to a mole. **3.** Jerry Jibroni. Spends so much time setting up, he never sees parade. Smokes cigarettes so super-long he almost needs binoculars to light them. **4.** He's Tom Thump. His bass drum really is a gimmick: Can't stand the noise, but he likes to wear it. Puts cotton in his ears and in his cigarette filters. **5.** Right. He enjoys the passing parade, without any gimmicks. That's why he smokes Camel Filters. They're good tasting, easy and honest. His kind of cigarette. **6.** He's "Sweeps" Streate. Hopes mounted police won't parade. But they always do.

Camel Filters. They're not for everybody (but they could be for you).

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

20 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report FEB.'73.

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Learn by doing . . . one step at a time

With this program you first learn basic principles in the text. Then you apply them to your "hands on" project so you fully understand how they work. You learn each principle *by doing* . . . one step at a time. You walk before you run.

Consider these important facts about the color TV set you build

This Bell & Howell Color TV has an ultra-rectangular tube and a 25-inch picture measured diagonally—a full 315 square inches of viewing area! The circuitry is modular solid-state—individual plug-in circuit boards make servicing easier. And the built-in self-service components are located on the back—where they're easier to get at!

Talk to your instructors in person . . . get expert help and guidance when you need it

If you'd like some personal advice at any point in your program, you can arrange

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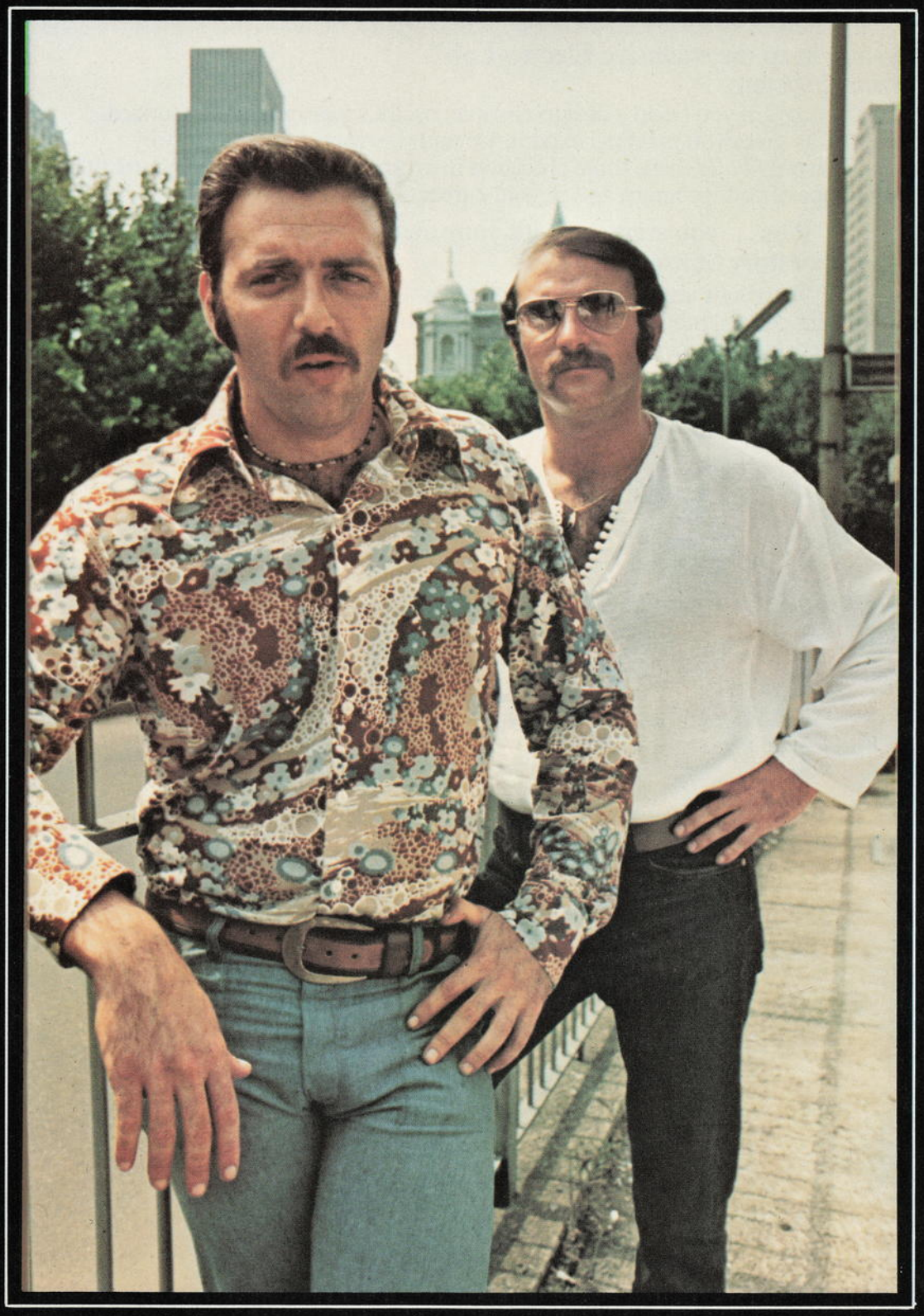
simulated TV picture



Two white guys grow up rough in the roughest neighborhood of Brooklyn. They see their black friends destroyed by drug addiction. They become cops. They spend five years, risking their lives daily, to clean up the heroin trade in Bedford-Stuyvesant, the second-biggest, toughest ghetto in the United States. They never take a bribe. They make more arrests and convictions than any other policemen in New York. They drive the pushers out. Their reward? They're set to pushing pencils at harmless desk jobs. And the pushers are back in Bed-Stuy. "Obviously, we were effective."

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

BATMAN & ROBIN

Dave Greenberg and Bob Hantz are the latest folk heroes to emerge from an area where folk heroes are not common—the New York City Police Department. They are the youngest, funkiest, most abrasive, and most aptly billed attraction on the force. They call the act Batman (Greenberg) and Robin (Hantz). The MGM movie *The Supercops,* based on their adventures, was released in October.

In two years of narcotics work in the predominantly black Bedford-Stuyvesant (Bed-Stuy) section of Brooklyn, they made more than six hundred arrests with a 93 percent conviction rate. (This compares with an overall city conviction rate of under 10 percent.) They hid in garbage piles, dropped from skylights, disguised themselves as junkies, winos, sanitation workers, and bus drivers. Using grappling hooks and ropes for rooftop surveillance, they swooped from nowhere. They enforced the law on the toughest turf in America.

When they arrived in Bed-Stuy in late 1969 it was an open-air market for skag, and only a sleepwalker could fail to see the action. The day they left, you couldn't buy a nickel bag for diamond-mine shares. Today, it's back to business as usual.

Two white cops making more narcotics and stolen weapons arrests in Bed-Stuy than all the black detectives combined were bound to earn enemies. The Internal Affairs Department of the police force had them investigated twenty-six times. The Knapp Commission investigating police corruption attempted to nail them. They appeared fifty-one times before the Civilian Complaint Review Board. The FBI has been watching them. Thus far, none of the charges have been substantiated. On the positive side, they have each been given forty-three citations.

They were promoted together to the rank of detective third grade in a special ceremony at which the police commissioner presided. Then, despite the protests of some of the black citizens of Bed-Stuy, they were taken out of narcotics work and reassigned to a robbery squad where they have remained—shuffling papers.

Their lives have been threatened and they have come very close to death. Probably their worst experience was one recounted in Hank Whittemore's book about them, *The Supercops.* Batman and Robin contacted the Hayes brothers, narcotics dealers known to be in the employ of an important East Coast drug figure called "the Cuban." To get as close to the Cuban as possible, they arranged to meet the Hayes brothers with the Brooklyn D.A.'s knowledge. They were wired for sound and told that a huge squad of detectives would be covering them.

The meeting was held and the money exchanged. Then the Hayes brothers mentioned that they were picking up a drop from the Cuban that night, and would Greenberg or Hantz like to ride along and offer protection? Confident of cover, Greenberg agreed. Leaving Hantz in his car, he left for the Coney Island drop-site with the brothers. It was early morning and the streets were empty.

Suddenly, the tape recorder in his attache case was discovered. The Hayes brother in the back seat held a knife to his throat. The one beside him in front jammed a gun in his side. And the cover was nowhere in sight.

But all the time Hantz had been following. Sprinting down the street, straining to get close enough to fire his weapon, he was finally able to blow away the brother in the back seat. This momentarily paralyzed the one holding the gun in Greenberg's side. When he did fire, the gun jammed.

Then Greenberg managed to force the gun barrel away, and opened fire with his own pistol, killing the man.

Batman and Robin summed it up this way:

"On our own we've never had to use our guns, kill or wound anybody, in over six hundred arrests. The blood of the Hayes brothers is on our consciences. The department betrayed us. The tape recorder they put in Dave's case and told him not to touch never worked. They made killers out of us. Paid assassins. It never entered our heads that we'd have to kill anyone."

Hantz and Greenberg are kids from bad neighborhoods who grew up tough. It's a matter of fate that they became police officers rather than criminals. They are, in some ways, romantics with a black-and-white sense of justice. And in some ways they are still kids playing cops and robbers.

This *Penthouse* interview was conducted by Terry Guerin in a series of meetings in the homes of Greenberg and Hantz.

Ed Gallucci

Penthouse: You guys are both under thirty and you've had this great success. Where do you go from here?

Greenberg: We're professional policemen. All this other nonsense, as far as we're concerned, came about because we were good cops. The only reason we allowed any of this to get off the ground was because we started out to prove to a lot of cops throughout the country—who are as capable as Bob and myself—that the system laid down by the bureaucrats and politicians can be beaten. You don't have to sit back and be afraid of making waves. We came to a dead end. We were promoted right off the street. If we didn't conform to the regulations now they would demote us, and all these cops we've been motivating would say you can't beat the system. What we've done is more or less conform, become ineffective again, but we retaliated by allowing the book to be written and telling our story.

Penthouse: And when it's all over and the movie's made?

Hantz: We'll go back to being cops.

Greenberg: I'm not going to say "going back" because I don't think we ever stopped. We're fighting crime now, only in a different way. We want a complete upheaval. First of all the job's a young man's job. A forty-five-year-old cop in Bedford-Stuyvesant can't make it. He's already a part of the system. He's security-minded. He's making thirteen-five a year. He's not going to do anything. He came on the job with the highest incentives but as the wheel turned, he became one of the spokes. Cops are a special breed. They put on a badge and gun so that people like you don't have to. They come on the job with the intention of stopping crime, protecting lives, property. But they are subjected to a negative conditioning.

Penthouse: This is where corruption occurs?

Hantz: There are two forms of corruption. The financial and the political. This is supposedly a democratic society. We go to a lot of pains to elect a president, a governor, a mayor. But it turns out that the aspect of government closest to the people—the police—has a head man who's appointed. As it is now, the protection of the public relies on theory rather than experience. Dave and I have the experience, as a lot of cops do, but we're not the ones directing policy. It's the intellectuals. Each one of these people has to respond to the political motivations of the Mayor. Therefore, you eliminate the well-being of the public and people's lives are at stake.

The thing they don't realize is that we're not bucking the system; we're trying to make it work. We're bucking the theory. The theory is, you have intellectuals who, after ten years, finally make deputy. This is after studying eight hours a day to make sergeant, eight hours a day to make lieutenant. They do it on city time, sitting in a car under a street lamp or on a desk job indoors. Then they dictate to the cop on the street, on the theory that this is the way it can be done. But it cannot be done this way.

Penthouse: It should be the man from the street who rises on merit?

Greenberg: Yes. As long as you're talking about human lives, you have to depart from tradition. There's no reason in the world why a police department can't be divided between crime enforcement and administration. Have the intellectuals run the administrative part, which would include answering accident cases, issuing summonses, dog bites, the things that have to be done but don't require street sense. Those people can advance any way they see fit, whether it be by examinations or education. But when you get down to protecting life from criminal action, you have to have experience. The people in that part of the department should advance on merit.

> We're professional policemen. All this other nonsense, as far as we're concerned, came about because we started out to prove to a lot of cops throughout the country that the system laid down by the bureaucrats and politicians can be beaten.
>
> They publish their statistics. 'The robberies are down 40 percent.' You want to know why? Because 60 percent fewer people come out on the street.

Take sergeant, which is the next step above patrolman. Bob and I have worked with the type who made sergeant two years after he became a cop and the type who took fifteen years to make it. I'll tell you something, as far as me going out there and risking my life to save someone else's, I want a guy who took fifteen years, because he was working that long on the street.

Penthouse: Do you want to be sergeants?

Greenberg: No, then we become ineffective.

Penthouse: As soon as you rise to sergeant, you become an administrator?

Greenberg: You then have to conform. You have to supervise. Let me cite a situation for you. John Lindsay is Mayor of New York City. [Former] Commissioner Murphy is his appointee. Lindsay says we're going to stop crime in the street. Commissioner Murphy comes up with some dynamite ideas and puts them in motion. Cops become motivated. They go out there and stop street crime. All of a sudden, Lindsay decides he's going to run for president. He appoints the Knapp Commission. He spends $5 million of taxpayers' money. The Knapp Commission had better find corruption. Big John wants the feather in his cap. Now Murphy has to do a complete about-face. Instead of concentrating on street crime, now he's concentrating on weeding the department of corruption because he's going to take the weight for everything the Knapp Commission finds. He's playing to the Mayor's whims. At one time, Murphy said to Bobby and me, in one of three private meetings we had with him, "You have to understand I'm a public administrator. Therefore, even though I believe in you two men and know how good you are, I can't promote you because of all these different investigations you have outstanding. How would it look for a public administrator to promote you to detective, and a week later you are either arrested or dismissed?" I said to him, "We're the ones undergoing these investigations. That doesn't stop us from going out on the street and doing our job. Why should it stop you from doing your job?" He more or less saw our way of thinking, and at one time he had a choice of locking us up or promoting us.

Hantz: You see, there's another side of that coin. Murphy will tell his men—the men directly under him—that he wants corruption rooted out of the department. They will go out and find corruption. They've been taking care of their own since the conception of police departments. They will mail their findings back to the commissioner. It will say we have ten men for corruption. Fine, no problem. Okay, now the person underneath these people, underneath Murphy, will go out in anticipation—they too want to advance—and instead of getting corruption, they'll go for the cup of coffee.

Penthouse: What do you mean by "the cup of coffee"?

Hantz: Rather than the cop taking money, they will wait for the cop taking the cup of coffee. Bingo, the guy turns around and says we just got ten guys for taking a cup of coffee. This goes all the way down the line because everybody's looking to advance and, before you know it, they get a guy for not shining his shoes. It's all screwed up so that now, once they get you for your shoes not being shined, you're demoralized; you've lost the incentive.

Greenberg: Cops are told from the inception that if you want to advance in the department, don't make waves. Now aside from taking examinations, the only means of promotion—not financial or career but personal promotion—is to get a plainclothes detail:

Come to where the flavor is. Come to Marlboro Country.
FILTER CIGARETTES
Marlboro
20 CLASS A CIGARETTES
100's
FILTER CIGARETTES
Marlboro
100's
18 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '73
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

narcotics, or even detective. If you get a complaint anytime as a uniformed man, your chances of ever getting one of those details is almost zero. Therefore, everyone has to be conscious of that. They have to conform. Most cops come into the force either out of school or out of the service. They don't know that they can make it out in the world. They took the job as a police officer because it is supposedly a secure job. Therefore, they're prevented from being effective in order to conform to the department's regulations. We're trying to show cops how to eliminate the bureaucracy.

Hantz: Once you've done your job you get this detail. Continue doing this and you'll lose the detail. So the cop says, "Now wait a minute, I don't have to worry about my uniform. I can go out and be effective, but now I have to be cool." The same thing is going to happen to us. They told us not to make narcotics arrests. This is outrageous. If we go out and make narcotics arrests now, they'll put us back in uniform.

Penthouse: Why would they tell you not to make narcotics arrests?

Hantz: Because narcotics breeds corruption. But you've forgotten that there are other cops who have their eyes on us.

Penthouse: But you're narcotics detectives, aren't you?

Greenberg: No, we're robbery detectives *now*. When we were doing narcotics, we were stopping people *before* the fact. Now we have to wait until *after* they do it.

Hantz: When we came to Bed-Stuy, which is a twenty-by-twenty-block area in our precinct, about a hundred and fifty thousand people, it was easy to buy heroin. In less than two years, we cleaned up that area so you couldn't give it away. If you came into that area, we knew about it. Once we got promoted and there was nobody to back us up, it went right back.

Greenberg: Obviously we were effective. At one time we were being transferred out of Bed-Stuy because of allegations coming down by the people we were locking up. Two hundred and fifty black residents came to that precinct and threatened to burn it down unless we were put back.

Penthouse: Why is it assumed that you're corrupt?

Greenberg: Because the men dictating the policies are not familiar with the street. Anything unorthodox or against tradition is suspect.

Penthouse: That first part is obvious. I've seen drug busts go down and I have yet to see one that wasn't illegal. I've always thought that if a cop was young and could glide into a scene culturally, it would be easy.

Hantz: It's not easy.

Greenberg: If you follow the department's regulations as a uniformed cop, you're totally ineffective in the drug war. You have to wear your uniform. You're assigned to a post that you're not allowed to go out of. You're supposed to call in every hour. That limits the time to make observations. And consider what the law says you have to do to make a drug arrest. If you're not making the actual buy, you have to make the observation. For an observation to stand up in court, you have to be so close to the sale that you not only see the glassine envelope being exchanged, you have to see the powder inside. You have to be close enough to see the money being exchanged. How do you do that when you're in full blue uniform, riding around in a radio car and confined to one post?

Penthouse: Do you ever go after marijuana arrests?

Greenberg: Never have and never will.

Penthouse: Why isn't there a whole force of guys like you?

Greenberg: There is, but the bureaucracy keeps them from working. I'll elaborate. If you remember the book, you remember that Bob and I learned that there were drugs being sold in this apartment house. It turns out that the apartment house was also being used for prostitution. In order for us to get up there, we solicited two dames. We go up to the floor where we think the narcotics are being sold. We're with the broads. Bob goes in one room and I go into another, intending to find out where the drugs are. The chick I'm with starts getting undressed. She freaks out when I don't. I tell her I'm really interested in finding out where I can get some stuff. She says that's not her thing, so either get undressed or get out. Then I identify myself as a cop. I tell her I'm not interested in locking her up, I don't give a fuck whether she's a whore or not. I want to know where the stuff is. This chick starts screaming. She's out of her mind, right? I run out. Bob runs out.

Penthouse: By the way, what *were* you doing Bob? It didn't say in the book.

Hantz: That's right.

Greenberg: Let's just say he was more committed to the part. He was buttoning his shirt.

Hantz: It was a warm room.

Greenberg: Anyway, we get out in the hall and we're thinking, if there's trouble how are we going to explain our being there? The next thing we figure on doing is getting the hell out of there. As we're leaving, the girl's screams have alerted all the pimps and they're coming up the stairs we're trying to escape by. They're armed. Rather than draw our revolvers and try to place them under arrest, we have to prevent ourselves from being killed. There were about eleven of them. We said, "Hey, the chick up there is having a baby, going through labor pains," and they just went by us. The only reason we split was because we knew there would be nobody who would believe our story. If I was the boss, two cops working for me wouldn't have to be afraid of taking action, locking up the prostitutes, sorting it all out aferward, and saying to the boss, "Listen, we initially went in there to find the drugs." I would understand. I would know, man, that that was what was required to make that arrest. The intellectuals, the bosses who don't know what goes on in the street, would figure that we either went in there to get laid or we were trying to shake the hustlers down. That's why people in this city can't come out of their houses after dark. They publish statistics. "The robberies are down 40 percent." You want to know why? Because 60 percent fewer people come out on the street.

Hantz: The only thing that's down is cattle-rustling.

Greenberg: Within the department you have some of the most able men in the world. The only thing that prevents them from being effective is the bureaucracy. I don't mean restrictions put on them by law—it's bullshit to say that the law is too technical. We've made over six hundred arrests with a 93 percent conviction rate. Multiply that by three thousand cops and that's almost two million.

Penthouse: What has happened to other cops who have tried to do as you have?

Greenberg: Let me tell you a story about a cop who attempted to do what Bob and I did. As a result he was arrested. Okay? He was acquitted of all charges. But as a result, he was dismissed from the department. Here's a guy who was making all kinds of narcotics arrests. One of the people he busted started giving him information. There were meetings between the two. Every time there was a meeting, this person would go to his mother and tell her the cop wanted fifty dollars to dismiss the charges. The mother would give it to him. One time the kid goes to his mother and says he needs three hundred dollars. The mother becomes crazy. She's only hearing one side of the story. She goes to the D.A.'s office. She tells the D.A. a cop has been shaking down her son. In reality, the kid's been getting money off his mother to buy drugs. The D.A. gives the kid marked money and wires him up. They tell him to call the cop at home and tell him he has some heavy information and to meet him. The cop responds. He meets the kid. The kid says, so that the tape can pick it up, "I have three hundred dollars, will you get the case dismissed?" The cop says no. Now I'm not saying that the cop wouldn't take money but he's not going to take three hundred dollars. Fifteen hundred, maybe, but not three. The cop gets in his truck and starts to leave. Meanwhile, the kid has run up to the truck, opened the door and started talking. Suddenly, the truck is surrounded by detectives. Some are county and some city detectives. The next thing you know the cop's under arrest. The case goes to the Supreme Court. The testimony goes as follows: the county detective, working for the D.A.'s office, says that as soon as he got up to the truck, he opened the door and there's a bag of money sitting on the engine compartment. A city detective gets on the witness stand and says, "We all got to the truck at the same time; the county detective got in the truck, was in there probably three minutes, and from the rear of the truck hollers out, 'I found it, the bagful of money.' "

The cop had no powder on his hands, proving that he hadn't touched the money. The fact that the detective found the bag in the back of the truck leads you to believe that it was thrown back there or the detective carried it there himself.

Penthouse: Did the detective have powder on his hands?

Greenberg: Well, nobody checked the detective. Therefore, this man was under arrest. It took him two years to go to trial. Cost him ten thousand dollars. He was acquitted. Still, the department dismissed him. Again he had to appeal; there goes five thousand more.

Penthouse: Can't he sue the department?

Greenberg: So what if he sues the department? He's lost two years in salary plus the fifteen thousand in legal expenses. What about the anguish, the ridicule, the embarrassment to his family. Okay?

Hantz: Everybody has to carry his own weight. We look at it as a pyramid. We're on the lower level. We're constantly taking sand away from it. The sand on the top has to come down and take its place. Our idea is to eliminate the demand for heroin. Forget the big guys on top, let the FBI and the other agencies take care of up top. They have financial backing. They can turn around and jump on a plane and go to France. We can't do that. We can't even leave the precinct without calling in. If you eliminate the

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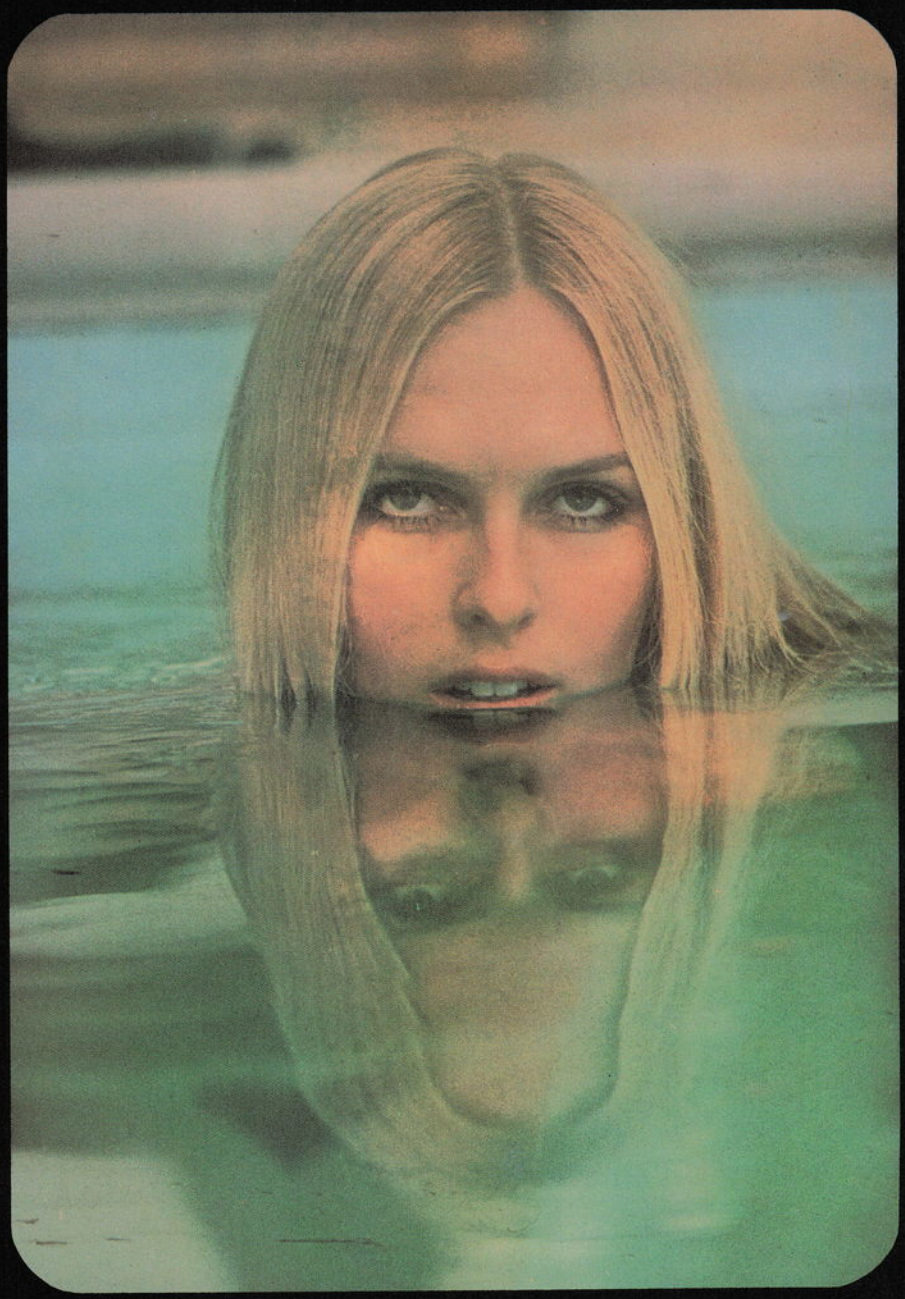


"I love sex... I'm just not prepared to abandon the last vestiges of mystery that go with it..."

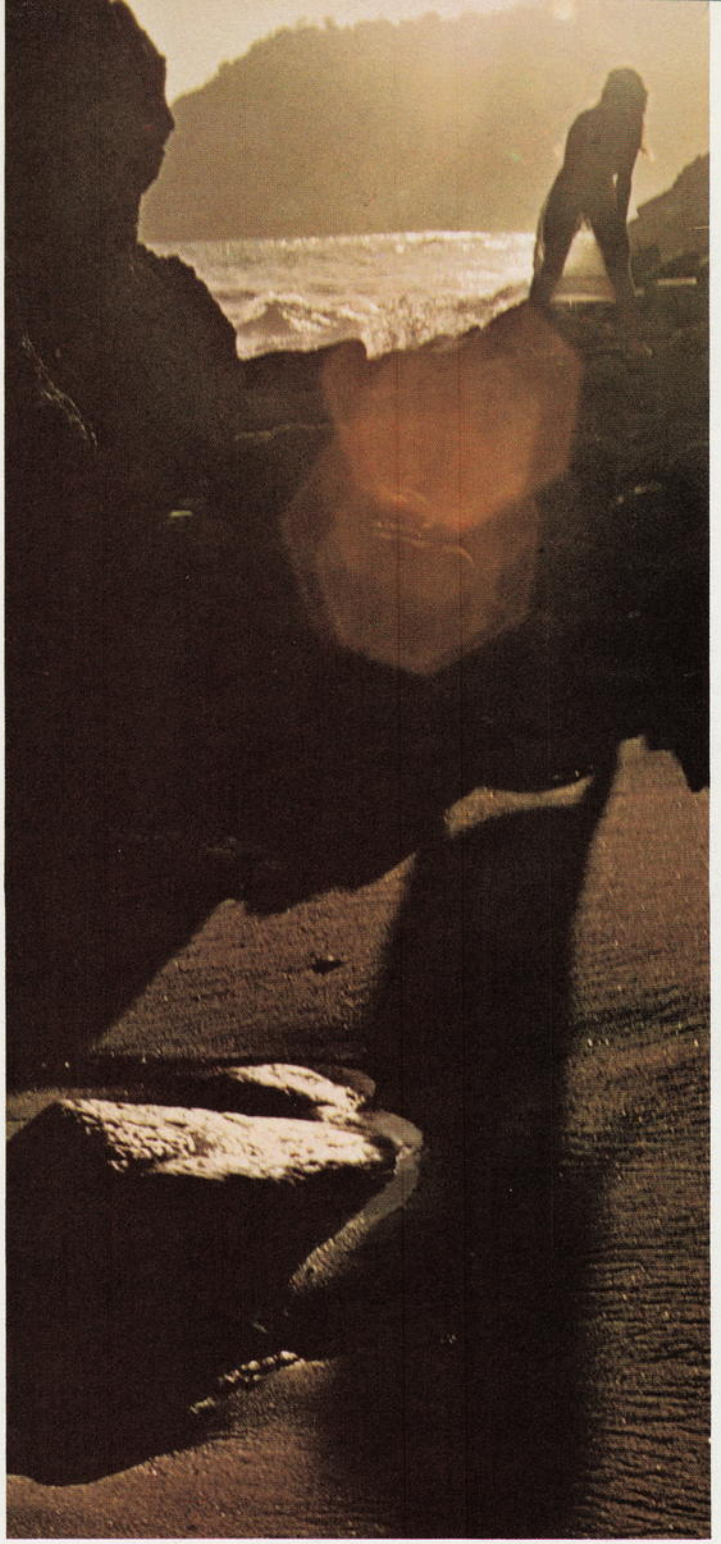
DEBBIE

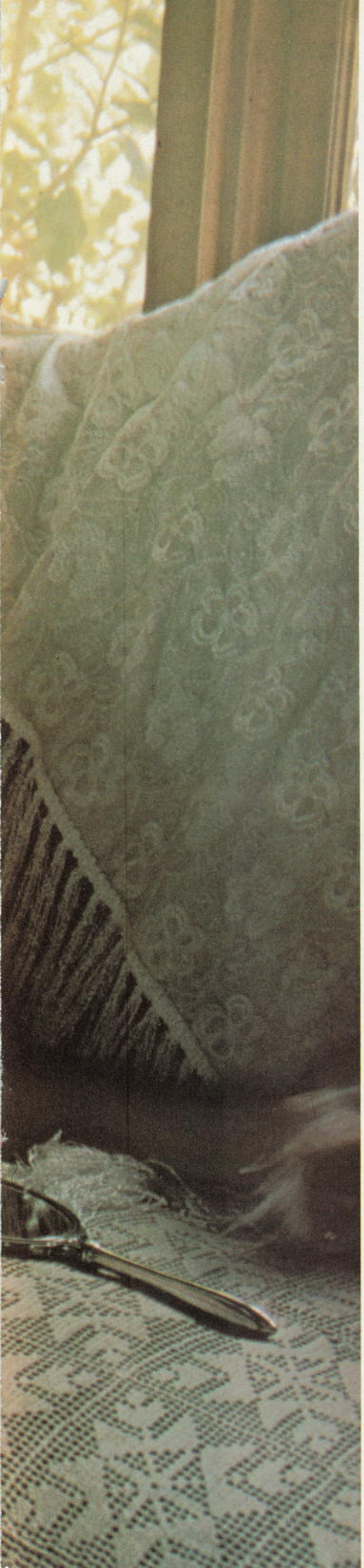
A GRIFFIN'S MAGIC

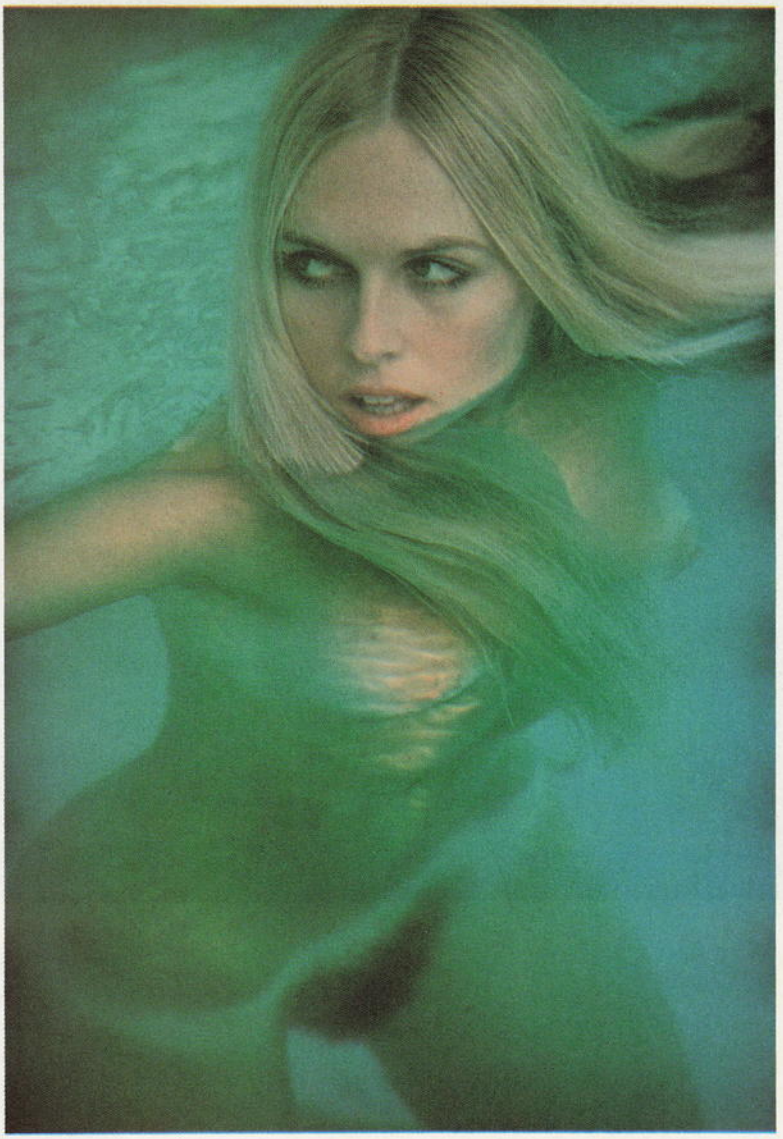
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFF DUNAS

"You have to be in love...to make love," as Debbie Griffin sees it. And Debbie ought to know. Having been in love from time to memorable time in California, the Andes, Yucatan, London, the Caribbean, and elsewhere, our peripatetic Pet's philosophy becomes no less valid for its geographical rather than logical base.

Debbie's further nodes of knowledge are as disparate as the alien shores she's graced. From art major at her hometown's West Los Angeles College, she's progressed to poetess—clefing tunes for rock groups; amateur archaeologist with digging credits in Mexico and Arizona; metaphysician and longtime student of the occult. "Once," Debbie recalls, "I actually saw the supernatural in action. It happened on an island in the Caribbean...strange things that hard to explain in any other way. I don't think what people usually think of as magic really exists, but there's a kind of psychological cause-and-effect. Many people in the Caribbean really believe in voodoo and when something happens that they can't understand—sudden death or strange dreams for instance—they chalk it up to *juju*. Eclipses and heart attacks really freak them out.







"They may be very impressionable and a more sophisticated culture could find easy and practical explanations but it doesn't end there. Maybe it's the intensity of their belief that makes them susceptible, but I've seen evidence of voodoo spells that actually worked. People who were crippled, or paralyzed, or blinded. Very weird."

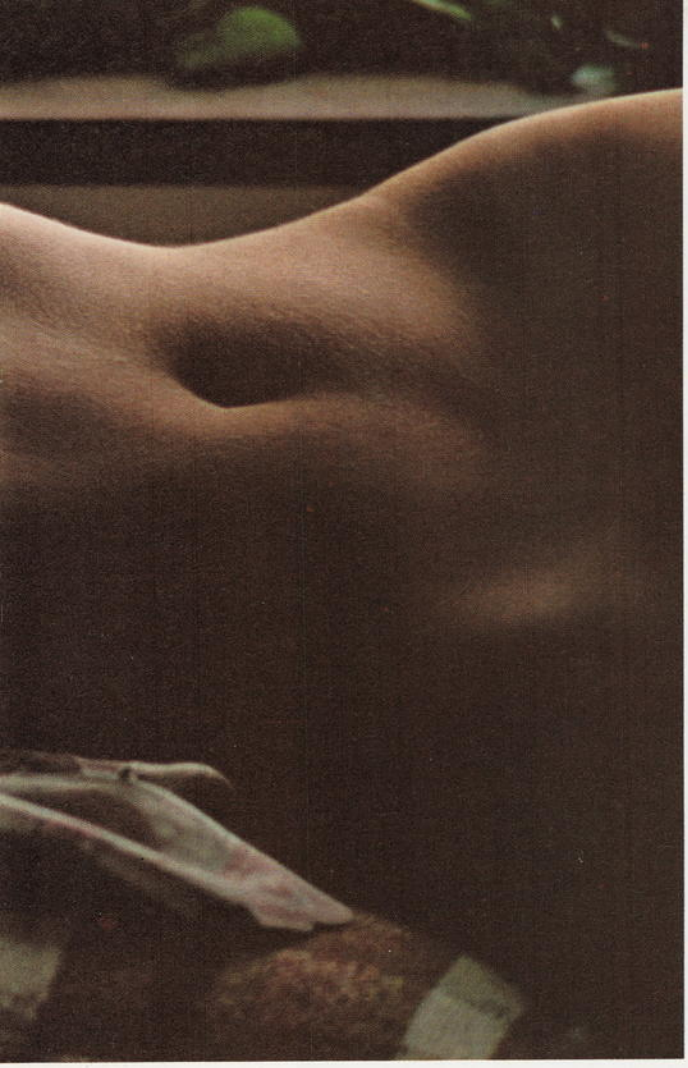
In addition to her intellectual credits, twenty-two-year-old Miss Griffin will bring her generous 36-24-36 wealth of material resources to bear on yet another aspect of her burgeoning albeit multi-directional career. At the time of this writing, Debbie was preparing to leave for Rumania and the old stamping grounds of Count Dracula. "Not," she hastens to add, "to pursue my interests in the occult although it happens to groove nicely. I'm going to be in a new Dracula film and we're shooting it on all the locations attributed to his legend. Can you imagine? Eastern Europe... Rumania... moldering castles... dark, mountainous forests... chilling mists. I'm going to love every minute of it!"

On love, sex, and social relationships, Debbie has equally definitive views. "Of course I know what I like. All men are different. The British, for example, produce the most civilized of all foreign men. They have more tact, more poise, and more noticeable polish and charm than any other Europeans I've met. And Latins *are* lousy lovers! They hustle and grab and paw and refuse to sit still. They swarm all over you. They have no sense of time, no patience, and

they don't know how to build anticipation. The very fact that you're a woman automatically challenges their manhood. It's like some kind of frenzied contest. I love sex but I'm just not prepared to abandon the last vestiges of mystery that go with it.

"Among Americans, I prefer Easterners to the West Coast guys...even though I grew up in L.A. California men are just interested in fun and games and you know the kind of *games* they want to play. Who knows, maybe by today's standards I'm some kind of a prude. I still dig the thought of one-to-one relationships. And relationships, especially love relationships, are very fragile at the best of times. They have to be carefully nurtured and shaped to the needs of the couple. You have to keep up with each other by constantly increasing your understanding of where the other guy is at...emotionally, spiritually, intellectually. My man has to be a friend and a companion as well as a lover. I've even changed my attitude on marriage. Living together seems to be fashionable these days and I agree with it. I want to make pretty damn sure I've got the right guy before I

Miss Griffin's wardrobe by Aardvark Clothes and Columbine. Props by Carol Brent's Antique Gold Mine.



make the legal commitments. I'm in no rush.

"I find the whole nudity-pubic hair syndrome interesting and amusing. I loved posing for *Penthouse* and I'm looking forward to seeing my pictures. But too many people are reading too much into the nude. It isn't all sex. There are positive elements of art, beauty, and elegance in the way a human body is seen or painted or photographed. I believe you have to see nudity in its totality . . . pubic

hair and anything else that God might have created. It's hardly likely that he made one part of the human body obscene and another part not. If you accept God, then you have to accept his perfection and the perfection of his works. Wouldn't make much sense otherwise."
Judging by the generous evidence Miss Griffin was kind enough to present herewith, we find the case for the perfection of God's works proven. Amen!

MISS DEBBIE GRIFFIN/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

Would he walk a mile for me?

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

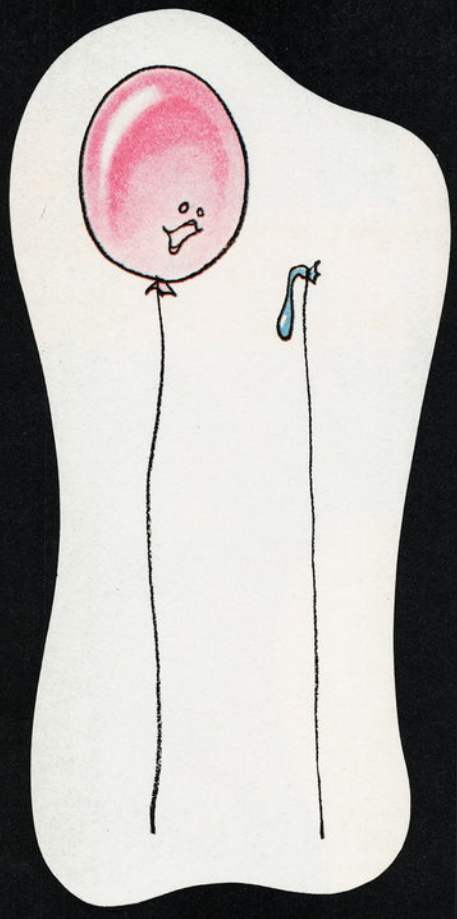
25 mg. "tar," 1.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report FEB.'73.

© 1973 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

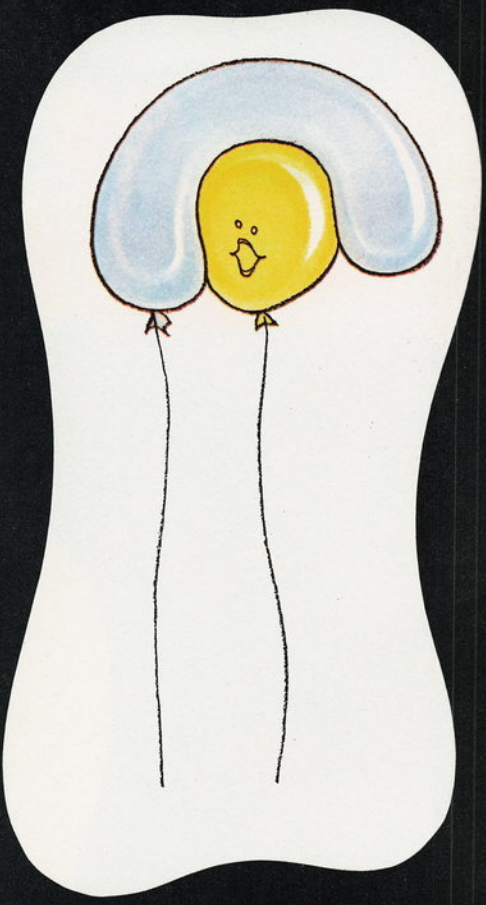
Balloonheads

©Art Cumings

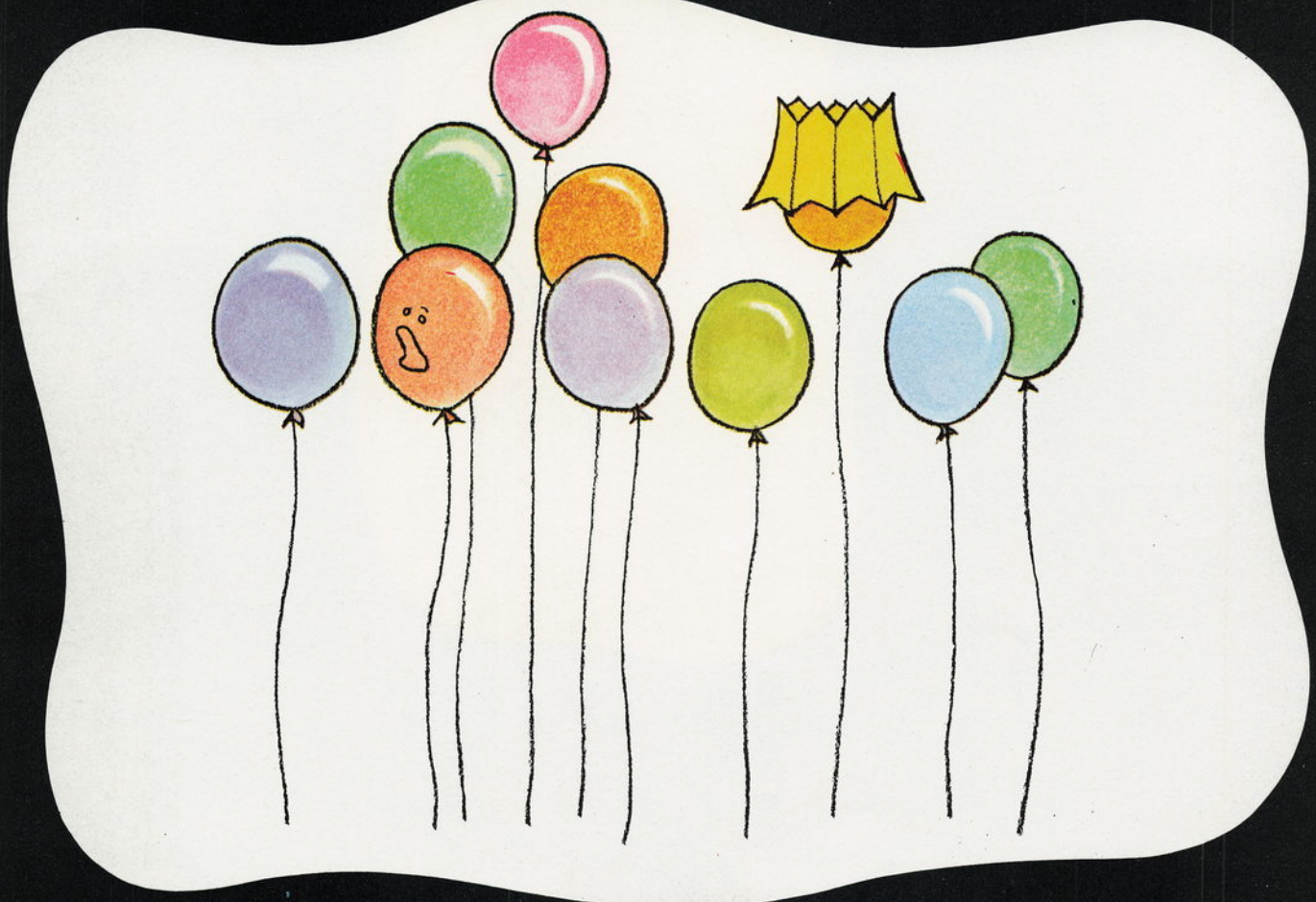
Worried about inflation?
Cartoonist Cumings blows up a few of those
windbags who like to put on airs.



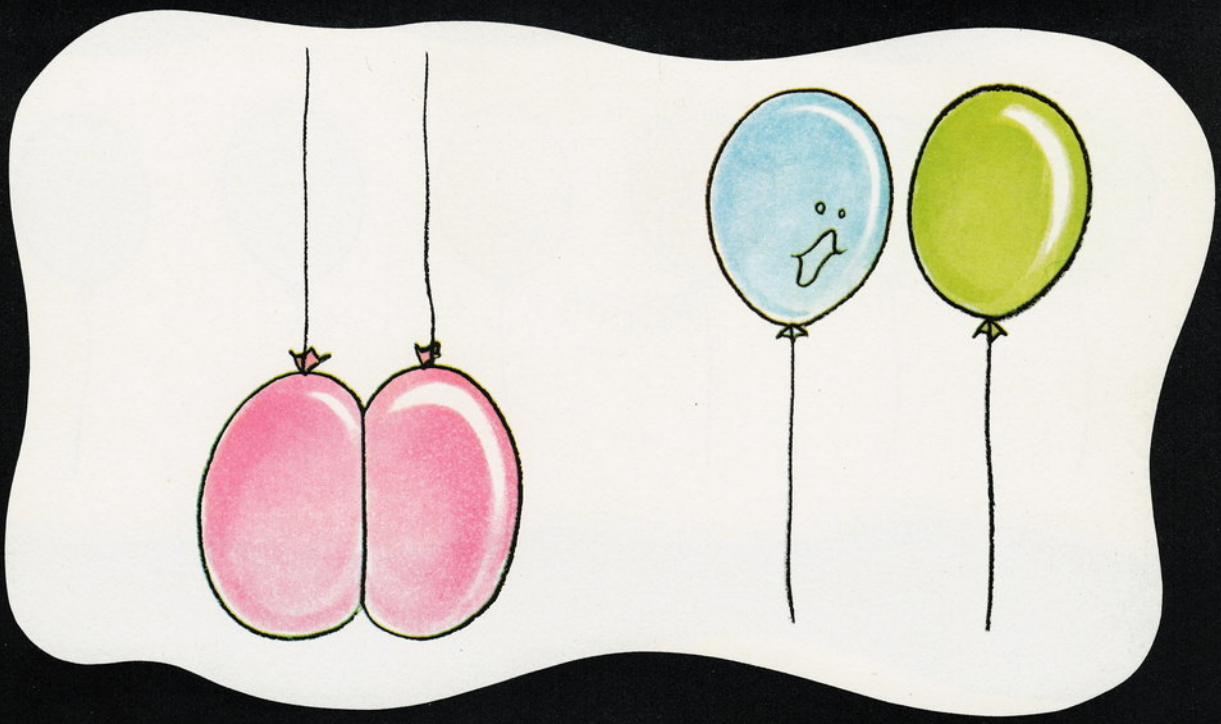
I think you've had it, Mr. Fargrove.



All right, Morey, but size isn't everything....

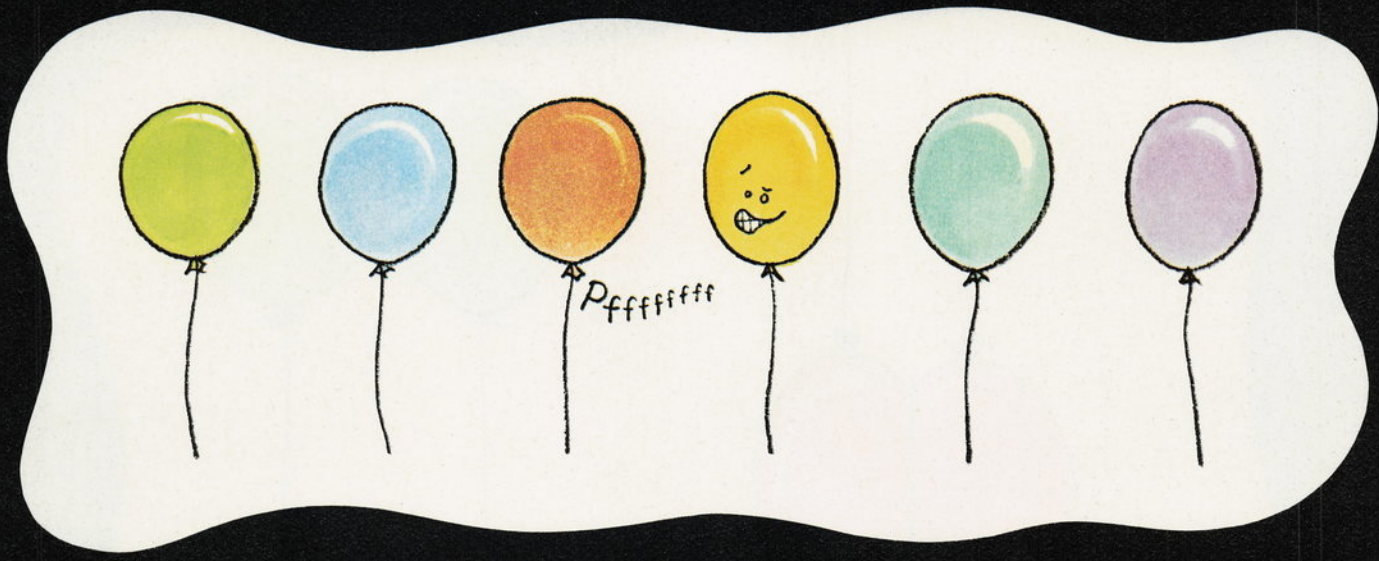


There's one at every party.

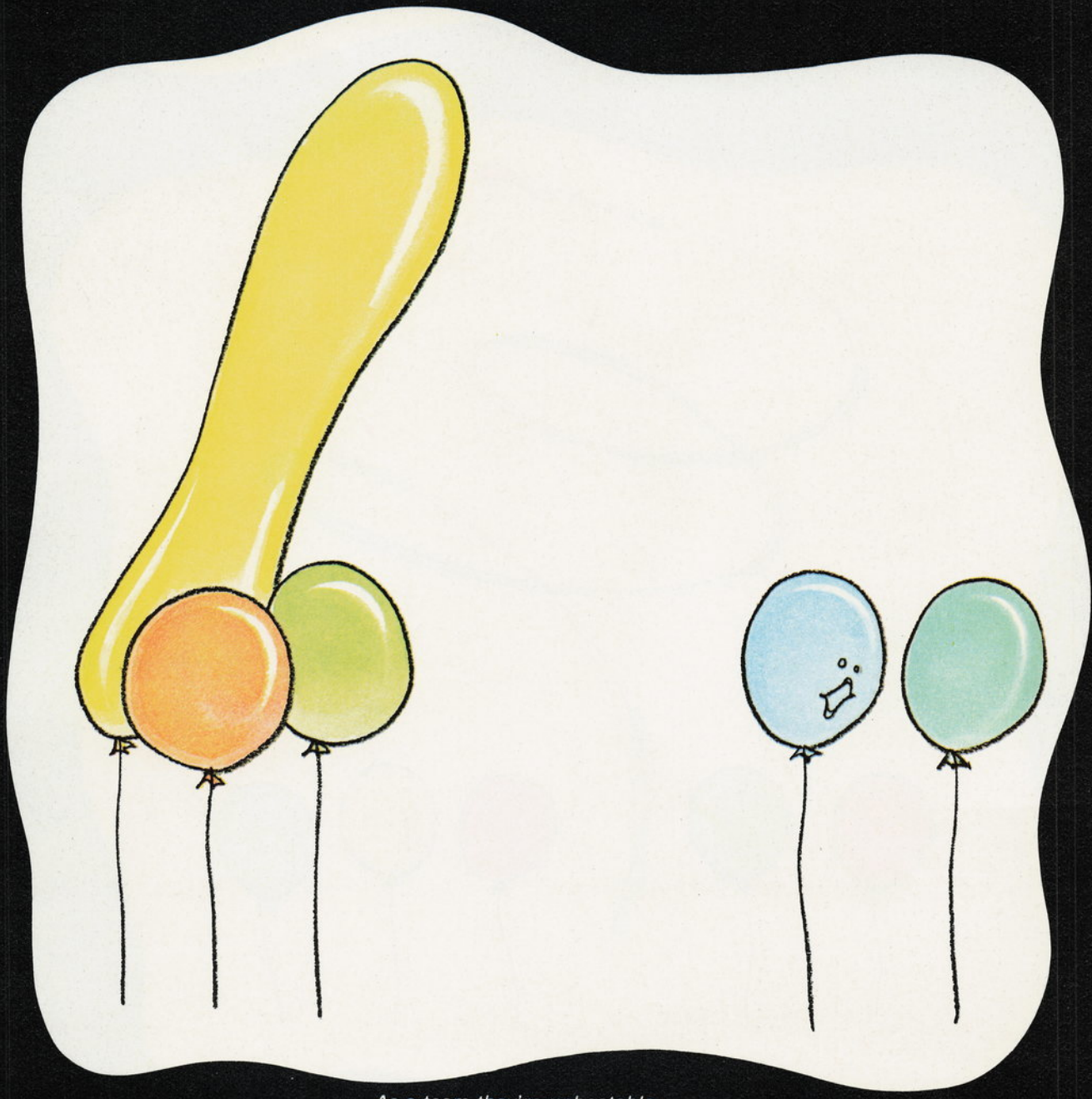


There they go—making asses of themselves again.

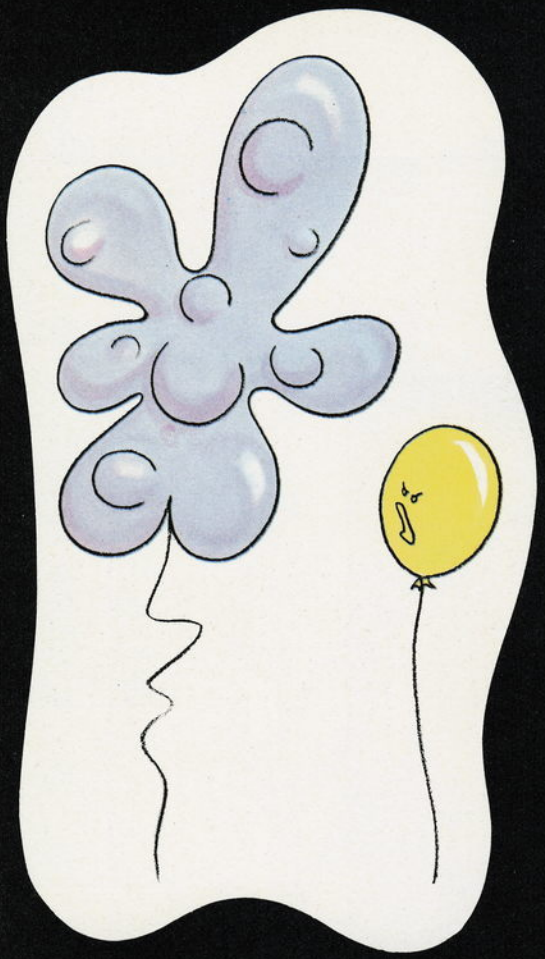
He never could handle a martini.



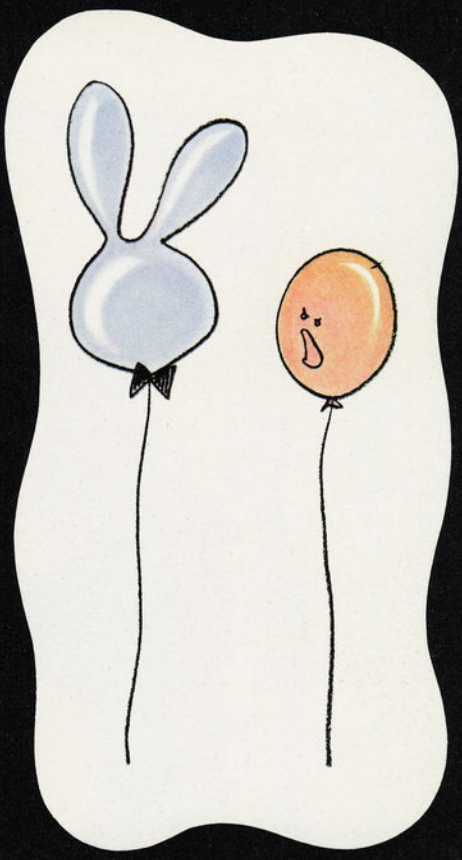
Watch the baked beans. . .



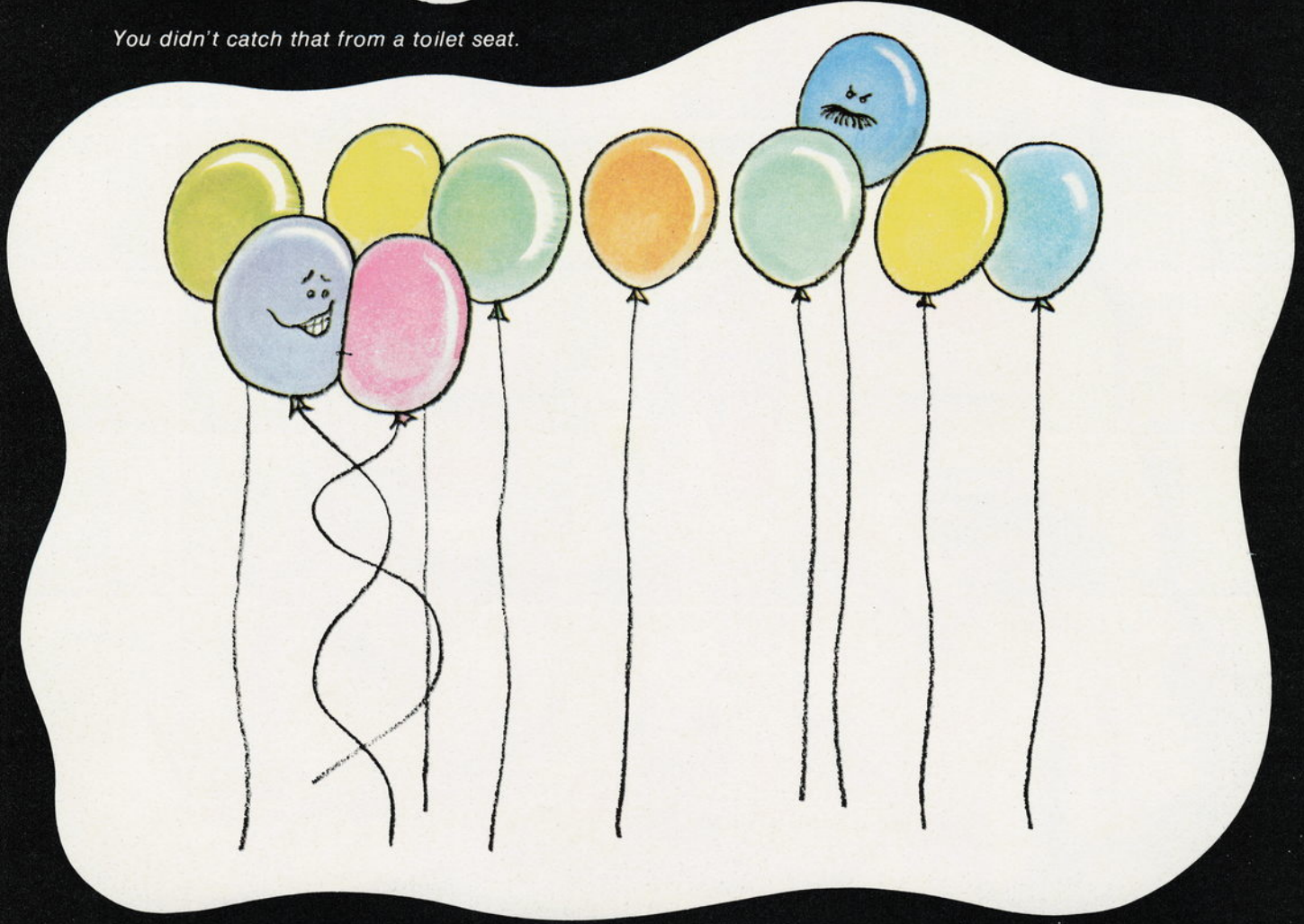
As a team they're unbeatable.



You didn't catch that from a toilet seat.



Who the hell invited YOU to a Penthouse party?



Does your husband have a mustache . . . ?

Raspbe
FEMININE
HYGIENE
SPRAY
NEW
HAIR
OFF
MOISTURIZER
FACIAL
Dainty Belle
BODY LOTION
TONETTE
Magic Madness
WILKES

American magazines cater to every possible interest group—from morticians to models, from hairdressers to hunters. Within the last few years, the magazine business has hatched **Worldly,** *a publication aimed at a new breed of hunter, the woman whose prey is men.* **Worldly** *counsels women how to plead, cajole, beg, and pester men to become dates, lovers, and eventually legal mates. To this end,* **Worldly** *advises clothes, cosmetics, and even conversation.*

To give an idea of how the **Worldly** *approach affects a woman's life, let's spy on a day in the life of a typical reader:*

Whirl of The Worldly Girl

By Carol Schwalberg

7:00 The first rays of sunlight filter through the zingy fishnet curtains in the bedroom. Darlene Davis is sleeping in a king-size bed, but she is not alone. A *Worldly* girl never is if she can help it.

Sleeping next to Darlene is her current Number One love interest, a young dynamic corporation lawyer, Tom Mayhew. He has oodles of earning potential. As Tom mutters in his sleep, Darlene eases herself out of bed, tiptoes to the bathroom and runs a hot tub, pouring Dainty Belle bath oil into the rising water. She covers her face with Dainty Belle deep-cleaning lotion, tiptoes out of the bathroom, and lays out her clothing for the day. Picking up a paper sack in the kitchen, Darlene charges around the living room emptying ashtrays and picking up glasses, which she puts in the kitchen sink.

Darlene scoots back to the bathroom, just in time to keep the bath water from overflowing. Quickly pinning up her curls, she dunks herself in the suds. The steam will reinforce her coiffure and allow the cleanser to penetrate deep, deep, deep. Darlene slips into the tub and tucks the neck pillow into place. Luckily Darlene has remembered to carry her cordless electric clock into the bathroom. The soft musical alarm sounds at

7:12 Darlene hops out of the tub and squirts on feminine-hygiene deodorant.

7:13 Darlene anoints her entire body with Dainty Belle body lotion. This will not rejuvenate her skin. Darlene is thirty-six, after all, but not telling *anyone* her true age. She just lets people guess, and they rarely come closer than thirty-two when her back is to the light.

7:14 Darlene inspects the mirror for stray eyebrows.

7:15 Having found stray eyebrows and tweezed them, Darlene is behind schedule. She quickly sponges off the cleansing lotion with a cold washcloth, blots her face dry with an old-fashioned huck towel (another *Worldly* idea), and pats on an all-day moisturizer, concentrating on those dry areas around nose and mouth. Moisturizer *does* help her skin to look plump and young.

7:16 Darlene races to the kitchen and turns on the oven, preheating it to 350°. She also takes butter out of the refrigerator to reach room temperature.

7:17 Back in the bathroom, Darlene sprays on deodorant in her favorite Magic Madness scent.

7:18 Darlene slips into a peignoir so sheer it's more wicked than nothing, and besides, it's cut way down to there. If he wakes suddenly, she will look dainty and feminine.

7:19 Darlene blots off excess moisturizing using a special facial linen. Darlene is now ready to tone her skin. An Irish grandmother has given Darlene's skin a pinkish flush, and a taste for alcohol has resulted in the beginnings of broken capillaries. Darlene corrects these unfortunate slips of nature by applying a green facial wash that neutralizes the reddish cast.

7:20 Darlene dots her face with cream base (liquids are *so* drying and destructive) in her true skin tone for an allover finish, then dots the bags below her eyes with off-white to camouflage them, and tones her slightly too-prominent nose with a darker shade. Darlene hasn't saved enough pennies yet to invest in a nose job, but she has seen step-by-step pictures of the operation and can hardly wait to invest in the blunt but aristocratic Jackie Onassis style.

7:21 Darlene flips on her bathroom transistor radio. She keeps it tuned to the news so she can nod intelligently when the men at her office talk about current events. Oops! Darlene resolves never, never again even to think the expression "current events" because it *does* date her. Darlene promises to be "with it" instead, meanwhile brushing her brows smooth with a fine sable brush and then using a stubby brush to apply eyebrow color, first light brown and then auburn, to cue in with her reddish hair.

7:22 Darlene listens to the weather report and decides to wear her darling fluffy angora micro-mini. Since it comes in the most divine shade of water blue, Darlene strokes on water-blue eyeshadow over her eyelids. In the crease, however, she feathers on a deeper shade of blue for emphasis.

7:23 Darlene dots brown-black eyeliner between each and every eyelash.

7:24 Darlene applies navy-blue mascara. While waiting for it to set, Darlene rushes into the kitchen, butters a muffin tin, opens a package of blueberry muffin mix, opens the enclosed can of blueberries, and stirs up the blueberry mix, adding measured amounts of eggs and milk.

7:26 Darlene rushes back to the bathroom, dusts her face, including lashes, with a coat of transparent powder and removes the excess with still another sable brush from her wardrobe of makeup brushes. She quickly applies another coat of mascara to the upper and lower surfaces of top and bottom lashes.

7:28 Darlene tiptoes back to the kitchen. After all, there's no need to wake *him* yet. She pours batter into the muffin tin and sets it in the oven. She puts the kettle on to boil and notes the time.

7:30 Darlene colors her cheeks, using a gel for general toning and an old-fashioned cake rouge for a dot of brightness.

7:31 Darlene slicks on lip gloss, before combing, brushing and spraying her hair.

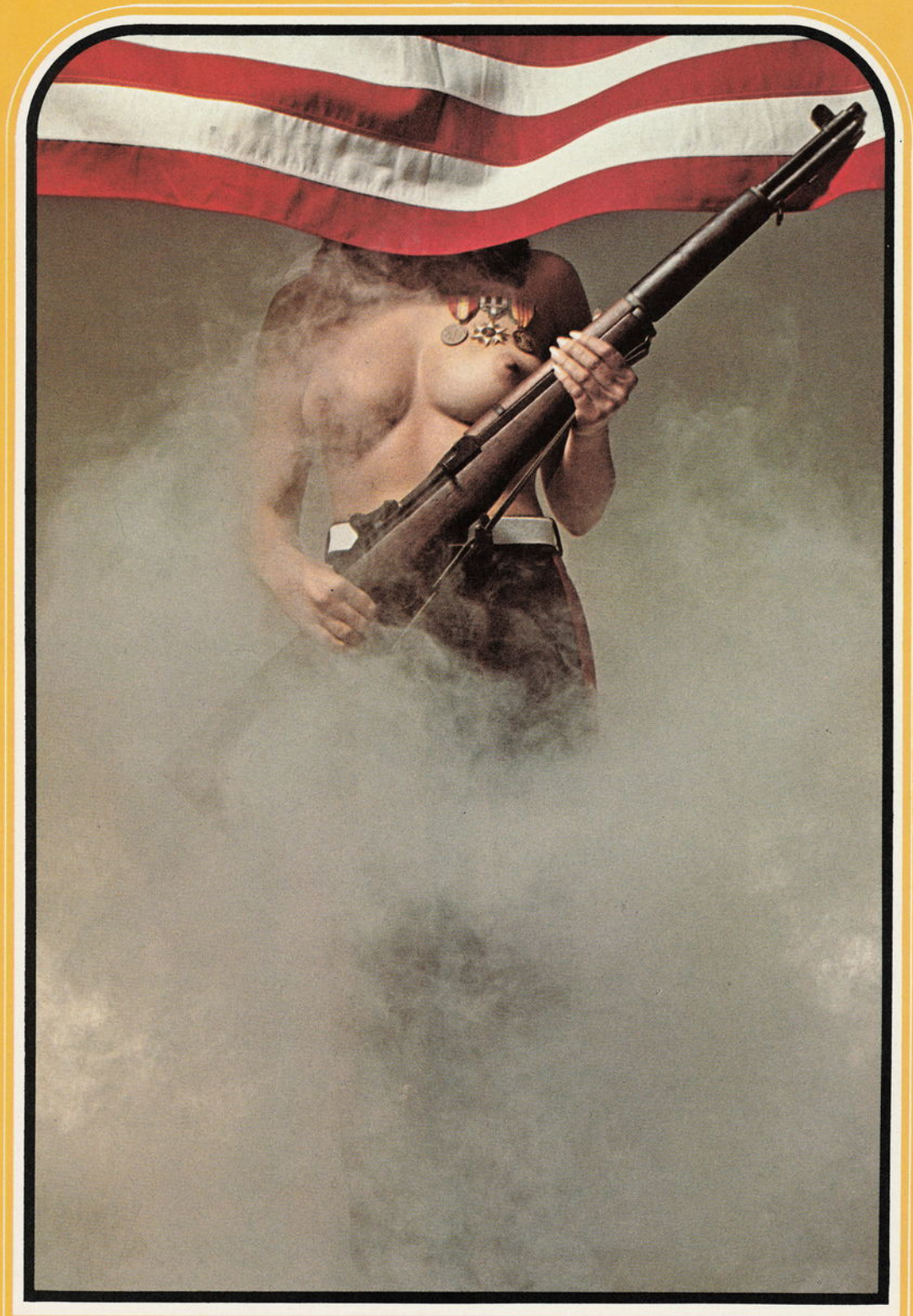
7:32 Back in the kitchen, Darlene takes the kettle off and pours boiling water into her drip pot. Men like *real* coffee.

Gene Wilkes/Whistl'n Dixie

7:33 Darlene pours a cup of coffee and tiptoes back into the bedroom. She stands there and lets the aroma reach the nostrils of her beloved. Tom twitches his nostrils. His lids slowly open. As he focuses on the flowered sheet, he feels around for his bedmate and looks dismayed for a second. Just then his senses are assailed by the raspberry scent of Darlene's feminine-hygiene deodorant and by the sight of Darlene in her see-through peignoir. Rising up on one elbow, Tom eagerly reaches out.
7:34 Darlene rests the coffee on the night table by his side and artfully kisses her lover, allowing Tom thirty seconds of tongue probe before saying, "Breakfast will be ready soon, darling."
7:35 Darlene darts out of Tom's grasp and into the bathroom, where she sets out his favorite shaving supplies. Tom gets up and grabs her.
7:36 Darlene wriggles out of Tom's grasp and returns to the kitchen. She glances at the muffins and proceeds to squeeze oranges. Tom prefers fresh juice to the frozen variety.
7:40 Darlene sets the table, then slips the muffins into a waiting basket lined with a real cloth napkin. Tom finishes his shower and shave.
7:45 Darlene goes over to the kitchen mirror and repairs her makeup by using facial linen to pat away beads of perspiration. At the very last moment, Darlene whisks a split of champagne from the refrigerator. (A girl can't be too prepared, can she?) Darlene offers the champagne with the orange juice. Tom is entranced, but brooding over the first case of the day, says no.
7:52 Darlene is shattered but has learned not to mess up her makeup by pouting or letting her forehead form frown wrinkles. Besides, she has her own busy day ahead.
8:15 Darlene kisses Tom goodbye as he drops her off at the bus stop. Darlene earns enough salary to buy a car, but there are so many more chances to meet divine men in the bus. Besides, all that makeup costs a bundle.
8:20 The bus arrives, and Darlene notices a handsome new passenger board.
8:29 Darlene manages to fall against the handsome passenger as the bus lurches around a corner. Darlene also does isometrics to firm her buttocks.
8:35 Passenger introduces himself.
8:40 Darlene gives passenger her telephone number.
8:45 Darlene alights from the bus and walks five blocks to her office, remembering to swing her legs in a long stride to tighten her thigh muscles.
8:50 Darlene arrives at her office and picks up her makeup kit. She goes to the ladies' room to repair her makeup.
9:00 Darlene sits at her desk in an outer office. She has managed to become what is usually termed an executive secretary, but while Darlene is not one of those nasty women's lib people, she calls herself an administrative assistant at parties and anywhere else she wants to sound impressive. Darlene has two stenographers to help her take care of the boss's letters. She takes care of all other matters herself in a very personal way. Darlene has learned that maintaining a close relationship with her boss may lead to (1) more salary, (2) a better job if he gets tired of her, or (3) possibly to marriage if he doesn't. Darlene is very, very close to her boss. She doesn't worry about cheating on Tom, because she sees her boss as business and Tom as pleasure. The two obviously have little to do with each other. Besides, Darlene stopped worrying about cheating shortly before leaving her second husband.
9:15 Darlene takes coffee and a cinnamon bun into Mr. Big Shot's office. She sets them down on the coffee table and waits.
9:20 Mr. Big Shot enters the office.
9:35 Mr. Big Shot enters Darlene.
9:40 Mr. Big Shot exits Darlene.
9:45 Darlene straightens her clothes and heads to the executive washroom where she reapplies her makeup.
10:00 Darlene makes some important business calls.
11:00 Darlene repairs her makeup.
11:15 Darlene is back at her desk straightening out Mr. Big Shot's expense account.
11:45 Darlene adds a whiff of Magic Madness perfume, slips some lemon-flavored feminine-hygiene deodorant into her purse.
12:00 Darlene hails a cab for a simply divine Filbert Street apartment. Leather couches, Bokhara rugs, Tiffany lamps. The lunch is a wonder of cold chicken, crusty sourdough, chilled grapes, creamy Boursin, all washed down with champagne. But the main dish on the menu is not food. Darlene is having her midweek matinee with Raoul, a perfectly marvelous Continental television director, educational television to be sure. He is smooth, smooth. His sexual menu is as tasteful as the lunch. It is all too ecstatic for words.
1:30 Darlene eyes the clock. All she can say is, "Au revoir, Raoul. Le business, you know."
1:45 Darlene enters Witt's, the town's choicest men's shop, and buys a scrumptious velour robe for Marvin in Denver. She encloses a note, "Darling, I can hardly wait until Acapulco." Tom certainly can't afford Acapulco, and Mr. Big Shot has to go with Mrs. Big Shot, so it's a good idea to keep in touch with Marvin.
2:00 Darlene rushes to the ladies' room to repair her makeup.
2:15 Darlene is back at her desk scanning the stenographers' letters for typos, misspellings and other mistakes.
3:00 Darlene orders Mr. Big Shot's midafternoon snack.
3:15 Darlene checks her makeup.
3:30 Darlene delivers the snack and exits before Mr. Big Shot can lunge at her. "Darling, the phone," Darlene says. Darlene is too tired to make love right away.
3:45 Darlene finishes typing the boss's expense account. She nibbles a few protein tablets to build up her energy.
4:00 Darlene audits the telephone bill.
4:45 Darlene checks on her makeup.
5:00 Darlene is going down in the elevator when she notices a new man aboard. By stepping on a few toes, she maneuvers over to him, and by the time they reach the main floor, he has invited her to dinner. Darlene asks for a raincheck for lunch the following day because she has to go on an absolutely essential errand. Darlene knows better than to waste an entire evening with a new man until she is sure that she likes him. Lunch represents a smaller investment in time.
5:15 Darlene enters Bloom's department store and buys a couple of rock records at discount price. Darlene figures that paying less is divinely feminine.
5:40 Darlene boards the bus for home.
6:00 Darlene enters her apartment and immediately runs a hot tub. She pours in bath oil, changes into her exercise suit, swathes her face in cold cream and turns on a record. In fifteen minutes, she does fifty sit-ups, twenty-five push-ups, and fifty leg-overs.
6:15 Darlene wipes off the cream and slaps on a facial.
6:30 Darlene steps into the tub.
6:40 Darlene takes a cold needle shower and wipes off the facial mask.
6:45 Darlene starts her makeup.
7:15 Darlene slips the new record on the turntable and begins to dress.
7:30 Darlene's date arrives. This is Darlene's first dinner with Henry, and she notes that he looks just the tiniest bit rumpled. He's wearing a not really very good suit, but perhaps he's eccentric about his appearance. Some of the wealthiest men are.
7:35 Darlene offers Henry a Scotch but suddenly discovers that she has run out. Darlene never has Scotch. Her salary doesn't stretch that far, but offering a drink is a nice gesture.
7:55 Over ginger ale, Darlene lets Henry suggest the restaurant. Men do like to lead, don't they?
8:15 Darlene and Henry enter the local greasy spoon. During the blue-plate special Darlene lets Henry take the lead in conversation but artfully steers him through marital status (lucky Darlene, Henry has just one divorce and, since his wife couldn't have children, the alimony is absolutely minimal), his job (Henry is sales manager for a drug company, which can be *so* solid these days), pastimes (tennis, Darlene is taking lessons), and the stock market (Darlene remembers from the morning news that the Dow Jones has gone up). It all looks very promising until Henry mentions the aged parents he must support. "Isn't that wonderful of you," Darlene coos.
9:45 Darlene turns down a post-blue-plate highball. She tells Henry she must be in bed by ten so that she can meet her boss early at the airport.
10:00 Henry has Darlene at the door. Darlene refuses to invite him in. Why waste time on a loser?
10:05 Darlene does her nails.
10:25 Darlene removes her makeup and heads for bed. It has been a long day. For the *Worldly* girl, all of them are.

Is all that we think or seem
but a dream within a dream…?

THE PATRIOT'S DREAM

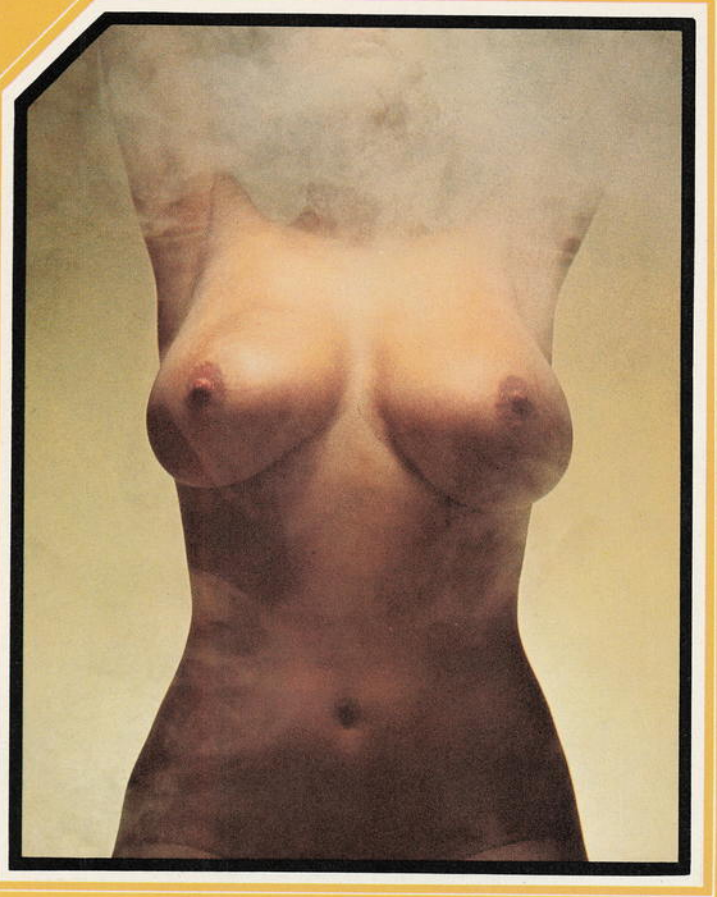


THE AMERICAN DREAM

THE QUARTERBACK'S DREAM

THE WET DREAM

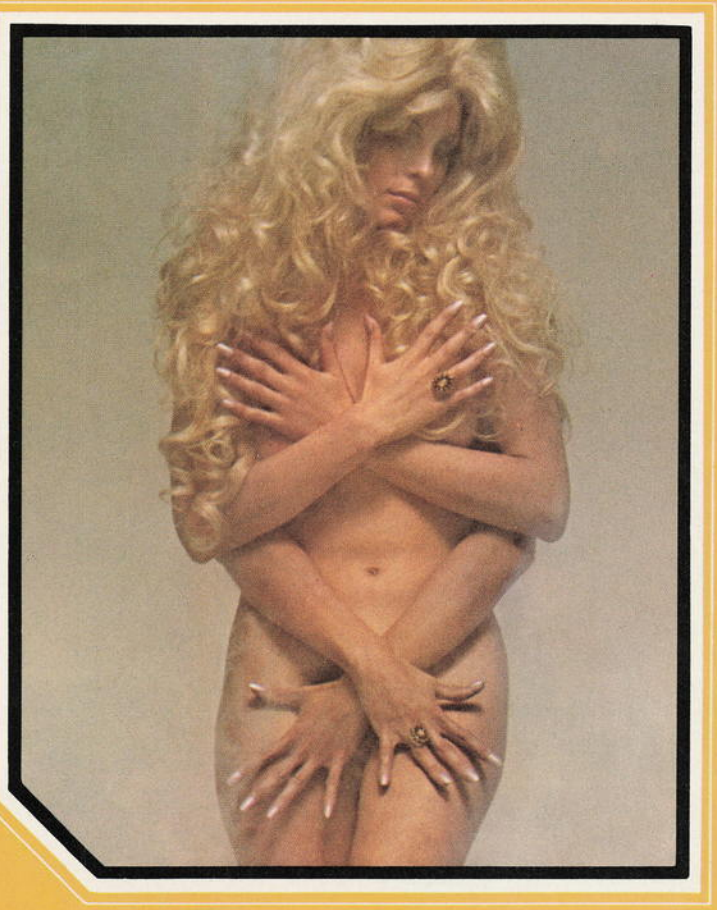
THE SUPERNATURAL DREAM



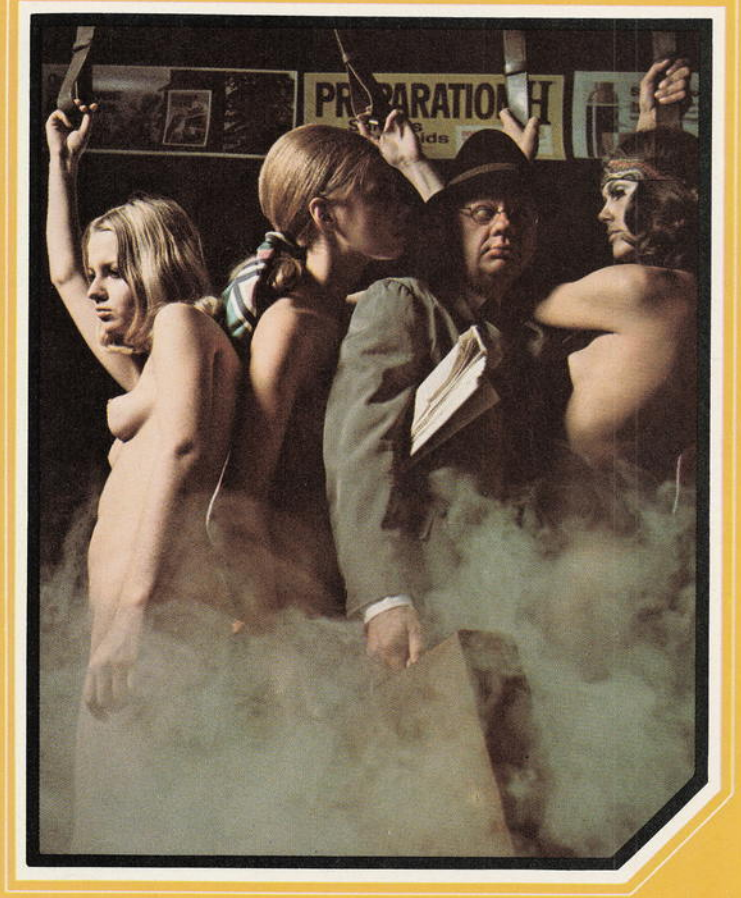
THE INFANT'S DREAM

THE PEEPING TOM'S DREAM

THE IMPOSSIBLE DREAM

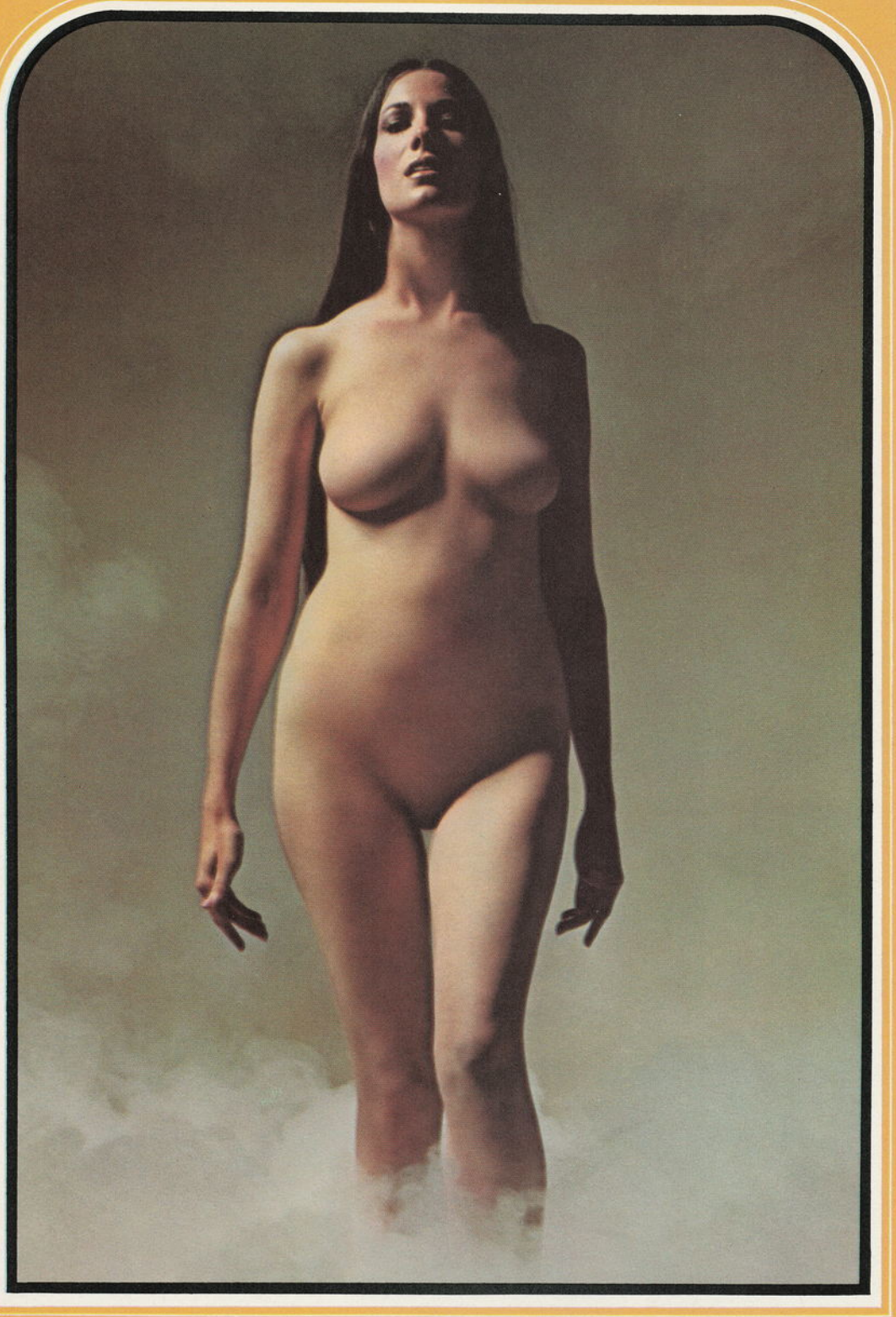


THE COMMUTER'S DREAM



THE MATCHMAKER'S DREAM

THE CENSOR'S DREAM



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There was a fellow named Dante once, who held that woman was a dream of beauty, yet not half so beautiful as the dream in God's eye. These speculative reveries are taken from The American Dream Calendar, designed and created by Don Moravick, photographed by Walter Swarthout and Jim Fridley, and sold on newsstands everywhere— for the price of a dream.

To order see page 120.

Why the good neighbor made lunch 37,000 times.

If you're a needy kid, with an uncertain home life, that free school lunch can be mighty important.

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And isn't that what a Good Neighbor is all about?
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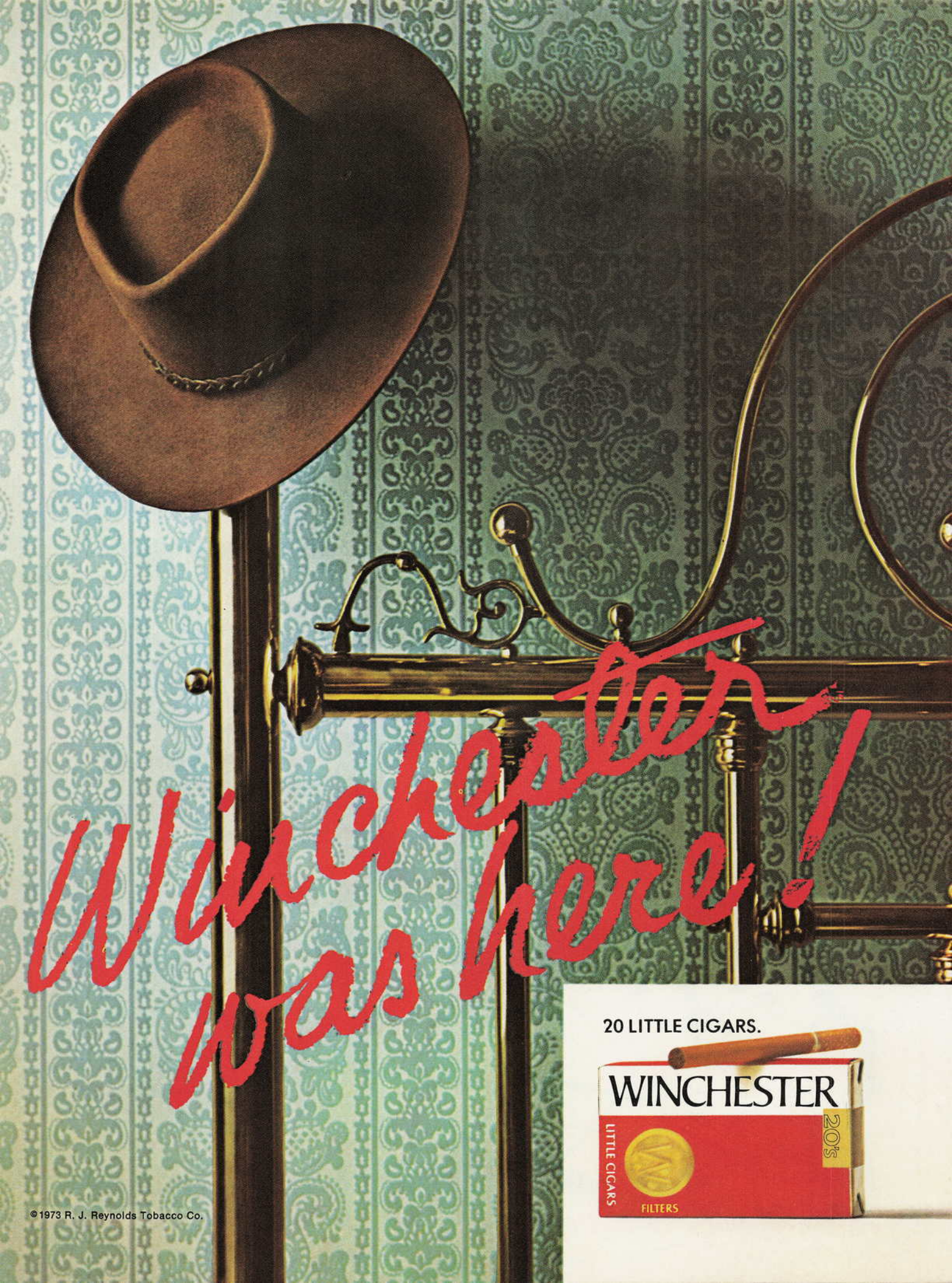

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All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send to Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies or photographs, etc., can be supplied.

DR. SCHOLL, PLEASE NOTE

I'm twenty-four and engaged to be married. My problem is that I have a great attraction toward women's feet. I love nothing better than holding a woman's foot in my hands and kissing it. I also love to wear nylon stockings and panty hose, although I am not a homosexual and have no desire to be one. I love my girl very much, but I equally enjoy kissing the feet of other females. It is a struggle for me not to fall on my knees and kiss my fiancée's feet when we are alone, but so far I have controlled myself. I don't want her to find out about me the hard way. Should I tell her?—Billy

Be honest about it. Buy her some sexy nylons, and in the summertime some pretty, open high-heeled sandals, so her toes and her toenails, preferably colored with nail polish, will attract you even more. There are certain beauty parlors where women go to have their toenails as well as fingernails polished, and the manicurist paints little flowers on the nails with a thin brush. This is clearly done to attract the opposite sex, and since quite a few women paint their nails, there must be many men with the same fetish as yours. I am sure your fiancée will take your slight fetish with a smile. Otherwise, she is not the right partner in the first place; if her love for you stops there, I feel more sorry for her than for you.

WOMEN: DO THEY OR DON'T THEY?

I have noticed that most women don't appear to be susceptible to the kind of pornographic material that men like. I have attributed this to the possibility that most pornography is male-oriented. Is there such a thing as pornography produced specially for women? Or are most women aroused by the same pornography as men, but profess revulsion and indifference simply to preserve an image?—Gabriel

Nowadays there are all kinds of new magazines on the market published to arouse female sexual interest. They show pictures of naked men and some of them have centerfold pictures that women can pin up. In my opinion, a picture of a naked man is not half as attractive or stimulating as a picture of a naked woman—most men simply don't show their genitals, and if they do, it is such a minimal view that it makes you laugh. There is nothing as funny and asexual as a man's organ without a healthy erection. For example, if you visit a nudist camp and look at some attractive naked women, you might very well be aroused. But how about looking at the men? It's usually a real turn-off. I know of several women who get turned on by watching so-called porno movies starring their boyfriends or husbands. But many girls are too prudish to enjoy these movies or even watch a stripper do her number.

9 ÷ 99=EXHAUSTED

I am deeply in love with a young woman and am planning to marry her. We are the perfect couple—except for one problem. When I met her she was a virgin. This situation quickly changed—she became a fantastic bed partner and still is. My question is this: is it normal or natural for a woman to reach orgasm as often as thirty-five times an hour during sexual intercourse? My future wife seems to have the ability to have orgasms one after the other with no time in between, and her appetite for sex seems constant. I have always satisfied her, but I usually end up almost crippled. Is there any way I can satisfy this woman without spending the next

three days in traction? Nine is my limit—ninety-nine seems to be hers.—A.B.

Many men will envy you, but who wants to be worn to a frizzle? As far as I am concerned, when I was younger I used to get one orgasm after the other provided I had a good lover. But then perhaps because I became a hooker at the same time, I started to be more selective. Only a man I liked as a person as well as a lover could really turn me on, though I usually had only three or four orgasms in one session. Lately, with my steady boyfriend, I try to have one fantastic orgasm during the oral foreplay and then another one right after that when he inserts his penis inside me. I usually have another two or three during intercourse, and then we have a fantastic finale that knocks the hell out of both of us.

In your case I would recommend the use of either a vibrator, after you feel you have reached your limit for the day, or else buy her a big rubber dildo and work her over with it.

THE PINOCCHIO COMPLEX

Although I have a fantastic body, the size of my nose leaves something to be desired. It depresses me so much that I don't feel like asking girls out. I'm thinking of having it fixed, which will give me more confidence with girls, but I thought I'd ask your advice before I went ahead. Do girls mind if a fellow has a big nose?—Greg

Ask the girls you have dated for honest opinions about whether it is your nose that bothers them. Remember: Casanova was not a particularly good-looking fellow either and yet he was a great success with the women. I myself happen to like men with big, firm, well-shaped noses. In my book, ***The Happy Hooker,*** *I even write jokingly that generally you can tell the size of a man's organ by the size of his nose and his hands: the bigger the better.*

IF YOU'RE HANDSOME AND DRESS LIKE ISAAC HAYES, SKIP THIS LETTER

It's quite clear that a girl must be good looking to attract men. But what role do men's looks play in attracting women? A friend of mine, who is rather good looking, can go to bed with every girl he wants. For me, it's very difficult even to fix up a date (I'm twenty-three and have little sexual experience). Is clothing important? I like conservative clothing and must wear it for professional reasons. Do women attach special importance to a man's looks and behavior?—Martin

The appearance of a man in general is important, though quite often men with ugly but virile-looking faces manage to be greater successes than the so-called pretty mothers' boys. The movie-star look is a bit out of fashion now. But a guy like Jean-Paul Belmondo, with a punched-in nose and a rather crooked face, has been the idol of thousands of women for many years. The way a man dresses is also important. If you dress too conservatively, girls might think you are a square and a boring person. Be a bit more up-to-date, apply some men's cologne, and get a modern haircut (but don't let your hair grow until it reaches your shoulder). Wear some brightly colored shirts and ties and sporty clothes. I am sure it will then be easier to get the women where you want them. Also, don't neglect your teeth, fingernails, and beard. If you care to have a beard, make sure it is in good shape. But the most important thing is really your own personality. If you happen to be shy and conservative I guess you will have to do some loosening up and become more outspoken and forward.

"I've already got this one."

SERVICING THE CERVIX

My husband's erection is 6.8 inches and I wonder why he doesn't manage to reach my cervix all the time when we make love. I am thirty-three, comparatively small, and was never stretched by childbirth. Positional changes have brought no results and the idea of dildos and penile extensions put me off. How sensually rewarding do you find this extra stimulation, and do you think it is worth doing something farfetched to achieve it?—Petra

It is not the gun, but the gunner that matters. In other words, the size of a man's penis is not all that important, unless he is so minuscule that you hardly feel any friction. I personally prefer men with big penes, but I have also experienced some great sessions with men who were relatively small. You obviously need deep penetration, so since hubby simply does not seem to be able to provide it, the only solution seems to be an artificial penis—not a fully filled rubber one that is hand operated, but one that is hollow and can be inserted over your husband's penis. If you get a good one made of supersmooth quality rubber, I bet you won't notice the difference. However, your husband is really not all that small. Have you explored all the techniques for maximum penetration?

CONSUMMATION

I am twenty-four and have been married for two years. My husband and I have a beautiful marriage except for one horrible problem: we never have intercourse. It's all my fault. My husband is gentle, considerate, and understanding, but whenever he suggests making love I get very depressed and start eating as a way of forgetting the problem. When we were first married we tried to make it on many occasions, but every time I felt great pain and had to stop right away. When I went for my premarital examination, I was petrified by all the poking and prodding that went on, but my doctor said that I would have no problem in having intercourse. I am too embarrassed to consult her about my problem; it's hard enough writing this letter. I've been performing fellatio on my

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4. Tie tac ⅝" square flatters any cravat.
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JPG—gold finish on sterling silver . . . $25.00
JPS—gleaming silver finish . . . $12.50
⅞" size
JCGN—gold finish on sterling silver . . . $15.00
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husband to keep him satisfied, but I really want to have intercourse. Please suggest positions we could try that would be the least painful for me. I'm willing to try anything!—K.M.

I strongly suggest that you see a good gynecologist about this. Maybe a male doctor will put you more at ease than the female doctor you have been seeing. You really have to overcome your fear of having sex. I don't know enough about your husband—he might be too big for you or else, because of your fear, you might unknowingly tighten up the muscles of your vagina, making it impossible for him to enter all the way. I am just guessing, and a doctor's advice is really needed.

ORIENTALIA

I read somewhere that women in the Orient wear a set of 24-carat gold balls in their vagina for inner kicks when their man isn't around. Is this true? If so, can you explain how they work and where I could get a set for my wife.—Husband of very sexy woman

It's so kind of you to think of giving your wife a set of those balls. At least you take the sure road: once she has filled herself up with those delicious golden balls, she might never even want to think about cheating for one minute. But tell her not to go shopping while wearing them since they sometimes make an odd, squishing noise. The two balls, each of a different weight, create a sensational feeling. Because of the body's movement, they rub together continually. There are different makes of so-called Ba-Wa Balls; depending on quality and weight, some might be pleasurable while others may leave you without any sensation. They can be obtained at any good local sex shop.

I am twenty-two years old and my husband is in the army; therefore I am alone much of the time. Recently I received a set of Japanese Play Balls as a gift. To my dismay, the box contained no directions. Do these things really work, and if so, how?—Flustered

The directions are simple: insert both balls, one after the other, as you would insert a Tampax inside your vagina, perhaps using some lubricant. Make sure part of the string (there is one attached) is sticking out, in case you want to remove the balls. You can feel the pleasurable sensation while you walk or sit in a rocking chair.

WE ADMIRE HIS APPETITE

I am twenty-one and my husband is twenty-five. We have been married fourteen months. He is a wonderful man and I love him very much, but I feel that he is oversexed. We spent our two-week honeymoon in a resort hotel and it was then that I found out about his sexual capacity. We had intercourse six or seven times during the day and night; his sex acts lasted a half hour or longer, causing me to reach orgasm as many as three times in some cases. After we returned home we started having intercourse as soon as we got into bed; it continued into the night. We also make love after breakfast before my husband goes to the office. I perform fellatio and masturbate him during my periods. I enjoy our sex acts and don't want to refuse him, but I'd appreciate some advice on how to reduce his desires.—Elizabeth

Just tell him how you feel about this sex urge. He certainly seems to be trying to score a world record. Remind him it is quality before quantity that counts and that you don't particularly enjoy being completely exhausted after a few sessions. A man as healthy as yours is hard to come by in this age of armchair athletes. It sounds like you have a man who has strong feelings for you, which motivate this excessive desire. Yours is one problem that you should be able to discuss with your man openly. Maybe he is a bit too selfish and wants it whenever he is ready. Tell him it takes two to tango.

OH, DOCTOR!

I've been seeing a doctor for just over a month, and have developed a permanent case of the hots for him. I believe that the feeling is mutual. We're both married—I'm in my twenties and he is in his early thirties. I've had many chances to stray before, but I was never tempted until I met this man with the gentle hands and bedroom eyes. Even though my medical problem has cleared up, he still makes twice-monthly appointments for me, and his examinations are getting longer and longer. By his long stares and subtle comments, I can tell our thoughts are the same. At my last appointment I forgot to wear a bra, and as I watched him with his stethoscope I could feel my nipples hardening and my heart pounding. He is well hung (which excites me all the more), and I could tell by the bulge in his trousers that he was getting worked up, too. I would do anything to have this man, if only for an hour or two. How can I get him to move from my navel to my pubic area?—P.C.

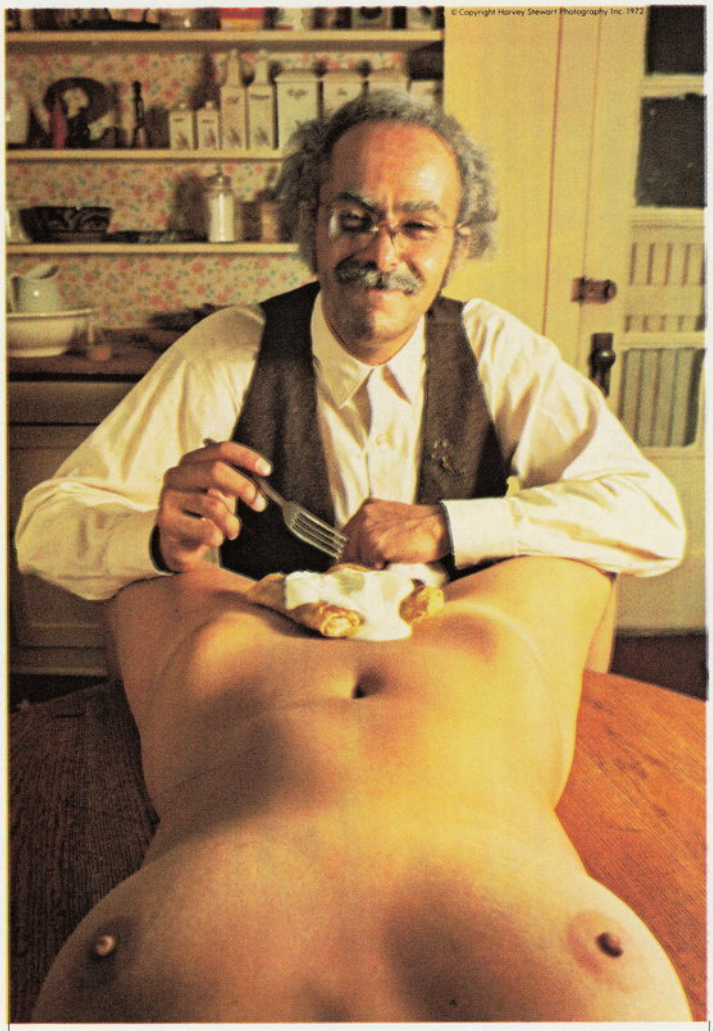
Come on, who are you fooling? Use your feminine charm and tell him where it really hurts, pretend you want a checkup right there at your vagina and once he gets there I am sure you'll indicate it is not that kind of pain. Let me warn you, however, that in your case it seems that the anticipation of seducing your doctor is what is exciting you. Keep it a game for as long as your lust will hold out. Remember that you both are married and you might feel guilty once you have really done it with another man. I am not a prude, but those things do happen. Let it remain a hot fantasy and sexual dream.

HE + SHE + SHE = FLACCIDITY

My husband and I really enjoy sex, especially since I told him I was bisexual. He

CONTINUED ON PAGE 158

Penthouse© poster of the month



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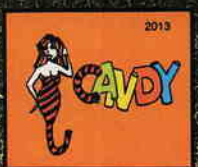
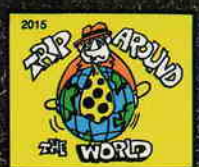
the PENTHOUSE dirty dozen



Colleen Lovett shows why she feels that happiness is a bare bottom.

The soul clowns and the queen of comedy, now together, a knockin' at your back door loaded with laughs.



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SOUND ADVICE

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By Robert Angus

Last year, the big question among sound buffs and lovers of good music who were considering buying a stereo system was simply which of the various systems for achieving four-channel sound is going to win? If I go with the wrong kind of equipment, will it be obsolete in a year or two?

If you were one of those asking the question, you can relax—the "everything unit" is here: a quadraphonic receiver that can handle Sansui QS or CBS SQ matrix discs, and CD-4 discrete records with equal ease; or a demodulator with built-in circuitry for all the four-channel disc systems.

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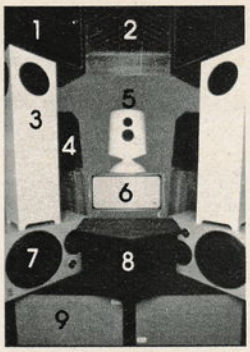
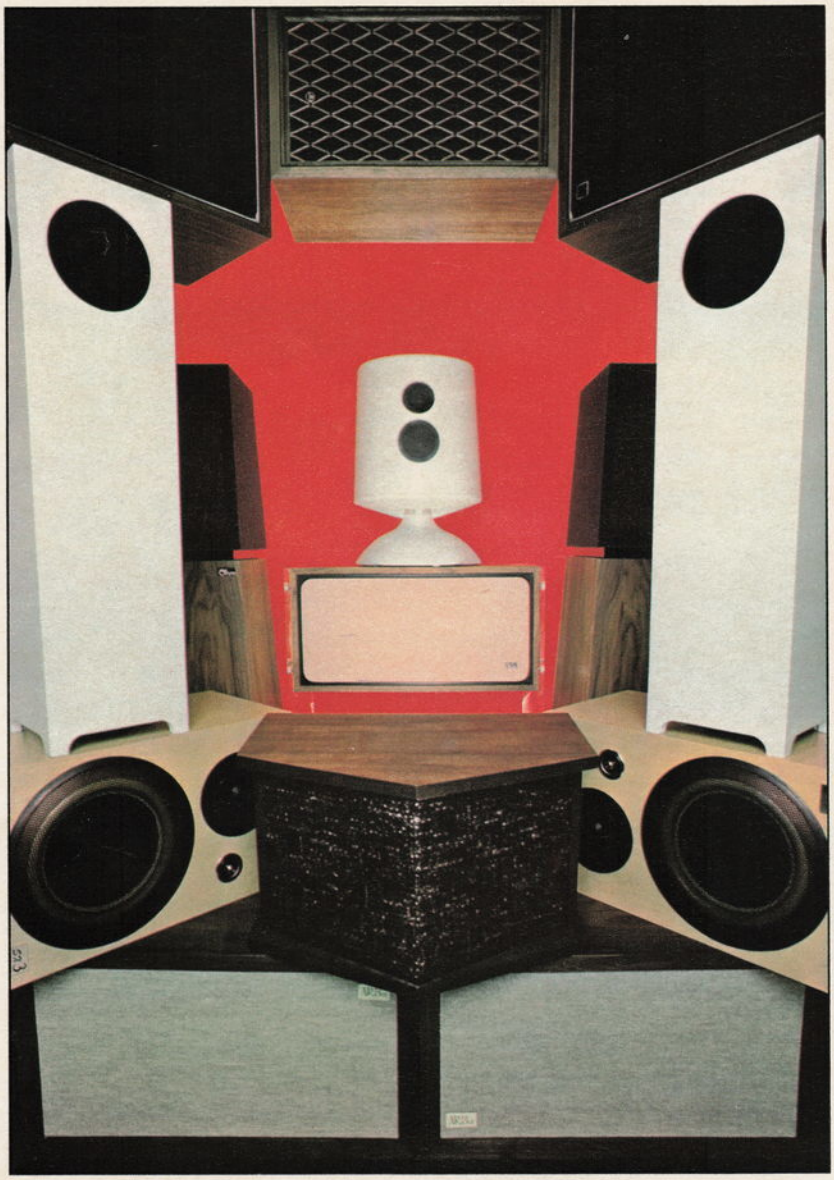
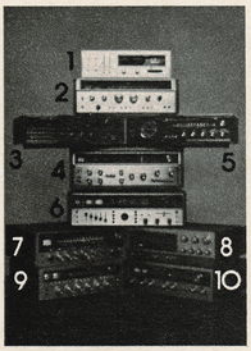


1. *Bose 501: $139.95.*
2. *Pioneer CS-44: $74.95.*
3. *Epicure Micro Tower: $59.95.*
4. *Ohm: $400, East Coast; $450, West Coast.*
5. *Empire Jupiter 6500 indoor/outdoor: $139.95.*
6. *Avid: under $400.*
7. *JVC SX-3: $159.95.*
8. *Bose 901 (walnut): $572 the pair.*
9. *AR 3a: $269 each.*





1. *Harman-Kardon Citation-14 stereo FM tuner: $525.*
2. *Akai AN-390 2-channel receiver: $399.95.*
3. *Magnavox 1K8898: $399.95.*
4. *Sansui QRX-3500: $579.95.*
5. *JVC 4VR-5406 receiver: $299.95.*
6. *Fisher 4-channel receiver: $569.95.*
7. *Panasonic 4-channel receiver SA-6400x: $429.95.*
8. *Kenwood KR7200: $499.95.*
9. *Marantz 4270: $599.95.*
10. *Pioneer SX828: $469.95.*

Michel Tcherevkoff

AKAI
Magnavox 1500 RTI
104.2
JVC
Panasonic
marantz

1. *Koss headphone: $85.*
2. *Pioneer PL-61 turntable: $299.95.*
3. *Pioneer SEL-20 headphone: $29.95.*
4. *Comm Industries Big Brute 920 car speakers: $35.49.*
5. *BSR 810X turntable: $239.45.*
6. *Stanton headphone: $64.95.*
7. *Garrard Zero 100-2 turntable: $199.95.*
8. *Comm Industries Big Brute 708 car speakers: $22.95.*
9. *Elpa (Thorens) TD-125 MK-II: $375.*

1. *Akai CR-80 D-SS 8-track tape deck: $329.95.*
2. *Sony TC-161SD stereo cassette deck: $299.95.*
3. *Akai 4-channel reel-to-reel tape deck: $799.95.*
4. *Kenwood stereo cassette deck HK 700: $260.*
5. *Sony 580 reel-to-reel tape deck: $579.95.*
6. *Nakamichi 1000 3-head cassette system: $1,100.*
7. *Dokorder 7500 tape deck and cassette: under $600.*
8. *Pioneer CT4141 stereo cassette deck: $269.95.*
9. *Technics by Panasonic RS 279US stereo cassette deck with tape monitoring: $499.95.*
10. *JVC CD-1655 stereo cassette deck: $129.95.*
11. *Teac 450: $399.50.*

AKAI
AKAI
AKAI
SONY
KENWOOD
SONY
Technics
TEAC

SOUND ADVICE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 109

There are several manufacturers of "everything" receivers, including Akai, Harman-Kardon, Technics by Panasonic, Kenwood, Onkyo, Fisher, and JVC. Sansui, a licensee of CD-4, has recently introduced its "everything" unit, the QRX-3500. In addition to the receivers, BSR-Metrotec and Pioneer, among others, offer demodulators designed for use with existing four-channel amplifiers or receivers, which incorporate CD-4 along with SQ and QS.

The "everything" receiver isn't cheap. Technics's SA-8000X, for example, sells for $500. Onkyo's TS-500, which not only plays all the systems but automatically selects the right playback circuit when you load up your record changer with different types of four-channel discs, is even more expensive. And for the relatively high price you get comparatively little power—sixteen watts per channel, RMS, in the case of the SA-8000X. (RMS is the most honest measurement of power output.) The reason for the high price is the cost of manufacturing the CD-4 circuit.

However, most of the new crop of "everything" receivers are also two-channel units. In two-channel, they have more than twice the power of the four-channel mode. It's done through a technique of power bridging or strapping, in which the front and rear channel amplifiers are wired in parallel. The technique was developed by Harman-Kardon and Fisher, and is now being used by Toshiba, Technics, and others. In the two-channel mode, the SA-8000X produces forty-two watts per channel, a respectable figure. Nonetheless, a comparable receiver without CD-4 would either cost $100 less or deliver 50 percent more power.

The phonograph record has become the dominant medium of four-channel music. At the moment, Warner Brothers, Elektra, Atlantic, RCA, and their related labels stand foursquare with CD-4. Columbia, Epic, Vanguard, and some smaller labels are using SQ. QS record champions include Ovation, Impulse, Black Jazz, Command, Audio Spectrum, Vox, ABC-Dunhill, Longines Symphonette, Ode, and some smaller labels.

At the moment, there are about fifty CD-4 records, mostly from RCA, approximately a hundred records in Sansui's QS matrix, and somewhat more than two hundred SQ titles. The repertoire runs from Leonard Bernstein and Beverly Sills to Elvis, Miles Davis, and Blood, Sweat, and Tears. It's becoming possible to build a four-channel library that includes more than curiosities. You can also enjoy four-channel music on tape—well over three hundred and fifty cartridge titles are available from RCA, Columbia, London, Project 3, Vanguard, Ampex, GRT, and Ovation. To play these tapes through a four-channel receiver, you need a four-channel cartridge deck (check Sony/Superscope, Akai, Panasonic, or JVC).

The point of the "everything" receiver is that you're no longer locked into a particular four-channel system once you buy your equipment. Just as the multiple-speed automatic turntable rendered obsolete the argument between CBS and RCA over the long-playing and 45-rpm record, the "everything" receiver makes it possible to play any four-channel disc at the flick of a knob. And, just as the record speed controversy settled down to 33 rpm for albums, 45 rpm for rock and other pop singles, most experts expect one four-channel disc system to emerge as the dominant factor—but that may not happen for several years, and when it does, nobody expects the other two systems to disappear any faster than has the 45-rpm record.

SPEAKERS

If your stereo system is more than a year or two old, you may be giving some thought to upgrading it. If you like the turntable, tone arm, and cartridge you're using, and if you selected a good amplifier or stereo receiver in the first place, upgrading becomes merely a matter of getting better speakers. The trend toward upgrading loudspeakers has caused the creation of many new companies like Ohm Acoustics, Avid, Integral Systems, Audioanalysts, MicroAcoustics, and others, and the success this season of the AR LST, JBL's Century 100, and the Bose 901.

Today's stereo receiver or amplifier comes pretty close to the ultimate in performance. That means that a better loudspeaker on just about any component system will produce better results. But suppose you bought a low-power receiver last year because it was all you could afford at the time. Aren't you locked into the loudspeakers you bought to match it?

Believe it or not, JBL's Century 100, for example, will work with just about the cheapest, least powerful component receiver you can buy. While it may not make too much sense to couple two $273 speakers to a $200 receiver, you can do it, and you'll notice an immediate improvement in sound quality.

If you bought a medium-priced receiver or amplifier, your field of choice is much wider. You can, for example, move up to the Pioneer R Series, AR-3, or Bose 901, all of which require somewhat more power than the Century 100.

The key to matching speaker with amplifier or receiver, in fact, is power. Some speakers require more power to produce an acceptable quantity and quality of sound than others—and price is no indication (in fact some economy speakers eat up substantially more power than their pedigreed brethren). Once you decide to move up to better speakers, check the power output of your amplifier, and the power handling requirements of the speaker you're considering. You'll find the former figure in the specifications table in your instruction booklet; the latter should be in the speaker's specifications. If not, check with a reputable dealer.

Another reason for buying a more expensive speaker is appearance. When you decide to step up, you can consider things like hand-rubbed walnut or teak—or one of the groovy new plastic materials used in Empire's Jupiter or JBL's new molded models.

Speakers have become much more colorful in recent years because of the widespread use of plastics for enclosures, and the substitution of articulated foam for traditional grille cloth. The foam grilles not only come in a selection of striking colors, but can be molded into interesting shapes, breaking up the traditional flat front of the speaker. Their effect on sound quality is negligible.

The choice between appearance and good sound isn't an either-or proposition. It's entirely possible to get both in the same box—provided you're prepared to pay the price.

TAPE RECORDING

Only a few years ago, cassette and eight-track cartridge tape recorders were inferior systems—convenient, undeniably, and perhaps suitable for reproducing music in the car, but hardly worthy of serious attention as mediums of high fidelity.

How all that has changed!

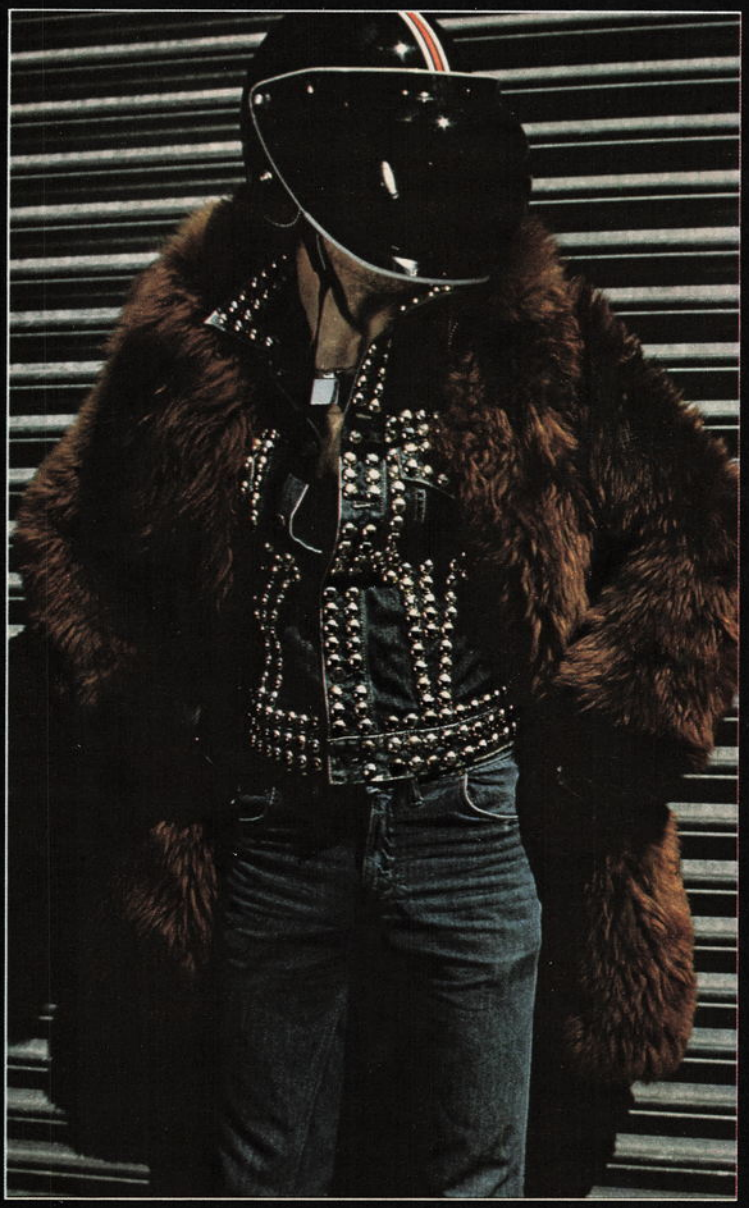
The cassette came of age in the late 1960's with the introduction of high-density recording tapes from Sony, TDK, and others, and the use of chromium dioxide by Memorex, BASF, and a number of other suppliers for slow-speed high-fidelity recording. To accommodate the high-fidelity tapes, high-quality cassette decks were manufactured. Costing up to $300 and equipped with noise-reduction circuits, these decks are capable of recording quality comparable to that of many open-reel machines.

The same thing is happening now to the cartridge. TDK, Memorex, BASF, Sony/Superscope, and Scotch, among others, have adapted the technology of cassette tapes to the cartridge with the introduction of low-noise, high-density units for high-fidelity recording (and Ampex plans to introduce a super-fi cartridge soon).

These tapes produce better recordings from virtually any cartridge recorder. But the better the recorder is, of course, the better are the results. Wollensak recently introduced the first eight-track recorder with a built-in noise-reduction circuit, and other manufacturers are watching with interest. Noise reduction, however, is not the only important factor in improving the fidelity of cartridges. Cassette recorders obtain superior results at slower tape speeds by using very hard, narrow-gap record/playback heads, and by using sophisticated

CONTINUED ON PAGE 166

Red-hot, henna-dyed Spanish lamb jacket that zippers, by Mr. Fred-Ben Thylan Furs, about $650. Recycled (the current craze is for used jeans—at double the price) jeans suit with eye-popping, heavily studded jacket by Rosebud, about $80. Silver-plate neckpiece by Dia Diadoto. All helmets, gauntlets, and goggles courtesy of Harley-Davidson of Manhattan, Inc.



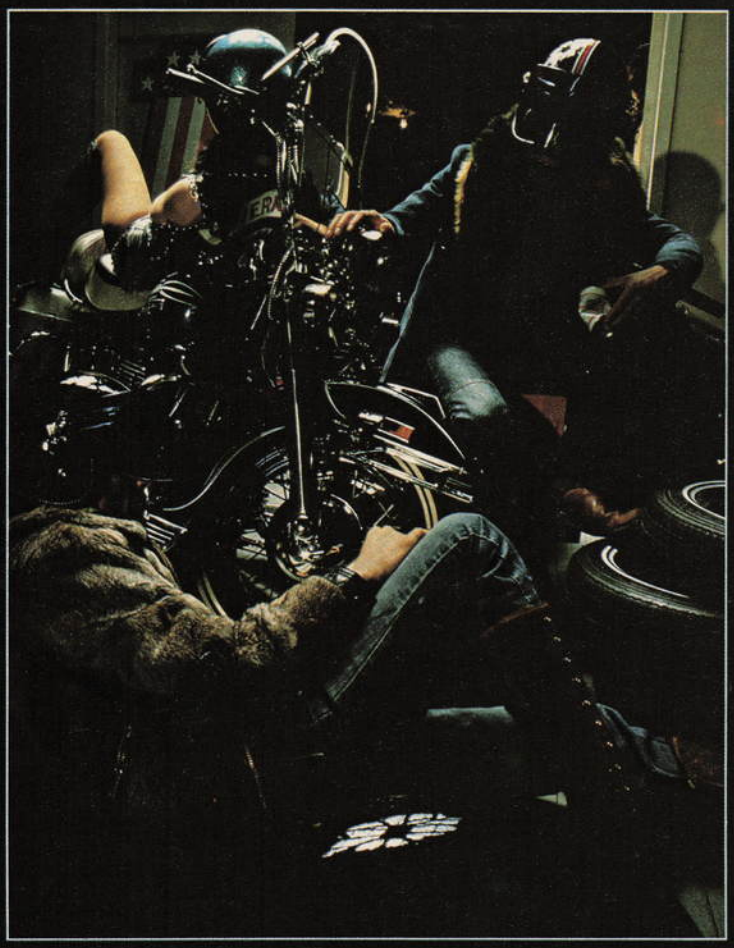
LEADERS OF THE PACK

On the tundras of the North, the wolf and bear stalk their prey. Great fur pelts shield them from withering wind and blinding snow. This year the rich, rugged hides of the violent Arctic animals are among the fashion favorites of the red-blooded urban predator. Clad in leather or denim and cloaked with the long-haired outerwear of the fox, raccoon, and wolf (those species not on the endangered lists), he sallies forth to gather with the brothers of the pack in shaggy conclave.

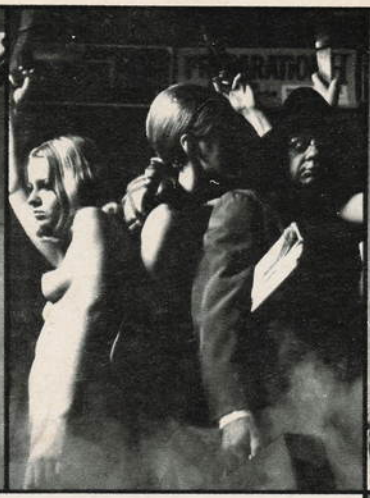
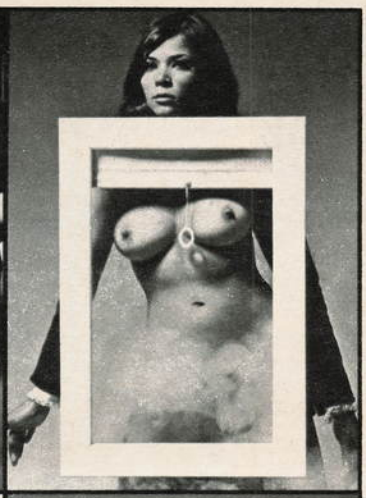
FASHION BY ED EMMERLING / PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD STEEDMAN

Raccoon from the Republic of China is trimmed with leather, by Wagner-Altman, about $700. Greatcoat of Canadian wolf (not on the endangered list) has braided suede toggle closures, by Georges Kaplan-Ben Thylan Furs, about $1,800. Yellow leather deerskin pants by Calvin, the Leather Man. Scarves by Cisco, Inc. The bike, Harley-Davidson's XR-750 dirt racer and Evel Knievel's official jumping bike machine, is available through Nassau County Harley-Davidson, New York.

Inset: natural-rabbit short jacket from the Republic of China has unique leather arm patches and zippered closure, by Fernando Sanchez for Revillon, exclusive at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York, about $375. Fur boots by Italia, about $50. Denim suit, lined and collared in simulated wolf, by Rafael Fashions. Entire suit $280; jacket only, $230. Chick's stunningly studded and appliquéd denim vest, by Rosebud, $35. Location courtesy of Harley-Davidson of Manhattan, Inc., 352 East 76th Street, New York.



The frosted-look curly lamb zippered jacket by Wagner-Altman, about $650. Black leather lace-tied suit by Calvin, the Leather Man. Neckpiece by Dia Diadoto. All-white Spanish curly lamb jacket by Barlan Furs, $400. Bleached denim overalls by Pandemonium—Brooklyn Power and Maintenance, New York, $22. Girl's black leather pantsuit by Calvin, the Leather Man.

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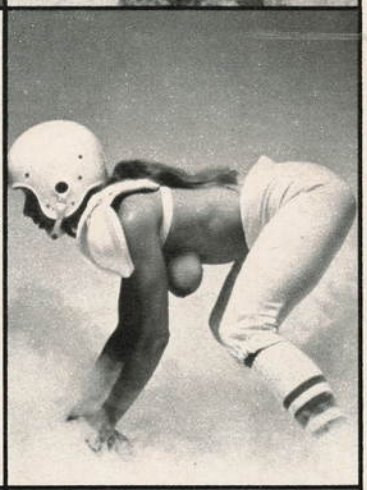

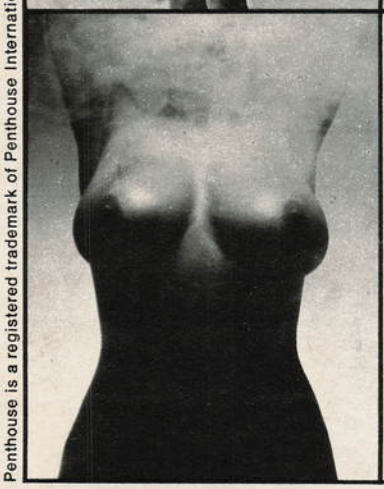

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THE MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN
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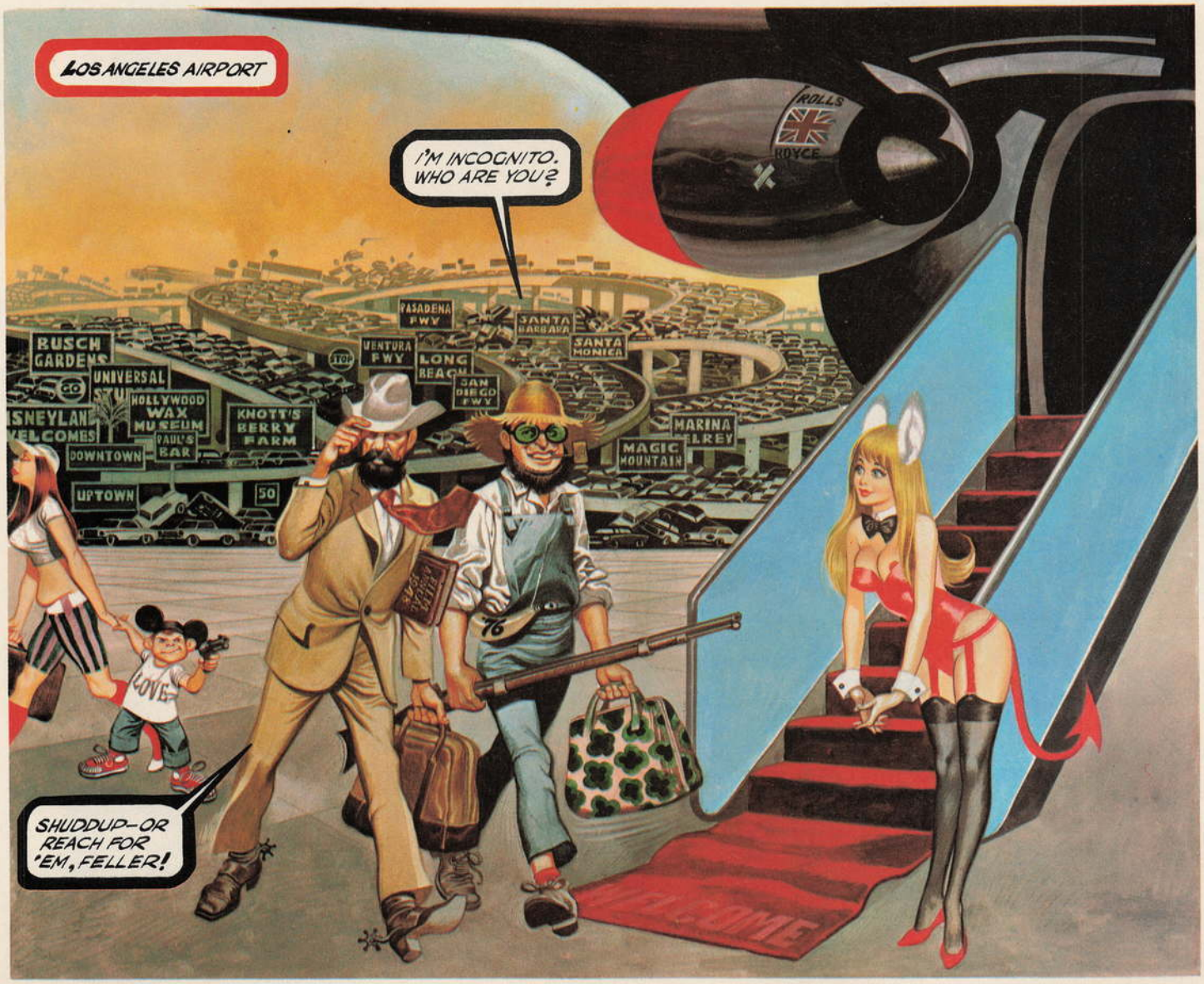
VIVA

OH, WICKED WANDA!
I WAS~~MMM~~ THINKING, WANDA ~~~ HOW ABOUT A COUPLA~~SLURP~~ POLITICIANS FOR THE MUSEUM?
WELL DONE, CYRIL
IN PURSUIT OF A GHOULISH WHIM, THE WORLD'S RICHEST AND WANTONEST HELLRAISER, WANDA VON KREESUS, IS ASSEMBLING A BIZARRE MUSEUM OF FROZEN~ALIVE MISFITS IN THE CHAPEL OF HER SINISTER SCHLOSS ON LAKE ZURICH. BRITISH PORNOPHOBE CYRIL BLUESTOCKING AND FILM ACTRESS BRIGITTE BIDET, WERE THE FIRST VICTIMS OF WANDA'S PERVERTED HUMOUR. IT'S GONNA GET WORSE~~~~~
OKAY. WE'LL COUPLE 'EM WITH~~LEMME SEE~~LITTLE ANNIE UN-FUNNY AND THAT FRENCH RAVER FROM "LUST BANG-O IN PARIS"~~ANAL-MARIA SCHMIEREN
SCHMIEREN? ISN'T THAT THE GERMAN VERB FOR "TO GREASE OR LUBRICATE"?
YOU DON'T HAVE TO TEACH ME GERMAN, PUSSCAKE
BACK TO THE POLITICIANS ~~ HOW ABOUT GOVERNOR REEKIN', THE SCOURGE OF THE CALIFORNICATES, AND SENATOR BEDWELL CLEVERLY?
SOMETHING'S DAWNING. I'LL PUT HOMER SAPIENS TO WORK ON IT

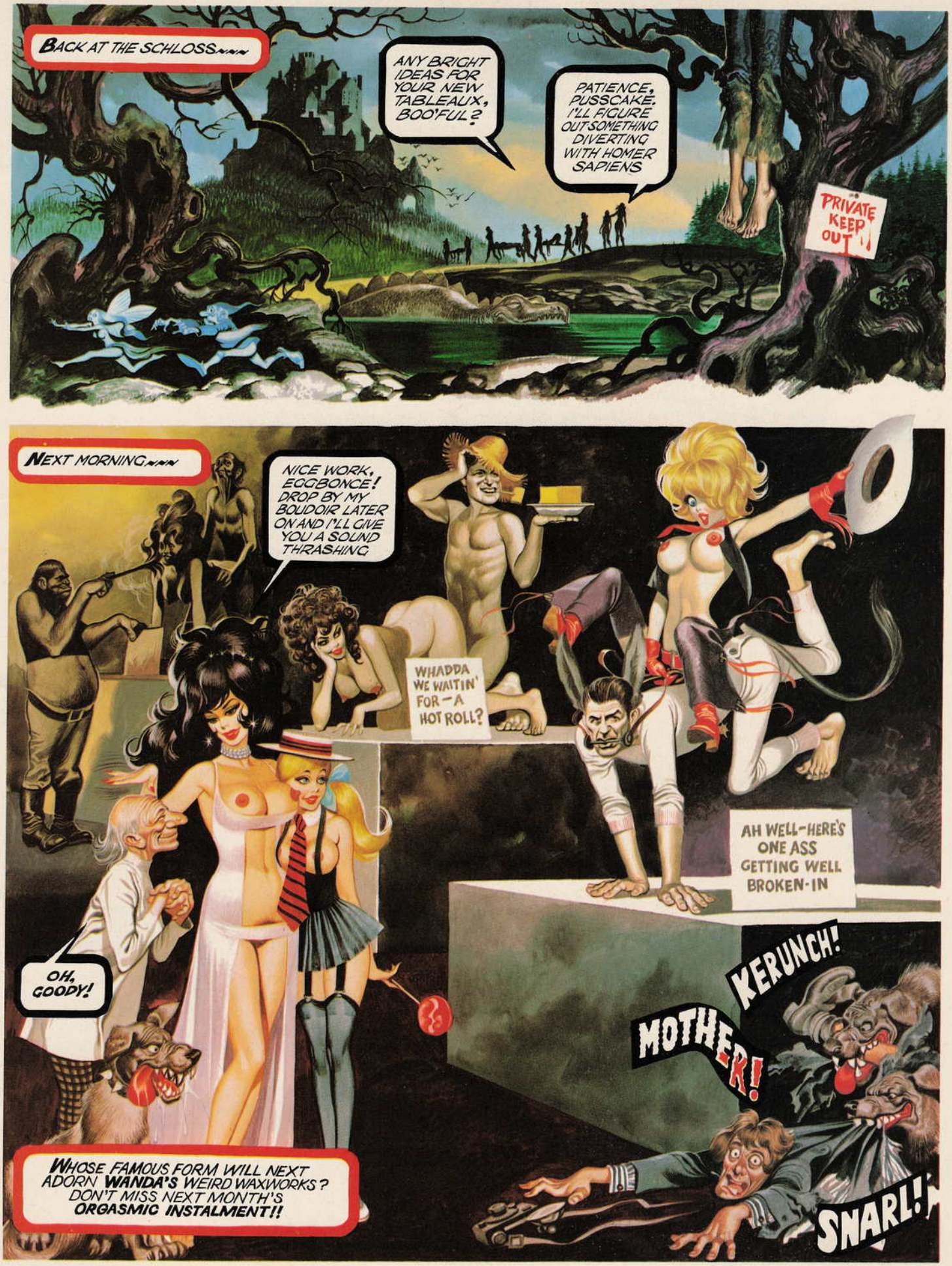
by FREDERIC MULLALLY and RON EMBLETON
I LIKE IT!
ANY THOUGHTS ON HOW TO GET THAT LITTLE LOT IN THE BAG?
NO KIDDIN' HUGH? LITTLE ANNIE UN-FUNNY WANTS TO MEET ME? OVERNIGHT BARBECUE IN JAMAICA? YOU BET I'LL BE AT THE AIRFIELD!
OSCAR
ANAL-MARIA SCHMIEREN, HUH? ~~JAMAICA, YET! ~~~YOU DIDN'T? AH WELL, NEITHER DID HARDON, THEY SAY. YOU BET I'LL BE THERE!
WHERE THERE'S A (FAMILY) WILL, THERE'S A WAY
'76
OLE GRANPAPP
MAYBE SHE DIGS MY MOVIES!
BLAM BLAM BLAM BLA
DOOMA ROACH
AAGH
HOW TO BE SEXY BUT SAFE
SPLAT
TELL THE GOVERNOR I'D BE THRILLED, HUGH-BABY! GEE, FOR HIM MAYBE I MIGHT JUST BREAK MY LIL' OLE GOLDEN RULE!

BEURRE-BEURRE
BEURRE BEURRE
MAIS, SENATOR, JE SERAIS RAVI! AND EVEN IF I'M NOT — WHAT'S DAT? WELL, LET'S CROSS DAT BRIDGE WHEN WE COME TO IT-OUI?


LOS ANGELES AIRPORT
I'M INCOGNITO. WHO ARE YOU?
SHUDDUP-OR REACH FOR 'EM, FELLER!
ROLLS ROYCE
PASADENA FWY
SANTA BARBARA
SANTA MONICA
VENTURA FWY
LONG BEACH
SAN DIEGO FWY
BUSCH GARDENS
UNIVERSAL
HOLLYWOOD WAX MUSEUM
KNOTT'S BERRY FARM
PAUL'S BAR
DOWNTOWN
UPTOWN
MARINA DEL REY
MAGIC MOUNTAIN
WELCOME

GOVERNOR! I'VE DREAMED ABOUT BUMPING INTO YOU SOME DAY!
KEEP BUMPIN', BABY!
PAS MAL, SENATOR! NOW SHOW ME YOUR ASS
WELCOME ABOARD THE "WANDA-LUST," PLAYMATES! I'M YOUR SECURITY GUARD
WELL, MISS SCHMIEREN — HERE'S BOTTOMS UP!
CLINK
TIENS, SENATOR — YOU WANT TO 'AVE ME — 'OW YOU SAY? — TIGHT. N'EST-CE-PAS?
ZUT-ALORS! I FEEL SOMETHING ETRANGE COMING ALL OVER ME!

HEY, SOMETHIN' FISH'S GOING ON HERE!
REMEMBER WOUNDED KNEE
POSITIVELY REEKIN', GOVERNOR!
MAKE WITH YOUR HYPO, CANDYFLOSS DARLING!
SORRY TO HAVE TO LET YOU DOWN LIKE THIS, ANNE, BUT INFLATION IS AT THE BOTTOM OF MOST OF OUR TROUBLES. WOULDN'T YOU AGREE?
HHISSSS


BACK AT THE SCHLOSS...
ANY BRIGHT IDEAS FOR YOUR NEW TABLEAUX, BOO'FUL?
PATIENCE, PUSSCAKE. I'LL FIGURE OUT SOMETHING DIVERTING WITH HOMER SAPIENS
PRIVATE KEEP OUT
NEXT MORNING...
NICE WORK, EGGBONCE! DROP BY MY BOUDOIR LATER ON AND I'LL GIVE YOU A SOUND THRASHING
WHADDA WE WAITIN' FOR—A HOT ROLL?
AH WELL—HERE'S ONE ASS GETTING WELL BROKEN-IN
OH, GOODY!
KERUNCH!
MOTHER!
SNARL!
WHOSE FAMOUS FORM WILL NEXT ADORN WANDA'S WEIRD WAXWORKS? DON'T MISS NEXT MONTH'S ORGASMIC INSTALMENT!!

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The Eroticum

sex Vs. metasex

By Marco Vassi

Sex is for making babies; metasex is for pleasure, affection, money . . .

I first discovered the concept of "metasexuality" in my attempt to find some word that would cover all the fragmentary and divisive terms we have inherited to describe our erotic activities. For more than twenty years I've viewed life through the prism of what I used to call sex, and my erotic explorations have taken me into practically every activity and experience available to a human being. I imagine that I've tried—perhaps as hard as anyone now living—to live out the full possibilities of the polymorphous perverse. When the full implications of the meaning of "metasexuality" first dawned on me, I arrived at an astonishing conclusion: that the old religious teaching that "sex" is only for making babies is absolutely correct. Sex, qua sex, is for the propagation of the species, and only for that. Everything else we do that partakes of the forms of sexual behavior and feeling is actually "metasex," a different

matter altogether. One word leads to another, and in order to connote the matrix which embraces both sex and metasex, I invented another new term: I call it the *"eroticum."* The eroticum is divided into the two categories, sex and metasex; the first is biological and for procreation alone, while the second is psychophysical and describes all other reasons for erotic behavior. Sex might be labeled the "work eroticum"; while metasex—for pleasure, for expressing affection, for exchanging energy, for money, for pair-bonding, for communication and exploration—might be called the "play eroticum."

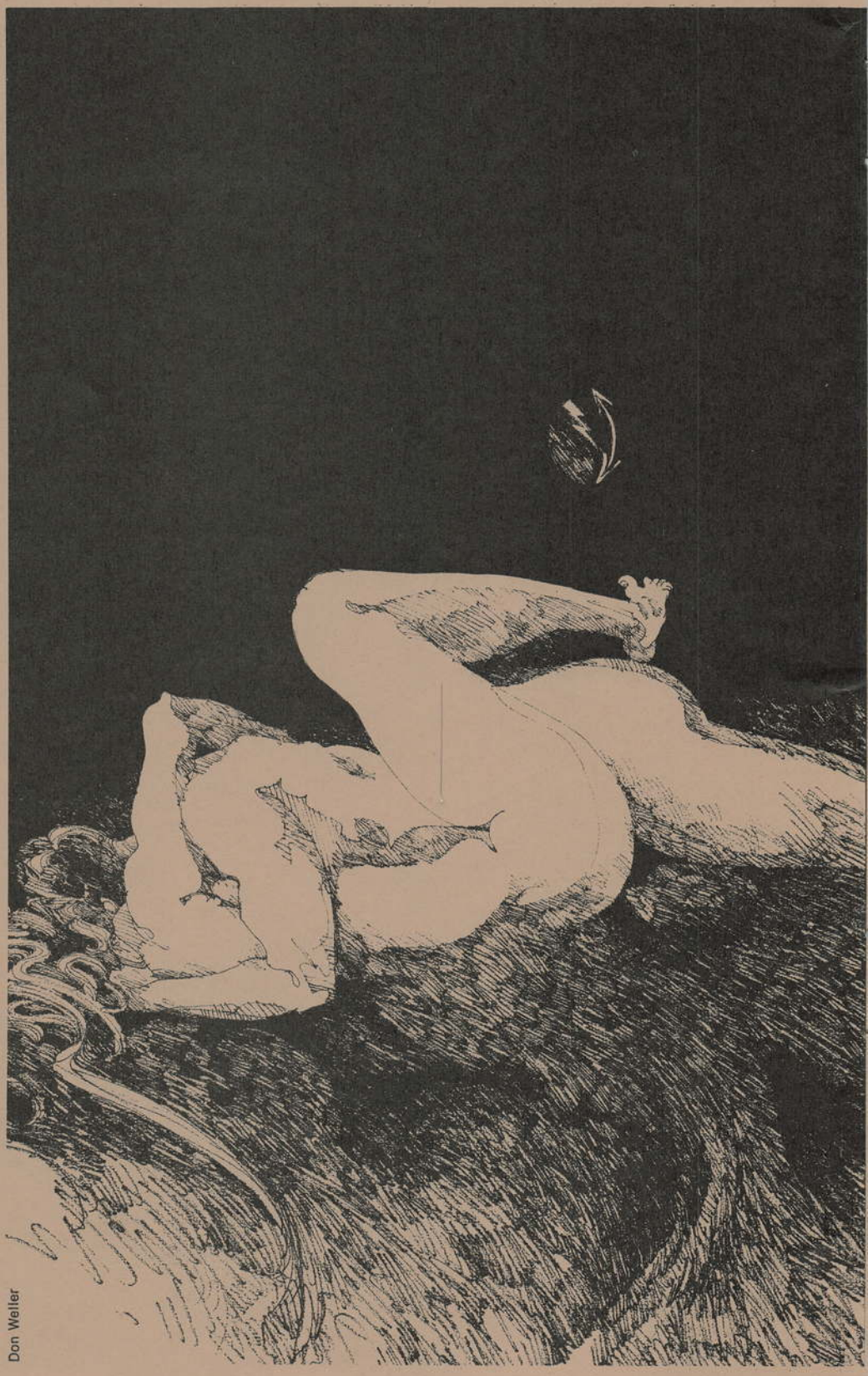
The conditions of sex are imposed by the requirements of biology; they chiefly involve a male and a female, penetration by a penis into a vagina, and subsequent ejaculation during the period of fertility. The conditions of metasex, on the other hand, are widely variegated and not concerned with the details of the act; it doesn't matter whether metasex occurs among men and women or among men or women only, whether among friends or strangers, whether it is a function of mutual caring or is completely dispassionate, whether it is physically conventional or partakes of extreme forms.

With sex, reverence and responsibility are the guiding emotional principles. To create another human being is the highest act man is capable of, and to engage in it lightly is a major wrong. With metasex, the necessary quality is compassion. This means that there should be no exploitation, no lying, no damage.

Making proper distinctions has been called the first step in wisdom. It is obvious, I feel, that the failure to distinguish between sex and metasex lies at the very core of all our erotic difficulties. *The basic error in all erotic thinking lies in muddying the aesthetic of metasex with the moral contingencies of sex, and of subverting the mystery and grandeur of sex with the relative values of metasex.*

But how are we to think and talk about the eroticum if our entire vocabulary is based on the traditional failure to differentiate between sex and metasex? Our terms are based on outmoded models, and thus we are overwhelmed with concepts such as homosexual, bisexual, perversion, and the lists of anatomical details.

One may ask, why talk about the eroticum at all? And from an ideal aspect, we ought not talk but act. Until the time, however, when we are all so enlightened that there is nothing more to say, sex and meta-



Don Weller

sex will form a major part of our discourse. To provide a vehicle for understanding aspects of erotic behavior, then, I came to the concept of *mode,* which is the paradigmatic model within which the activity takes place. It is intended to displace all questions of detail, number, and gender, and to place sex and metasex in a more fluid context.

Using this model, we will more closely approximate the reality of the erotic condition. For under the rubric of mode, sex finds its proper tone, and metasex is given its full freedom of expression. Metasexually, there is not much difference between what two men do in bed, what two women do in bed, and what a man and a woman do in bed. To label the acts homosexual or heterosexual is divisive, alienating us from one another and missing the unifying nature of Eros. The old criteria, seen in the light of the new paradigm, are primitive and wasteful. We should be adult enough to discard false categorization.

Before going into a description of the modes and the specific quality of sexual (as opposed to metasexual) dynamics, I would like to put all the information constituting the model into schematic form:

This diagram covers any possible erotic activity for any reason whatsoever, clearly distinguishes between sex and metasex, provides a new means with which to discuss and think about the erotic, and makes almost our entire "sexual" vocabulary obsolete. Through this paradigm it is possible to arrive through linguistic means at a condition that the liberation groups are attempting to reach through politics. For if we change the way we think and speak about erotic behavior, the social manifestations of confusion and hostility will disappear.

II

The modes of sex and metasex are my own rationalizations. I offer the following six metasexual modes as private considerations which may have universal application. I feel that if this paradigm is accepted, others will add new modes to the list, and a new erotic language will be born, one that includes the mathematics of metasex.

• The Procreative Mode derives, or borrows, from the conditions of sex itself. Through it, one appropriates the ambience of baby-making-sex to a form of metasexual interaction. The feelings and attitudes appropriate to procreational sex can take place where reproduction is not the issue—between two men, for example, or between a man and a woman after birth-control measures have been taken. To

operate in this mode it is only necessary not to throw out the bath water with the baby. In our era of general superficiality, and under the specter of overpopulation, the experience of procreative fucking has diminished dangerously.

The most distinctive quality of this mode is a kind of urgency—by which I don't mean frenzy. In black culture there is a term which captures its quality perfectly: it is called "rooting." This refers to lodging the penis deep inside the vagina and then "rooting around," as though a stick were being dug into the earth. If we remember that the word "fuck" derives from the idea of planting and that "cunt" means to hollow out, then it is clear that rooting is simply preparing the ground for the implantation of the seed. In this mode there is a quality of silence that has nothing to do with whether the participants make actual sounds or not. There is an almost holy intimacy that is unmistakable, an infolding, a profound taking-in that does not appear elsewhere.

Although in metasex there is no plan to produce a flesh-and-blood child, the procreative mode does allow "birth" to take place, for it involves a peculiar energy bond that is highly vitalizing. Those using this mode give birth to an awareness that strengthens the body and exalts the soul, a vibration of goodness that is a real force. Those who experience this are simply made better by the experience; to the degree that it fecundates their lives, they have brought virtue into being.

It is obvious that two men having anal intercourse or a man and a woman in oral intercourse can experience the vibrations of the procreative mode. Sexually, this is a heretical notion; but metasexually it is part of understanding that it is within our power to formulate the mythic structures through which we apprehend reality.

• The Theatrical Mode is a function of psychic distance and entails the notion of performance. In this mode there is always an audience, which may consist of actual onlookers or may be the projected awareness of the participants, themselves viewing the act as from outside.

The theatrical mode requires a lightness of touch, a deftness. This refers not to the activity itself but to a quality of mind. The participants may be involved in something as "heavy" as flagellation, but the psychological set within which they amuse themselves must not grow ponderous. Taken literally, this mode may generate costuming and the explicit assumption of roles, e.g., virgin and debauchee, prostitute and client. It is interesting that, existentially, there is no difference in a couple's playing a game of prostitution and a man's actual paying a stranger for intercourse.

The major danger of the theatrical mode is solipsism, which has a tendency to cut the circuits of energy flow between the actors. The acting-out of fantasy requires close attention and communion, and here the importance of compassion is clear, for it spells the difference between people's using and abusing one another. To have two or more fantasies brought to life through the eroticum without the entire affair degenerating into confusion requires the skill of acrobats. And to maintain the "act" as an act, at the level of good theater and without the admixture of psychopathy, presupposes soundness on the part of those involved.

The style may vary widely. There may be a script, or the scene can begin with only roughly defined characters. There may be dialogue and costume, but these are not necessary. Above all else, it is a *play*, in the sense of both a theater piece and childlike activity. It is sophisticated *and* innocent. Like dance, it sculpts its contours in time and space using only the body as a medium. One can perform either tragedy or comedy, or perhaps drift deliciously into irony.

Yet this is but the literal aspect of the mode. There is another aspect that might be called the theater-as-the-real or dharma drama. Here there is no specific content, only an awareness of the mode itself. The participants communicate telepathically and infuse their activity with the fullest possible consciousness. They take themselves to the limits of the conceptual and enter the "awareness of the void." They then fuck in emptiness.

In this condition, aware of themselves as in and of the entire universe, they become the channels for all roles. They fuck archetypically, passing through the guises of gods and goddesses, demons and animals, ancient and modern races, historical and mythic figures—in short, through all life forms.

Perhaps the poetic vision that most completely evokes the richness of the theatrical mode is the Dance of Shiva.

Thus the theatrical mode ranges from the literal use of theatrical props, dramatic structures, and audience to a cosmic awareness of universe-as-theater. It is at once potentially the most mundane and most encompassing of the modes.

• The Therapeutic Mode is the trickiest, for it simultaneously liberates repressed feelings and perpetuates the repression of those feelings. By the first, the unconscious becomes conscious and one grows saner and healthier; by the second, one reinforces restrictive habit patterns. The point is to encourage the first while dissolving the second.

THE EROTICUM

SEX	METASEX
Biological, "work"	Psychophysical, "play"
A Function of Responsibility	A Function of Compassion
Reverential mode	Procreative mode Theatrical mode Therapeutic mode Romantic mode Zen mode Masturbatory mode
Number: Two *Type:* Male and Female *Activity:* Penetration by penis into vagina followed by ejaculation during a period of fertility	*Number:* Any *Type:* Any Mixture of Gender *Activity:* Anything desired by the participants

My first contact with this mode came one evening when, during a long and frenzied spell of metasex, the woman I was with burst first into sobs, then began wailing, and finally let loose with a skin-prickling scream that shriveled my erection. It was some years before Arthur Janov's *Primal Scream*, so I had no handy metaphor to bring to my understanding of the phenomenon. Later, I learned more about this mode during a period of neo-Reichan therapy, while working on breaking through the "body armor," those deep organic tensions which form the defense system against feeling and perception.

I came to realize that when I became, through regression, a baby reaching up for mother's embrace and breast, the sounds and motions I made—gurgling, cooing, lip-pursing—were exactly what I often did while sucking cock. Again, as I lay on the therapeutic mattress in the midst of reviving an old anger, my fists clenched, whipping my head from side to side, and shouting "no" over and over again, I was able to see that this behavior was indistinguishable from expressions I made while being fucked and from expressions made by others while I fucked them.

It did not take too long to understand that erotic energy was the equivalent of the therapeutic ambience, therapeutic technique, or drugs in releasing repressed states of being. The one difference was that during metasex one did not usually link the resultant feelings with the incidents and patterns of one's life. Metasex can provide abreaction but does not usually allow integration. Still, if used consciously and correctly, it may provide the most powerful therapeutic tool at our disposal.

I suffered some ambivalence for a while, for at first it seemed profane to use the eroticum as a vehicle for therapy; but later, when I understood the concept of mode more profoundly, the difficulty dissolved. I came to see that this paradigm was a potent mythic structure within which to discover greater self-knowledge. For a while, fucking was not unlike going to an analyst. I began to link certain postures with the expression of repressed states, and my behavior in bed underwent a transformation.

With those partners to whom I was able to explain my ideas, metasex in the therapeutic mode became an exciting and sometimes devastating game. We could proceed openly to explore the psychosomatic grounds of our personalities. There was the added advantage of dispensing with expensive, professional help. And there was an interesting side-effect: once a given manifestation, say spanking, was seen as a need for punishment born of a childhood fixation, then I became free to experience that activity for itself. Once the energy is generated and the etiology revealed, one is the master of a wide range of erotic forms.

Within each adult, the child lives. It is necessary to let the child come forth and express its emotions, especialy those repressed by conditioning at an early age. In the therapeutic mode, in allowing these usually hidden aspects of the self to find expression, one creates perhaps the most poignantly beautiful gestures of the body and face in the realm of erotic response.

• The Romantic Mode lies deeply embedded in our historical unconscious. It is inextricably linked with the word "love," a concept outside the eroticum per se. To fuck with someone one is romantically in love with is undoubtedly the most exhilarating form of metasex. There is a totality, a joy, an overall sensation of rapture unparalleled in the other modes. This is the kingdom of yearning, fulfilled and unfulfilled.

The basic requisite for this mode is a willingness to follow the emotions to their heights and depths. This imparts a recklessness to the romantic mode; one becomes prone to extreme statements. The words, "I love you," or "Marry me," or "I want to be with you forever," come easily to the lips. This is a natural phenomenon, for at moments of great feeling only great declarations will satisfy.

Here the question of truth enters in. To say something so definite in a moment of passion has the ring of truth. However, when the feeling disappears, the description of that feeling, the testament to permanence is oddly bereft of meaning. It is certainly a grand thing to mean in the morning what one said the night before, but that needn't be a precondition for saying such things. If the romantic mode is properly understood by the participants, then they may enjoy a lifetime of ecstasy in a single encounter. When that encounter is finished, they can return to different vibrations without feeling that their words must haunt them.

In this mode one is free to wax poetic, and the effect on language is sometimes dazzling. This is especially true of first meetings, although it can be enjoyed by old married couples, too. There are the classic settings: ships at sea, foreign countries, country meadows. And there is a predilection for certain props, such as wine, marijuana, and music. The special season is springtime. Lowered lids, palpitations, languorous limbs, and fragile fucking are also marks of the mode. As in everything, of course, styles vary—in the way that Mozart, say, is different from Scriabin.

The romantic mode generates such powerful feelings that there is a constant danger of its transforming—or infecting, if you will—life as a whole. The most extreme examples perhaps are those Japanese lovers who, forbidden to have one another, tie their bodies together and hurl themselves from high cliffs. Romantic metasex can be so addictive that one forsakes all other modes. The guiding principle is ultimate union, and there are overtones of mysticism.

• The Masturbatory Mode is in many ways the home mode. Giving ourselves pleasure through touch is one of our earliest activities, and masturbation itself is often our introduction to adolescent eroticism. Much has been made of masturbation's being a substitute for "the real thing," but this is a sexual, not a metasexual, judgment. Metasexually, masturbation as a means of sexual expression is no more and no less valid than any other way of doing it.

All who have masturbated without guilt know that it can provide the most intense orgasms—clear, searing explosions which take one out of the body altogether and into a different consciousness. And, of course, the masturbatory mode does not limit one to solitary masturbation. Two or more people can perform the motions of fucking or sucking or stroking simply as a more complex way of having everyone bring himself or herself off. This can be a subtle and delicate game, both involving responsibility for one's own cycles and requiring sensitivity to the inner workings of the others.

The masturbatory mode favors the tendency to celibacy, which is the final step in autoeroticism. Not by repression, but by progression, one learns to cycle the erotic energy totally within one's body, and thus becomes self-contained. This homeostasis is considered by some to be the highest level of evolution, the logical conclusion of metasex. Such a person would then probably be ready for sex.

• The Zen Mode is produced through transmodality. An act may begin in the theatrical mode and shift to the therapeutic, or different participants may pursue different modes at the same time, as a piece of music may be played by instruments in different keys. The concept of mode itself is shaken, and finally bursts open—the conceptual curtain parts entirely, and all imagery dissolves. As with

other Zen experiences, there is little to say about this mode. It carries a unique sense of the moment's being utterly real, and within that sense lie all the joys and terrors of coming face to face with the Nakedness.

III

As against my own massive involvement in metasexual conjunctions, my experience of sex has been limited. My metasexual activity resulted in three unwanted pregnancies, but until recently I had never fucked with the intention of making a baby. Through that experience, I came to realize the concepts of responsibility and reverence.

Sex implies morality, by which I mean conscience—that quality of sensitivity which distinguishes right from wrong, not on the basis of some orthodox code or preconceived ideal but through an awareness of the nature of life itself. To use the current phrase, this is an ecological consciousness. Reverence, the one mode of sex, is nothing other than a profound openness to all the implications of having a child. This requires shunning sentimentality on the one hand and callousness on the other. To raise a child is the most difficult yoga we have. It requires that one's own life be so firmly rooted in righteousness that the task flows naturally from one's deepest sources, without thought. The moment one fucks to make a baby, one asks, "In what sort of world will this child be born?" And then a thorough and unceasing questioning begins.

In my own history, when Evelyn, the woman with whom I planned to have a child, and I discontinued our birth-control measures and entered the realm of sex, we immediately noticed a change in priorities. Although we still experienced sensual pleasure, orgasm, and the waves of excitation and release, these qualities took second place to the serious realization that we were performing the holy and awe-inspiring ritual of creating another human being. Puny, awkward creatures that we were, we had within us the power to bring another to life, someone who would grow, become very much like ourselves, and finally replace us in the cycle of life. In the process of that recognition, we saw our own deaths quite clearly.

A far-reaching chain of insight unrolled before us. Suddenly, issues that had seemed academic became vital. Not only the species but we as individuals were on trial. Such thoughts—ranging from existential speculation through ecological evaluation to character analysis—unmistakably influenced the quality of our fucking. I was unable to rouse the dragon of psychophysical lust, and our sex became strangely tentative. Often we did not make a sound, just coupled in stillness, as though we were listening. . . .

When Evelyn's first period of fertility passed, we returned of necessity to our metasexual playground, to our moaning and heavy breathing. We became once again a man and a woman swinging their way through the erotic jungle gym of our age. From anal intercourse to group sex, we continued in the prescribed routines of the carnal circus. We extended our exploration of the metasexual modes, discovering the nuances of theatrical fucking and the dynamics of the therapeutic attitude.

We tried again, and the next cycle provided a deeper view into the nature of sex itself. One night, I would be on top and plow her like a farmer burrowing in soft earth; another night she would take me fiercely, while I, sensate but inert, felt the seed sucked from my body. It seemed certain that a child conceived on the first night would be drastically different from one conceived on the other. A new element of study appeared: we began to examine, as we hadn't before, what it is that we actually *do* when we fuck, and when we come. What thoughts do we have? What feelings? Who, in short, are we when we merge our bodies and our minds in this singular way? With the purpose of our fucking so clearly defined, the epiphenomenal aspects also stood out in sharp relief.

At the same time, our metasexual involvements grew richer, for we no longer confused them with what we were doing sexually. One afternoon, Evelyn and I went swimming with another couple in a private stream. Jack and Susan had had a threesome with Evelyn some months earlier, and so on this day there was an open question as to whether we would now make it four.

As I had never seen either of them naked before, I looked at Jack and Susan a long time. The sway of Jack's cock, the curve of his shoulders, the line of his forearm, were all tinglingly erotic, as were the curve of Susan's lower back, the high arch of her foot, the smoky directness in her eyes. But within a half hour, I felt my attention wander. It was not that they were not attractive enough, but that my sense of sight had been sated while my other senses had been starved. I had not touched, smelt, tasted, or listened to them in all that time. Nor had our minds touched. We were definitely on the threshold of the eroticum, but there seemed no way to cross into it.

I considered the situation more fully and saw that, out of habit, I had fallen into the old trap of evaluating the quartet in sexual

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will satisfy.

"They ought to give away a copy of Forum with every marriage license"

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categories: two men, two women, two pairs of bonded couples, homosexual-heterosexual-bisexual combinations, and all the rest of the conceptual paraphernalia that is irrelevant to metasex. As soon as I translated the situation into energy terms instead, and saw that the problem was simply one of sensory deprivation, the block to further flow was removed. I found the vibrations changing. There was no longer a question of whether or not we would have sex, but only of finding a mode in which to enjoy metasexual play. Metasex, involving perception, sensation, emotion, thought, instinctual movement, and muscular coordination, is a unitary activity, and—as so often happens—once we saw that, the mood relaxed. We swam together and afterwards sat in a circle on the grass. I looked at the people around me and let my hands follow their own impulses. I touched Susan's breasts, Jack's thighs, Evelyn's mouth. The touching was simple information-gathering, the satisfaction of tactile curiosity. From there, the rhythm began. We started to caress one another, to smell each other's bodies, to lick one another's skin. Subtly, a change came over us, and without any formal announcement, we sank into the sweet oblivion of metasex.

The rest of the afternoon brought about standard devolepments: the fucking and sucking, the fingering and stroking, the clutching and writhing. At such moments, it is irrelevant who does what to whom or how. To classify our behavior as an orgy is only to use the stalest terminology. We gave ourselves sensory freedom, and from that gift flowed warmth, joy, excitement, pleasure, and release. In these circumstances it was of no importance whether I held a cock in my mouth or a cunt in my hand, whether the penetration into my anus was Jack's cock or Susan's finger.

A few weeks later, Evelyn and I continued our attempts at pregnancy and discovered deeper changes. Since the ejaculation of sperm is intended for procreation, ejaculation is superfluous when insemination is not the issue. I came to this conclusion logically, but my body also provided spontaneous witness. More and more often during Evelyn's nonfertile periods, we fucked without my ejaculating. It was the entrance into maithuna, or tantra, and it produced an astonishing revelation: I, as a man, could have many orgasms that had nothing to do with the emission of sperm. I found that I could come emotionally, or come psychically, or come through a peaking of sensation, or come just as a result of a sympathetic vibration with Evelyn. For years I had envied women the power of multiple orgasm, but was blind to that ability within myself, because I was confusing the sexual orgasm, which indeed involves ejaculation, with the metasexual orgasm, in which ejaculation is not a necessary component.

I could have many orgasms that had nothing to do with the emission of sperm. I found that I could come emotionally, or come psychically, or come through a peaking of sensation, or come as a result of a sympathetic vibration with Evelyn. For years I had envied women the power of multiple orgasm, but was blind to that ability within myself, because I was confusing the sexual orgasm, which involves ejaculation, with the metasexual orgasm, in which ejaculation is not necessary.

IV

Of course, we find that nothing changes. Everyone will continue to do what he or she pleases—or is driven to. We will also go on as a species, playing out whatever script we write for ourselves, within the bounds enforced by our limitations as creatures. There will always be men who prefer men, women who prefer women, and men and women who prefer the opposite sex. There will be threesomes and wife-swapping and orgies. There will be flagellations and people being pissed on in public urinals; and there will be tender hand-holding and also extraordinary fist-fucking. Within this new model of sex and metasex, however, we may all make peace with our various proclivities. Those who take it upon themselves to propagate the species will do one thing; the rest are free to choose their form.

Ultimately, we may rid ourselves of false notions of perversion. *Sexually, the only perversion is to fuck without reverence and responsibility; metasexually, it is to fuck without compassion.*

As of this writing, our child has not yet been conceived. But if it is, I hope that it will be born into a world where the problem of sex—that original stumbling block of Adam and Eve—is perfectly differentiated from metasex. To accomplish this, more will be required than scientific reseach, although the work of such people as Reich, Kinsey, and Masters and Johnson is of immense value. And something more than political activism will also be required, even though the liberation groups have already performed an indispensable service. Above all, it is necessary that we understand, that we *grasp*, the nature of the division between sex and metasex, that we change the language we use to talk and think about the eroticum, that we realize the implications of this new paradigm for every facet of our behavior—from marriage to promiscuity, from puritanism to debauchery, from chauvinism to real affection.

Thus we can have both sex, which is austere and grand, and metasex, which is as various and beautiful as a rainbow. And we may begin to turn our faces toward honesty, survival, and human dignity.

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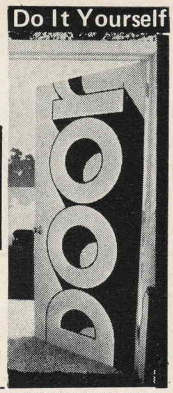

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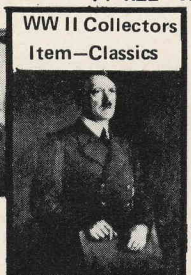

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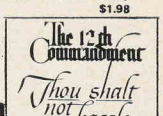

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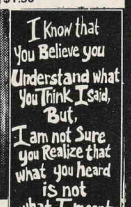
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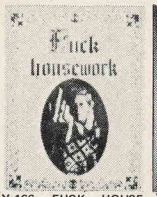

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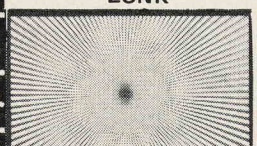

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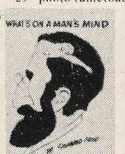

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by Whitfield Cook

She was wading in the shallow waves that moistened the packed sand. Perhaps twenty-three. Work pants rolled up to her knees. Good ankles and sturdy feet. And her face just a strong profile against the glare of the sea. Her hair was in an untidy knot atop her head. From farther along the beach, directly in front of the hotel, a female voice, high and thin in tone, seemed to be calling a monologue to her. I couldn't hear the words. Just a rising and falling whine in the clear air. "Yes, mother," the wader said. With no inflection, absolutely none. As she passed between me and the water, I saw she had a lobster claw in one hand. She was looking thoughtfully at it. Before her slow progress, sandpipers ran foolishly, nibbling. The girl complemented the pale loveliness of the seashore.

The high soprano monologue went on, like insects buzzing. The girl diminished to a dot far down the beach, then returned. The wind shifted and I could catch some words from an umbrella-sheltered pudgy woman. "Lunch with Ada's grandmother. . . . And

Salutian

that retired insurance man. . . ."

The girl was now near enough for me to hear her say "Jesus!" A very sharp Jesus. Then she laughed without smiling. Now I could see that her face was strong and square, suggesting tan marble. She wore a little choker of shells above the broad expanse of boyish chest revealed by her low-necked blouse.

I could no longer read my book. I had to watch this girl. Down the beach the other way, to a dot again, absorbed by the sun and sea-light. My eyes followed her all the way to her turning. When she came back she was running. Then she dropped to her knees in the shallow water. Her hair tumbled down, and she turned her face up to keep it from her eyes.

"For heaven's sake, Janet, get up! You'll get arthritis!"

The girl rose and turned her head toward her mother. Then she walked with an odd rigidity toward the high voice. "But I already *have* arthritis, dear. And I've lost my teeth, and my hair is going gray, and someone took out my ovaries *years* ago. . . ."

"Janet! That's not funny."

The girl stood by the older woman and looked all around, turning her body completely, as though she would suddenly run again. Wildly. But where to? Toward the hotel? Into the ocean?

She saw me. She seemed to pause and stare at me. She looked away, then back again. I hoped my casual smile was a form of greeting.

She continued on unenthusiastically to where her mother sat on a folding chair, a blanket across her knees. The girl crouched in a primitive way and sifted sand through her fingers. Her mother sprayed insect repellent, though there were no insects. "For goodness' sake, Janet," she said, "sit decently. Only a child would crouch like that. Sit like a lady, please, dear."

The girl sat down, stretching her legs out straight, and crossed her hands over her breast as in death. She didn't move.

"I knew I shouldn't have eaten that spiced meat last night," her mother said. "It didn't agree with me. I hate spiced meat of *any* kind. Too spicy."

The girl threw her head back with dignified defiance.

I decided to wander down the beach. I would pass fairly close to them. The girl was still in her graven-image position, her eyes closed. Her mother put a hand to her forehead and peered at me, then past me. She was older than I had thought, old enough to be the girl's grandmother, with a pallid face and sad, crumpled mouth.

"It's a lovely day," I said.

"Oh, well," the mother said, "a bit chilly, I would say."

I had the feeling it was beneath her dignity to agree with anyone.

"I couldn't help overhearing you in the dining room," I said.

Immediately she looked defensive. The girl didn't open her eyes.

"I heard you mention you were from Providence."

The mother pursed her lips.

"I have a sister in Westerly," I said.

The mother breathed nervously. "We don't know *anyone* in Westerly."

"My name is Doug Frazer."

The mother looked at me thoughtfully and decided I would pass. "We're the Carters," she said. She looked at her daughter. "Janet dear, this is Mr. Frazer."

The girl opened her eyes and looked very directly at me. "I know him," she said flatly.

I raised my eyebrows.

"I mean I've looked at him. He's looked at me. We *know*."

Her mother hastily covered this up and seemed to start in the middle of a sentence. ". . . though I do think a hotel is at its best out of season like this, don't you? You're less apt to have to cope with a lot of strange people. I mean, you can act just the way you do at home."

"You certainly can," the girl said.

I gave a little wave and went down the beach. I avoided them on the way back. The girl had her knees up and her face buried against them. A droning monologue encased her.

The wind had become a little stronger. The dry sand blew just enough to be annoying. I moved my belongings away from the water up into a little hollow behind the first sand dune. Before I settled down, I noticed the girl putting up a canvas windbreak for her mother.

I had hardly read a page when Janet appeared over the dune. She stood with legs spread, looking down at me. Her fine pale hair blew in dancing swirls that sometimes obscured her face.

"She's gone to sleep," she said. "She does that sometimes, thank God. Just sitting upright. And she snores. I've never told her. It's a trump card I'm holding. One has to have *some* secret weapons."

She smiled with a sharp little tilt of her mouth.

"Do you live with your mother?" I asked.

"Of course." Her tone was resigned. "It was part of the agreement. The contract."

I had the feeling that I needn't put my question into words, that she'd go on. Janet jumped down the dune and stretched out on the slanting sand close to me. "She sprung me. Agreeing to love and cherish me and keep her Cyclops eye on me. A natural arrangement. The mother spews you forth. The mother eats you up. Wouldn't you think it might be in the other order?"

I'm an only child. Who could ever get into my mother twice! My mother was thirty-nine and scared green. And my father died. Pure escapism. Aunt Carrie moved in to help her sister. Uncle Frank put the storm windows up in October and goosed me. Aunt Carrie had varicose veins and I saw her whip a dog to death once . . .

She turned her head to look at me. There was an expression of pained exasperation on her face. "Forget it. What do you do?"

"I'm a math teacher. I hope that doesn't depress you."

"Do you have any children?" she said.

"Not even married. Why?"

"Oh, I knew the son of a math teacher once. . . ." Her voice trailed off. She put a hand beneath her head.

I studied her, leaning on my elbow. "You look very comfortable."

"You mean inviting?" she asked tersely.

"Well, yes . . . inviting. I say it as a compliment."

A pause. "How old are you?" she asked.

"Twenty-six."

She looked at me with eyes that seldom blinked. "If someone were matching us, that would be a good age for me, wouldn't it? A good, normal age. An age my mother would approve of." She made two descending notes into an uncertain laugh. "I'm twenty-two."

I couldn't think of what to say. The heat of the sand in the windless hollow was very pleasant.

"Old, old, old," she said, frowning and squinting up at the sky.

Did she mean herself or me?

"Yes, I live with my mother," she said, as though we had never dropped the subject. "My mother and my Aunt Carrie and my Uncle Frank. Quite a trio. The house is big and has a dark mahogany banister, a Japanese beech, two stained-glass windows, and a moldy smell. I'm an only child. Who could ever get into my mother twice! My mother was thirty-nine and scared green. She's admitted it. And my father died. Pure escapism. He must have been nice. Maybe. I never knew him. And Aunt Carrie moved

in to help her baby sister. The trio brought me up. All living in that big house. And putting the screens up in May and the storm windows up in October. Uncle Frank did that. Never taking off his stockbroker collar. And he would wind the nine marble clocks. And his spotted hands fingered inside my blouse. And goosed me. Often. Never smiling. You can see the sunlight through his ears, like shells. Aunt Carrie has varicose veins and high blood pressure. And she plays old Geraldine Farrar records. She still teaches a Sunday school class. And once I saw her whip a dog to death. Not quite. . . . All pretty delectable, right?"

"If your father could escape, *you* could—"

"Oh, I did. Not completely. College for a short while, but I was only a day student. But listen, I couldn't lose the smell of age. It's an acid, evil smell, you know. . . . Then just when I was learning how to be young. . . ."

She stopped abruptly. She leaned toward me and ruffled the hairs on my arm with a slow finger. "All right, I invite you," she said lazily.

I rolled nearer and kissed her. She didn't close her eyes but stared past my head. I wouldn't say she exactly responded. A pause. Nothing. A static reaction. There was a silence except for the wind in the beach grass. She looked into my eyes without seeing.

A thin, black-haired boy, about thirteen, jumped up the dune suddenly. Seeing us, he stopped abruptly. "Oh, sorry," he said with confusion. He leapt down out of sight.

Janet stood up and watched him go. I stood up. The boy, in faded blue trunks, moved away, sailing a Frisbee in the air and running to catch it. He was graceful in spite of a certain attractive ungainliness. He had a rugged, handsome face. His vitality was a joy to see.

Without a word, Janet ran down onto the beach after him and intercepted the Frisbee, catching it skillfully and laughing. The boy looked at her with pleased surprise. She sailed it to him; he caught it with a smile of pleasure. He sailed it back to her and she ran to catch it. Playing this way together, they moved farther and farther down the beach and eventually out of sight.

I felt uneasy as I went back to my book.

It must have been about a half-hour later, and the figures down the beach had not reappeared, that I became aware of the anxious, whining voice quite near, calling "Hoo-hoo! Oh, Mr. What's-your-name."

I got up and walked to where Janet's mother stood. She was pressing her hands frantically together. She was breathing rapidly in extreme nervousness. "Have you seen my daughter? Oh, please, have you seen her?"

"She went down the beach with a young boy," I said.

Mrs. Carter clutched my arm in a tight grip and almost fell. "Oh, please—*please* go and look for her. Would you? Oh, please." She was breathing so rapidly she could hardly get the words out. "I worry so about her. You see, she isn't really well, and I do worry. Would you be so kind? You see, she was in a sanatorium for a while. Nothing serious. Just overwork at college. But I *am* alarmed."

I said I'd go immediately and look for Janet, and I urged Mrs. Carter to go back to her chair and rest. I started toward the far end of the beach. When I had gone almost to the spot where it curved out of sight, I saw them coming back. They were still two distant figures, but I could see that their arms were around each other. They seemed not to see me or didn't care if they did. They stopped to kiss and were intertwined for a long time. I waited for them to reach me. There was a glow on each face.

"Your mother is very upset," I said to Janet.

"I bet," said Janet, and she smiled.

"She said I should come after you."

The boy looked flushed and happy. He smiled gently all the time, but his eyes darted nervously to me.

Janet looked at him tenderly. She took his hand reassuringly. "Don't be uneasy. This guy is a friend. He understands."

But did I? The two of them looked into each other's eyes. Their smiles seemed to join. Did I want to know what had happened down the beach, or didn't I?

He was a boy from the nearby town, and now he had to go home to lunch, he said. He turned to Janet with a sly look of adoration such as I had never seen. "Maybe—maybe we can see each other this afternoon," he said, "before my paper route."

"I might go on your paper route with you," Janet said. They both laughed.

"On my handlebars," the boy said.

"Oh yes, please," Janet said. "Please!"

They laughed again and touched hands.

The boy turned and started off along the beach. First he sprang into the air. Then he ran a bit. Then ambled.

Janet watched him till he disappeared after a final wave of both arms. Her face was radiant. She threw her head back and put a hand on each small breast. She turned toward the light-flecked water. The tide was coming in.

"You know," she said slowly, "one day the tide is going to come in and keep on coming. In, in, in until it covers everything and drowns the aged and infirm. Drowns all decay. But the children will swim strongly and grow fins and gills and rule the world."

The grass seemed to moan in a sharper wind.

"Why did my mother say you should come after me?" Janet asked.

"She said. . . ." I hesitated.

"You can say it. She probably told you I'd been committed."

"She said you'd not been very well—in a sanatorium—"

"Did she tell you *why* they put me away? Of course, she didn't. It was that son of my math professor. That golden little boy with white, white skin. And loving life. And so ripe and sweet and young, young, young! He was thirteen."

I looked along the beach toward Janet's mother. She was standing by her chair waving in impotent entreaty, but we couldn't hear a word.

"Oh, he wouldn't have turned state's evidence. He loved me. We were friends. Only we were caught *in flagrante delicto*—or *flagrantito delictito*—always the diminutive."

She laughed and laughed, doubling over and shaking her hair happily.

Suddenly she sprang up, tossed back her hair, kissed me swiftly on the cheek, and ran off toward her mother. She was humming something.

The next morning I settled near the dunes early, but Janet didn't appear until noon. She was dressed in a pantsuit and looked ready for travel. She was with her mother and two other elderly people on the rocky path that led to the hotel. She came down the steps toward me. The three figures watched possessively.

I rose as she came closer.

She spoke with a sort of automation. "They said I could come and speak to you. Because you'd been so kind. I was to thank you. I do. Thank you."

"You're not leaving?"

"Oh, yes. As you can imagine, I've done something naughty again. Mother is absolutely beside herself. She made Aunt Carrie and Uncle Frank come up to help with the military convoy. Too bad you can't meet them. It would make your day."

I followed her eyes toward the two unfamiliar figures on the path. A squat rotund woman with a cane. A man wearing a Panama hat and a black raincoat against the sun. He watched us through binoculars.

"Don't delay, Janet," her mother called. "It's getting late."

Janet ignored that and turned back to me. "I can ask you a favor, can't I? When that boy appears—that handsome boy—tell him I can't play today. Tell him I love him very much. And tell him never to grow old. Never any older. Never."

I felt compassion for her. I wanted to be a rebel with her. To defend her right to play as she wished. "Janet—don't go. Don't let them force you. I'll talk to your mother. I'll persuade her. . . ."

Did I show too much pity? Her sudden cold look stopped me. A curtain of impatience seemed to have dropped over her face.

"There are plenty of other little boys," she said. "The woods are full of them."

She glanced at the ocean, then turned and walked toward the path and the three anxious figures. O+

ZERO GOVERNMENT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

nomics, I asked him for a short-term economic forecast.

"The big danger," he said, "is runaway inflation. The danger point comes when prices start going up faster than the money supply. We may be reaching that point."

"Can't the government stop inflation?" I asked.

"It could, but not without causing a recession, and both parties refuse to accept a recession as a solution. So they keep on inflating, hoping that the inflation won't get out of hand. This sort of thing can go on for a long time. But if the public decides that its money is not going to be worth very much next year, it may bring on runaway inflation by trying to buy up everything in sight instead of maintaining savings that constantly decrease in value."

The next libertarian I saw was Harry Browne, whose new book, *How I Found Freedom in an Unfree World* (Macmillan, 1973), suggests how an individual might live in a world of omnipresent government and still achieve a high degree of personal freedom and happiness. Browne argues that one does not have to wait for a free society before one can live freely.

Basically, Browne's book describes a process that everyone who has been at odds with his family and society has had to go through in order to maintain his own identity and integrity. It describes how one can overcome all of the pressures that prevent him from living the life he wants to lead, from being the kind of person he wants to be.

How did Browne fit into the libertarian movement? Though in his book he acknowledges an intellectual debt to both Ayn Rand and Murray Rothbard, Browne takes a uniquely personal and subjective approach to freedom. If freedom is what a man really wants, he can have it provided he is willing to pay the price society extracts for it. That price includes paying income tax, performing military service, and in general obeying myriad irritating and inconvenient rules. To be free, to live one's own desired life, requires that one get out of the "traps" that enslave him psychologically so as to be able to try the many personal available alternatives. A trap, according to Browne, is a philosophical truism commonly accepted and acted upon, though rarely challenged—"You must accept the will of the majority," "Loyalty to your country is supreme," "The good of society is more important than your own happiness" are examples.

"It's very easy to get caught in a trap," Browne writes. "The truisms are repeated so often they can be taken for granted. And that can lead to acting upon the suggestions implied in them—resulting in wasted time, fighting inappropriate battles, and attempting to do the impossible. Traps can lead you to accept restrictions upon your life that have nothing to do with you. You can unwittingly pay taxes you don't have to pay, abide by standards that are unsuited to you, put up with problems that aren't really yours."

Perhaps the one trap that will cause the greatest controversy is the morality trap. Browne contends that moral values are subjective, and that any attempt to live by an absolute or universal moral code created for other people will not bring freedom or happiness for those others. Since each human being is different, Browne contends that it is impossible to achieve freedom or happiness unless each man and woman develops a personal morality around his or her own personality. He defines a personal morality as *an attempt to consider all the relevant consequences of your actions*. He writes: "A personal morality is simply the making of rules for yourself that will guide your conduct toward what you want and away from what you don't want. . . . A realistic morality has to consider many personal factors: your emotional nature, abilities, strengths, weaknesses, and, most important, your goals."

> Do not confuse provoking society with living your life the way you want to live it—without society or government seeing a thing. Lower your taxes by using loopholes, instead of agitating publicly for tax reforms, which attracts the attention of the IRS. Lead a nonconformist sex life in private.

All of the current liberation movements are basically movements against moral codes that attempt to dictate how people should live. Browne contends, however, that one need not wait for society to change before one can begin living according to his own moral code. Just don't make a fuss over what you are doing. Do your own thing because you really want to do it, not because you want to shock society. Do not confuse provoking society with living your life the way you want to live it. The latter can be done without society or the government noticing a thing. For example, you can lower your taxes by using all existing loopholes instead of agitating publicly for tax reforms, which would attract the attention of IRS auditors. You can lead a nonconformist sex life in private, without joining women's lib or gay lib and thus provoking the anger of your community or the police.

I talked to Browne in his hilltop home in West Vancouver. The house, a modern three-level arrangement, has a sweeping view of Vancouver and the Pacific inlet that separates it from West Vancouver. He had recently bought the $120,000 house with the money he made on his best-selling first book, *How You Can Profit from the Coming Devaluation*.

At forty, Browne is an inveterate romantic. He will sit for hours in his huge living room listening to Wagner, Puccini, or Delius on a magnificent stereo system, with a fire in the fireplace, a glass of wine, and a breathtaking view of Vancouver. There is a charming young woman sharing it with him.

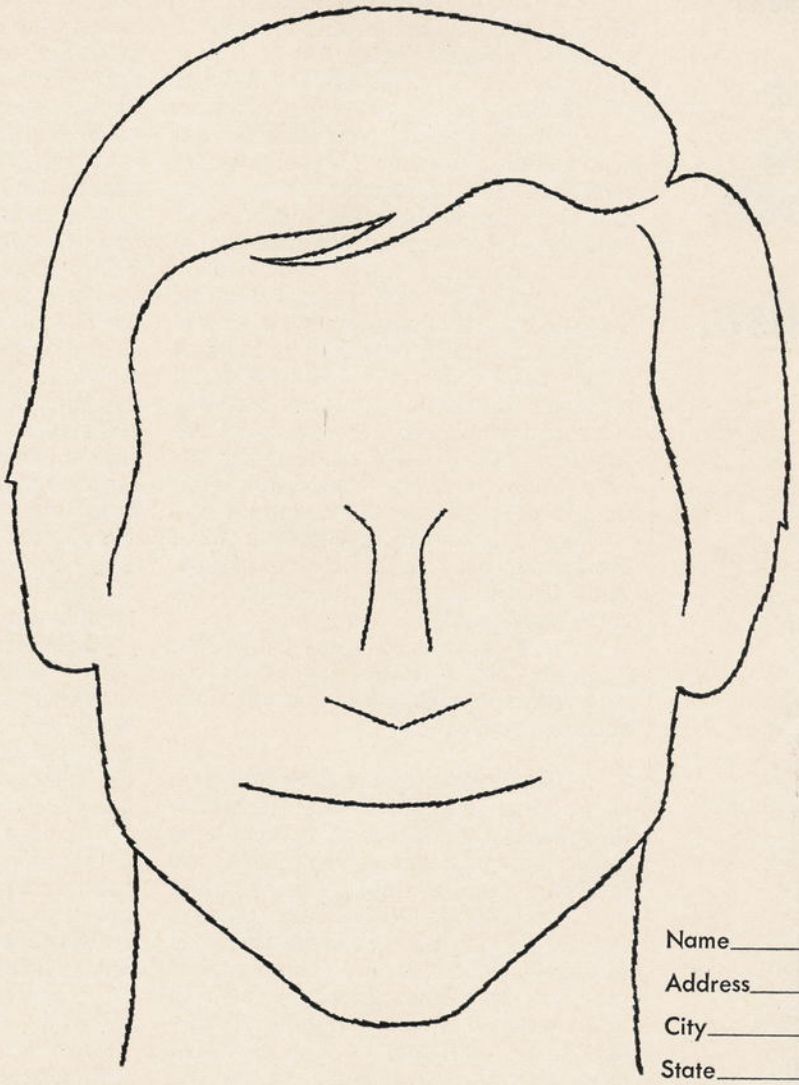
"My philosophy," he said, "is one of individualism in the full sense of the word, in that I recognize and respect the individuality of every person. I recognize the basic subjective nature of perception and that no two people are alike. I take the other person seriously. I recognize his sovereignty over himself, just as I recognize my own sovereignty. I don't expect any other individual to conform to my moral code. It took me a long time to develop my own personal moral code based on my own unique individuality. A moral code has to be personal to be of any value as a guide to your own actions. It is, in a way, the most personal reflection of who you are."

Some of his critics consider Browne simplistic and unintellectual, but this doesn't bother him. He believes the purpose of his life is to ensure his own happiness. If his happiness can make someone else happy, all well and good. But he does not expect anyone to sacrifice their happiness for him. "Instead of depending on the rest of the world to make things better, you depend on yourself."

"Doesn't this make for a lonely existence?" I asked.

"Not at all," Browne replied. "You can find people who will accept you as you are. But you have to reveal yourself to them. If you hide behind a false front, the people you really want to attract won't be able to recognize you. But in order to reveal your true self you have to know yourself. You have to be honest in evaluating your qualities, abilities, weaknesses, and strengths.

"Some people find it hard to accept themselves as they are and create a



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false front. But the false front only attracts people who will expect something that is not there. They will be disappointed when they find out that behind the front is an entirely different person."

I asked him in what way he differed from Rothbard on the matter of anarchy.

"It's all in the way you interpret the word anarchy," he said. "I'm not an anarchist like Rothbard because I'm not trying to change the social system. In order to have the kind of society Rothbard wants, you have to have a society governed by certain principles and moral standards. Only a government can create that kind of general conformity. Actually, I'm more of an anarchist than most of them because I recognize the present anarchy all around me and am trying to live my life in that context. I have no interest in changing society. I don't have that many years left. I want to make the most of the time I have."

There is a kind of restlessness about Browne. He believes that the next twenty years will see far greater upheavals than in the recent past.

"I make plans involving a year or two. I don't believe in tying myself down to a long-range commitment in a world that's changing so drastically."

I left Vancouver and flew to Sacramento, where I had arranged to meet Robert LeFevre, one of the legendary people in the zero-government movement and the founder of Rampart College. He met me at the airport with his red Cadillac. He was in his sixties, with well-groomed white hair and an infectious smile. I brought him greetings from Harry Browne, whom he knew well. All of the important libertarians know one another, but each has developed his own variation of the philosophy of individual freedom. There is no orthodoxy or party line among them.

Like so many libertarians, LeFevre had started out as a Taft Republican, with a strong bias against government interference in a free economy and a belief that Republicans ran the government better than Democrats. But gradually he saw that the difference between the two parties was academic—they both advocated programs that were contrary to the principles of economic freedom. In 1954, LeFevre was hired by R.C. Hoiles, owner of the Freedom Newspapers chain, to write editorials advocating free enterprise for the Colorado Springs *Gazette Telegraph* and other Freedom newspapers. The only requirement laid down was that LeFevre be consistent in his arguments. It was this rule that led LeFevre to his zero government position. He simply could not justify the intervention by government into any area of life. Limited government was no more justifiable than unlimited government. Both were based on the immoral principles of coercion and control of people.

By 1956 LeFevre had formulated his philosophy of "autarchism"—the philosophy of self-control rather than government control of self. In 1957 he created an institution known as the Freedom School to promulgate his philosophy of zero government. It was housed in several elaborate log cabins, and it attracted students from all over the country. Freedom School operated entirely on the free-enterprise principles it preached. In 1962 it became Rampart College, with an expanded faculty and more buildings; but it later became apparent that the institution had expanded too fast and bitten off more than it could chew. In 1969 the campus was sold and the school was relocated in the First Western Bank Building in Santa Ana, California, situated in the mainstream of the libertarian movement. By that time, however, LeFevre was no longer affiliated with Rampart College; he had resigned as director a few months before in order to conduct his courses on a free-lance basis. Over the years he had built up a corporate clientele that engaged him to give his free-enterprise course to executives. In this way, his philosophy reached many in the corporate community.

I asked him what the difference was between Rothbard and himself.

"We agree about 98 percent of the time. We differ on the use of the term anarchy. Rothbard calls himself an anarcho-capitalist and he calls me an anarcho-individualist. I call myself an 'autarchist.' "

This was a term LeFevre had coined after seeking a word to describe his concept: autarchy, meaning self-rule, as opposed to anarchy, meaning no rule at all. LeFevre sees self-rule in absolute terms. A human being is sovereign over himself and his property, and any attempt to deprive a person of that sovereignty is, in LeFevre's view, immoral. He carries this view of sovereignty over into his very controversial concept of justice, and writes, in his pamphlet *Justice,* "Justice would consist of an exercise of sovereign control over a person and his property, by that person himself." It would also include a willingness on the part of each person to impose self-discipline so that no one would seek to interfere with the control that another person naturally exercises over his own person and property.

How would society treat violations of such sovereignty? Here LeFevre proposes an approach at least as radical as Rothbard's, perhaps even more so:

"A radical and profound change in thinking is required. For ten thousand years or more, we have striven to retaliate against those who practice injustice or who we have been led to believe practice injustice. We have done it privately. We have done it through theology. And today, government is the god of retribution, and we employ it on a giant scale.

"The amount of time and energy expended in seeking to retaliate is incalculable. All wars contain this element. Most of our court actions contain it. Our prisons and other penal institutions are full of it. None of these procedures is economically

sound. None of them is moral. None of them has been successful. Retribution, vengeance, punishment, and retaliation are the greatest burden human beings have ever devised for themselves.

"Therefore, I am going to suggest that we stop *thinking* retribution and begin *thinking* protection."

"I recognize," he wrote, "that under pressures of emotion any man is susceptible to the call of the jungle. But let us avoid the intellectual dishonesty of presuming that we are moral when we are merely scared. What the victim of the first act of injustice should do, morally, is to respect the rights of the man who has not showed that respect to him. You do not treat the immoral man with immorality. You treat him to morality, and retain your own position of rightness. You limit the offense to the party who is guilty. You do not seek to take guilt on yourself."

There are a great many libertarians who have trouble accepting this concept. Yet it is perfectly consistent with the libertarian view of justice.

LeFevre also differs with Rothbard on the value of political activity. In that respect he is closer to Browne's view.

"The best way to fight government is to withdraw your support of it. You can do this by making as little use of government as possible. You can reduce your use of it to the barest necessities, such as riding on government roads, using the post office. The less people use government, the more likely it will be reduced. If more parents started private schools, public education would start getting smaller not bigger."

"What about political movements like the Libertarian party?" I asked.

"I like John Hospers," he smiled. "When he announced his candidacy I sent him a get-well card. He's not a libertarian, but a limited-government conservative."

What about Birchers and *National Review* conservatives? Were they coming into the libertarian movement?

"Birchers and Buckleyites are essentially counterparts of SDS [Students for a Democratic Society]. When a Bircher becomes a libertarian he stops being a Bircher. The libertarian movement has pulled people out of both the SDS and the JBS [John Birch Society]. If the process continues, you'll have a new split: the libertarians on one side and the authoritarians on the other. Conservatives who are uptight on nonconformist lifestyles will make common cause with liberals who are uptight on economic freedom."

I asked LeFevre what his feelings were concerning America's economic future. Harry Browne had told me that he believed a depression was inevitable. "A crash is the washing out of all the sins of inflation," Browne had said. LeFevre tended to concur.

"The government is engaged in sabotaging the economy of the United States through continued inflation and economic controls," he said.

"Would the country survive a depression?" I asked.

"People will survive," he said. "When a government collapses and goes down the tube, poverty takes over. But the recovery begins."

I went on to Los Angeles to talk to Seymour Leon, the current director of Rampart College. The college's offices have the air of a successful enterprise. Sy Leon, a man of about fifty, is of medium height and wears a short beard. He joined the staff in 1966 while Rampart College was still in Colorado. His introduction to libertarian philosophy had come through Ayn Rand's novel *Atlas Shrugged,* where he found an affirmation of his own values. He became an objectivist and a representative of the Nathaniel Branden Institute in Chicago and Milwaukee. In 1964 he and his wife, Riqui, took LeFevre's two-week course at Rampart College and became sold on LeFevre's zero government philosophy. They returned to Chicago and found themselves at odds with their objectivist friends, especially those engaged in political activism. The couple were eventually excommunicated from objectivist circles.

"We were excommunicated because we started to think," Leon said. "There is a certain mentality that seeks a godlike figure. Many followers of Ayn Rand are like that. But the breakup of Nathaniel Branden and Rand has been beneficial in that it has broken up the dogma."

I asked him how people accepted the idea of zero government today as compared to five years ago.

"There's been a definite change in people's attitudes. They will accept ideas that five years ago were taboo or considered too radical. Now we start with the question, is government necessary? and they are willing to listen. We hear of libertarian conferences being held all over the country. We now attract as many as eight hundred people at a weekend conference."

He explained that Rampart College no longer conducted classes as it had when located in Colorado. The institution now offers home-study courses, courses on cassettes as well as live seminars. Leon saw no fundamental change in the institution's point of view after LeFevre's departure. He did say that the college intended to expand further into psychology and child-rearing. For example, the newest home-study course was called "Raising Children for Fun and Profit."

"We have gotten into psychology," explained Leon, "because we found that people were experiencing a profound emotional reaction to LeFevre's course. People would burst into tears, become physically ill. Yet we were talking about ideas. I analyzed why this was happening. It was the critical analysis of basic values and the rearrangement of their values that caused these emotional reactions. It became apparent that people needed a

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high level of self-awareness and self-esteem before they could really come to accept a voluntary basis for social organization rather than a coercive one."

Sy Leon, of course, saw no use in participating in the political process. He believed with LeFevre that the best way to get rid of government was to withdraw from it. In fact, he had formed a League of Non-Voters in February 1972 to urge people not to vote in the presidential election. He did it as a means of gaining attention for his position, and he was surprised how many radio and television talk shows invited him to air his views. He received about twenty-five thousand letters from all over the country supporting his position.

This indicates that there is indeed considerable potential support for the libertarian antipolitical philosophy in America. Many people are simply fed up with politics and their government's inability to solve the simplest problems, even with the most money any government has ever had at its disposal.

Leon ended the interview by telling me about a political candidate who had taken LeFevre's course some years before. After he completed the course, this man went back to his supporters, withdrew his candidacy even though his victory was assured, and thereafter concentrated on improving the quality of his own life.

To explore the spread of libertarian thought among the young, I went to see Lowell Ponte, a twenty-seven-year-old libertarian columnist and television commentator. He was living with his parents in Redlands, some sixty miles east of Los Angeles.

Ponte is a tall, rather heavy man. He is highly intelligent, tense, articulate, and a chain smoker. He has a great deal of technical expertise, especially in matters of atomic weaponry. "There are cratefuls of technical experts in the libertarian movement," he says. But for all his expertise in science and technology, he considers himself an "anarcho-mystic."

"Becoming an anarchist," he explained, "is a leap of faith. You enter a state comparable to a trip on LSD. It's hard to imagine a world without government when you've lived with so much of it all of your life."

His grasp of technology has given him insights into centralization's dangers.

"Government is using technology to strengthen its grip on everything. But technological centralization is also the government's Achilles' heel. Centralization through technology has made our society highly vulnerable. Most of the people of Los Angeles could be deprived of water by a few simple acts of sabotage. The system is extremely vulnerable. From a practical point of view, coercive government is a danger to society. In a society run by coercion, the coin of the realm is power. Power-hungry people rise to the top in government. Coercion is their way of life. One person can become capable of forcing millions to do what he wants."

"But isn't an elective government a safeguard against such tyranny?" I asked.

"Bill Buckley says he'd rather be governed by the first five hundred names in the New York telephone directory than by an elected Congress, and I would agree. Politics attracts people obsessed by the applause of the crowd, and by their own fascination with power. In other words, elective politics attracts the sickest and most perverted people in our society, and these are the ones we must choose among."

I asked him how he proposed that the system be changed.

"The task for radicals is to see that government is not the enemy. Government is just a small elite who rob us through taxes for their own benefit, and the buildings in which that elite dwell. Our goal must be to end the 'governmentality,' the craving for a dependence upon government in people's heads. Government is the symptom, whereas governmentality is the disease. Government leaders have a vested interest in that governmentality, that addiction to social reflexes based on a leader-follower view of the world."

"But won't there always be followers looking for leaders, even if we don't have government?" I asked.

"Yes. And for that reason I suspect that a governmentless society would probably be a corporate society—that is, people who need the security of a big brother would attach themselves to the corporation that provides them with the kind of work they liked. Japan represents a splendid model of the corporate function. Companies dispense the same functions as government. Workers salute company flags, sing company anthems. A corporate society would provide government services without coercive power behind it."

Rothbard had also talked somewhat along these lines, acknowledging that conflicts could arise between corporations, but believing that such conflicts would be limited to the people specifically involved, rather than involve an entire nation.

Toward the end of the conversation I asked Ponte what he saw for the future of the libertarian movement. He was somewhat vague.

"The Left has no answer for anything. The answers will probably come from the Right. Youth is quiescent for the moment. The draft and the war are over. Perhaps the next big issue will be taxes."

My last stop was Wichita, Kansas, the geographic center of America. I had come here to see Robert Love, president of a company that makes corrugated boxes and author of *How to Start Your Own School,* published this year by Macmillan.

"The earthlings may be awesome, but their weapons are erratic and totally harmless!"

Lowell Ponte had referred to Love as one of the educationists in the libertarian movement. In 1960 Love, concerned with the education of his three children, had been instrumental in creating and building the Wichita Collegiate School, a private alternative to the public schools. The school, run strictly on full-cost tuition, free-market principles, has since grown into a healthy, thriving institution.

I had last seen Love about seven years ago. He had been one of the founders of the John Birch Society, and I had met him when I was a writer for some of the society's publications. In 1968, however, a year after I had left the society, Love and a small group of friends bought a full page in the local Wichita paper and advocated immediate withdrawal from Vietnam. For this action, the Birchers called Bob Love a communist, but the truth was that he had been converted to LeFevre's zero-government philosophy and couldn't see spending one more American life or one more dollar to create another oppressive government elsewhere in the world. Love, too, had started out as a Taft Republican and had evolved into a free-market capitalist. In the Fifties he worked hard to get the Kansas constitution amended so that no one in the state could either be denied the right to join a union or forced to join one. But the victory meant nothing—the amendment was never implemented. He'd learned the futility of political action.

Meanwhile, he had decided to create a private school; and this is where he saw that private action could produce tangible, durable results. Money could always be lost by inflation or confiscated by a totalitarian state, but an education endured. "All the material gain in the world," Love said, "is useless without the ability to think and to reason. A man can give his children values, ideals, and an education that can never be lost, stolen, or destroyed."

Love, a family man and businessman who has remained with his property in the middle of Kansas, sees things from a different perspective than do Browne and LeFevre. Browne, restless and single, prefers the mobility of gold and Swiss francs. Love sees his wealth in his home, his manufacturing facility, his school. This illustrates how two men can espouse the same basic libertarian principles but apply them differently to the conditions of their lives.

Love applies his principle of not relying on government for anything to his own business. He lobbies for nothing. He prefers to spend his energies adapting his business to the changing marketplace and the caprices of legislators rather than in trying to control either artificially.

Because he has seen so much energy wasted in political activity, Love is now concerned with how to expend the energy he has left. "I got so tired of defending the National Association of Manufacturers, the John Birch Society, and the Republican party that I asked myself why couldn't I defend freedom without my motives being questioned."

So he dropped out of them all. Now he is infinitely more satisfied. He lectures to different groups in town, belongs to a local libertarian discussion club, has written a book about his school experience, and is helping to improve the school.

Both Bob Love and I had gone into the John Birch Society for the same reasons, defended Robert Welch for the same reasons, and finally left that movement for the same reasons. We discovered by painful experience that organizations can betray individuals far more deeply than individuals can betray organizations. In the end, we realized that any man or group who demanded loyalty only wanted it in order to betray you later.

I had talked with men who believe that a free, orderly, prosperous, and creative society is possible without coercive government. These men have faith in the ability of their fellow human beings to control their own lives and destinies. These men are creating a revolution that is not out to overthrow anybody. It is not only nonpolitical in nature, but basically anti-political. Its most effective tactic is to withdraw from all voluntary political involvement, to demonstrate through one's own way of life that it is possible to live without government.

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BATMAN & ROBIN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

demand, the guy up top who's holding all this junk, he might as well go out and fertilize his lawn with it. If nobody wants it, he's stuck with it. He can eat it for breakfast. Everybody's got to carry their own weight. We are two guys on a very low level, but we're getting toward the middle. That's why we had the assassination attempts. We were hurting somebody where it hurt the most.

Greenberg: Here's an incident that emphasizes the nonsense. Bob and I got involved in an investigation pertaining to narcotics in the precinct we work in. Following it through took us out of the division. Right there we broke three regulations. In the interim, after making three narcotic-sales arrests and recovering a gun from a man who was also a seller, I was injured. I was cut open and it took forty stitches to put me back together. Upon returning to the area, to the precinct with the prisoners, there was a duty officer who had to fill out the report. If this report had gone through, I'd have been arrested. Nothing was said about the regulations and the rules I had broken to get these results. Luckily, our commanding officer was notified and it seems that every time Bob and I were involved in anything, our commanding officer was notified at his request, whether he was home or on vacation. He responded. In fact, he had already been promoted and he came down from his new command. If you read the other report, you'd have to lock me up. What would have happened if the commanding officer who believed in us hadn't shown up? There wouldn't have been any "supercops." I would have been cut for no reason.

Penthouse: That would have ended less motivated guys.

Greenberg: Any one of these investigations that we withstood would have stopped less motivated cops.

Penthouse: More personal matters. Batman, you grew up with blacks. How come you were president of an all-black street gang?

Greenberg: That was the beginning of this whole thing. That's where I first began to believe that the system was fucked up. When you grow up in the streets, you tend to grow up a lot quicker. You feel you're able to go out and prove yourself at an earlier age. Society says "No way. I don't care how much experience or sense you have, you have to be a certain age." That created a void between the time you're ready to get out there and support yourself and prove your maturity and the time society says you can. And that's when my closest friends, the people I idolized, turned to drugs. It was in that time span. The most important thing in my life was the fact that the people I idolized, due mainly to their athletic ability, began to lay down and die from overdoses. If they weren't dying, they were being sent to the penitentiary. I had a choice of either sitting back and saying, "Wow, man, am I lucky I didn't get hooked up," or using the experience I had to stop it.

Penthouse: You weren't entirely motivated by altruism?

Greenberg: When I was a teenager, I had no inspiration to become a cop. Completely the opposite. I was contemplating being one of the big-time criminals—a Willie Sutton. But as you grow older, you realize that no matter how good a criminal you are, there's always somebody on the other side of the fence that's better.

Penthouse: Batman, how about the two young junkies you took into your house to rehabilitate? What's happened to them?

Greenberg: They're both married and have good jobs.

Penthouse: Can junkies be rehabilitated?

Greenberg: I have my own theory. People turn to drugs at a young age. You never heard of a guy getting hooked on heroin when he's thirty-five. Thirty-five-year-old junkies probably started when they were sixteen. That comes about easily because a sixteen-year-old has nothing to lose. He's not giving anything up by becoming an addict. I feel if you can get them off the drugs forcibly, let them go through withdrawal and then keep them off drugs while they're building a foundation, you've won. When these two guys left, they had ten thousand dollars in the bank, their own cars and women. That's what saved them. I don't believe in methadone maintenance, heroin maintenance, or legalization of heroin.

Penthouse: But if you give an addict all he wants, the related crime disappears.

Greenberg: You'll have to give him enough to overdose because you never can satisfy an addict's need to get high. You'll create a generation of zombies if you legalize it. I don't want that on my conscience, not while there's an alternative, which is cleaning up the seller, choking off the supply.

Hantz: Methadone is like taking an alcoholic who's hooked on Scotch and giving him rye. Where does it end? After methadone there has to be something else.

Penthouse: What are you going to do with all the money from the book and the movie?

Greenberg: You have to understand that we're creating a lot of controversy. In all probability, the politicians and bureaucrats are going to retaliate, and it seems that these funds might come in handy while we're fighting the battle. It's not going to change our lifestyles at all. I just sold my house and I'm moving into an apartment because I'm cutting down on expenses, thinking that I'm going into World War III.

Penthouse: Batman, have you split up with your wife?

Greenberg: I haven't been with my wife for a long time. The reason for that was because people came out to my house to kill me. It jeopardized the lives of my wife and daughter. People in the neighborhood isolated us. It made things pretty difficult.

Hantz: The next-door neighbor put up a sign, "The cop lives next door, this way," with a big arrow.

Greenberg: I took an apartment in Brooklyn, which, for my wife's benefit, I will keep secret.

Penthouse: How about you, Robin?

Hantz: Just say I live in Manhattan.

Penthouse: You were in the service?

Hantz: A year and half in Vietnam.

Penthouse: Crack shot, too? Came in handy with that Hayes brothers incident?

Hantz: Handy. The amazing part about it was

Why is Wilbur Smiling?

See Pages 27,154-155

that I never had to shoot anyone in the service. I think this is one of the reasons I was so pissed off. They made paid assassins out of us; there was no cover and we were alone. That's enough to piss off the Pope.

Greenberg: There's a personal part of the entire battle. When Bob and I got together, we knew we were going to be controversial. We decided at that point that under no condition would we subject ourselves to being arrested for something done criminally. That meant not taking coffee or a pack of cigarettes for nothing. Secondly, we realized that we didn't have the authority to violate anyone's constitutional rights. We also decided that although we were both pretty physical, we were not going to use that to our advantage. The result of killing two people, even though it was a matter of life and death, put us through some pretty heavy, traumatic changes. The feeling that we became assassins due to the incompetence of the D.A.'s office gave us nightmares. You're always a little slower in responding afterward, which jeopardizes your life even more.

Hantz: It's not just guilt, even though taking another man's life can make you guilty. Though we were justified we were still emotionally unstable for a brief time.

Greenberg: What made it worse was that anytime a cop kills anyone the case is presented to the grand jury. The police officer is either exonerated or indicted. In this case, because it involved the D.A.'s office and the facts would have revealed their incompetence, this case was never brought before the grand jury. Therefore, it just served to underline that two people died needlessly. And who has to take the weight for it? *We* pulled the trigger.

Hantz: That also brings us to the partnership. In our five years we have never taken a third party into our partnership. We know our capabilities. That's the unique part: listening to your mind speak and hearing another man's voice. I'll give you an example. I was in my house yesterday at about five o'clock in the afternoon and Dave had something I needed. I was speaking to someone else and I said, "Wait a minute, let me tell Dave something." Without the telephone, I stepped away and took a minute. Later that night, about eight, I asked Dave, "Did you bring it?" He said, "No, I forgot." The person I was with that afternoon said, "What time did you receive that message?" Dave said, "Five o'clock." The person I was with dropped his coat.

Greenberg: That time in Coney Island with the Hayes brothers, when they had me and were going to kill me, I was going to provoke it, push it to where they would kill me right there rather than dragging it on. What stopped me was in my mind I saw Bob running. I couldn't see him with my eyes. I knew he was coming before I saw him.

When they came out to my house to kill me, the first thing that went through my mind was that if they were here for me they must be looking for Bob. I tried to call him but I couldn't reach him. All of a sudden, I put the phone down and it rings. He's on the phone and he says, "What happened? Are you all right?"

Hantz: For five years we had a closed partnership. We didn't have too much respect for the ability to talk to another man's mind from a distance, but after you survive three hits, save each other's lives three or four times, you kind of get a great respect for it. We wouldn't be here otherwise.

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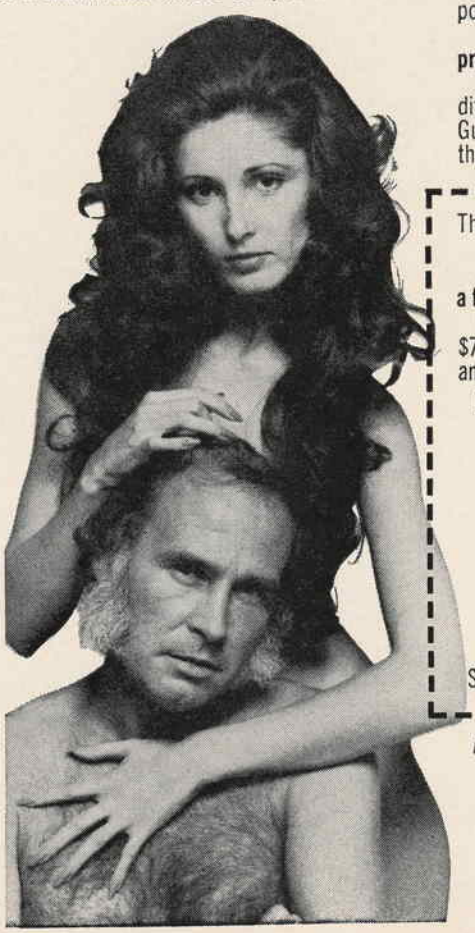

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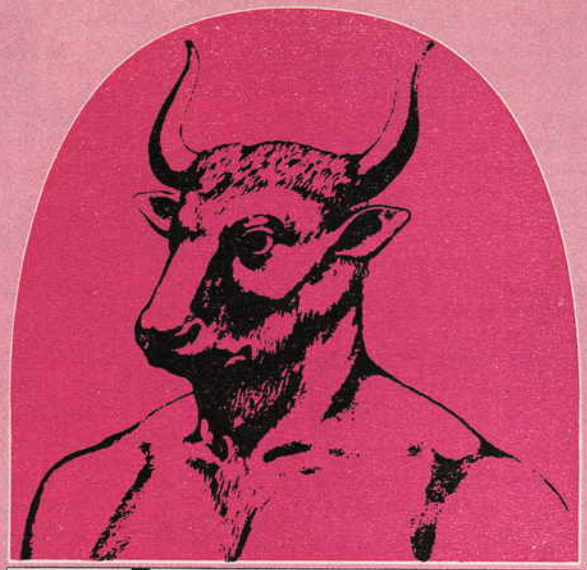

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CRASH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

had been fossilized for ever in this web of chromium knives and frosted glass.

A week after the funeral of the woman cashier, as we drove at night along the western perimeter of the airport, Vaughan swerved on to the verge and struck a large mongrel dog. The impact of its body, like a padded hammer, and the shower of glass as the animal was carried over the roof, convinced me that we were about to die in a crash. Vaughan never stopped. I watched him accelerate away, his scarred face held close to the punctured windshield, angrily brushing the beads of frosted glass from his cheeks. Already his acts of violence had become so random that I was no more than a captive spectator. Yet the next morning on the roof of the airport car-park where we abandoned the car, Vaughan calmly pointed out to me the deep dents in the bonnet and roof. He stared at an airliner filled with tourists lifting into the western sky, his sallow face puckering like a wistful child's. The long triangular grooves on the car had been formed within the death of an unknown creature, its vanished identity abstracted in terms of the geometry of his vehicle. How much more mysterious would be our own deaths, and those of the famous and powerful?

Even this first death seemed timid compared with the others in which Vaughan took part, and with those imaginary deaths that filled his mind. Trying to exhaust himself, Vaughan devised a terrifying almanac of imaginary automobile disasters and insane wounds—the lungs of elderly men punctured by door handles, the chests of young women impaled by steering-columns, the cheeks of handsome youths pierced by the chromium latches of quarter-lights. For him these wounds were the keys to a new sexuality born from a perverse technology. The images of these wounds hung in the gallery of his mind like exhibits in the museum of a slaughterhouse.

Thinking of Vaughan now, drowning in his own blood under the police arc-lights, I remember the countless imaginary disasters he described as we cruised together along the airport expressways. He dreamed of ambassadorial limousines crashing into jack-knifing butane tankers, of taxis filled with celebrating children colliding head-on below the bright display windows of deserted supermarkets. He dreamed of alienated brothers and sisters, by chance meeting each other on collision courses on the access roads of petrochemical plants, their unconscious incest made explicit in this colliding metal, in the haemorrhages of their brain tissue flowering beneath the aluminized compression chambers and reaction vessels. Vaughan devised the massive rear-end collisions of sworn enemies, hate-deaths celebrated in the engine fuel burning in wayside ditches, paintwork boiling through the dull afternoon sunlight of provincial towns. He visualized the specialized crashes of escaping criminals, of off-duty hotel receptionists trapped between their steering wheels and the laps of their lovers whom they were masturbating. He thought of the crashes of honeymoon couples, seated together after their impacts with the rear suspension units of runaway sugar-tankers. He thought of the crashes of automobile stylists, the most abstract of all possible deaths, wounded in their cars with promiscuous laboratory technicians.

Vaughan elaborated endless variations on these collisions, thinking first of a repetition of head-on collisions: a child-molester and an overworked doctor re-enacting their deaths first in head-on collision and then in roll-over; the retired prostitute crashing into a concrete motorway parapet, her overweight body propelled through the fractured windshield, menopausal loins torn on the chromium bonnet mascot. Her blood would cross the over-white concrete of the evening embankment, haunting for ever the mind of a police mechanic who carried the pieces of her body in a yellow plastic shroud. Alternatively, Vaughan saw her hit by a reversing truck in a motorway fuelling area, crushed against the nearside door of her car as she bent down to loosen her right shoe, the contours of her body buried within the bloody mould of the door panel. He saw her hurtling through the rails of the flyover and dying as Vaughan himself would later die, plunging through the roof of an airline coach, its cargo of complacent destinations multiplied by the death of this myopic middle-aged woman. He saw her hit by a speeding taxi as she stepped out of her car to relieve herself in a wayside latrine, her body whirled a hundred feet away in a spray of urine and blood.

I think now of the other crashes we visualized, absurd deaths of the wounded, maimed and distraught. I think of the crashes of psychopaths, implausible accidents carried out with venom and self-disgust, vicious multiple collisions contrived in stolen cars on evening freeways among tired office workers. I think of the absurd crashes of neurasthenic housewives returning from their VD clinics, hitting parked cars in suburban high streets. I think of the crashes of excited schizophrenics colliding head-on into stalled laundry vans in one-way streets; of manic-depressives crushed while making pointless U-turns on motorway access roads; of luckless paranoids driving at full speed into the brick walls at the ends of known culs-de-sac; of sadistic charge nurses decapitated in inverted crashes on complex interchanges; of lesbian supermarket manageresses burning to death in the collapsed frames of their midget cars before the stoical eyes of middle-aged firemen; of autistic children crushed in rear-end col-

lisions, their eyes less wounded in death; of buses filled with mental defectives drowning together stoically in roadside industrial canals.

Long before Vaughan died I had begun to think of my own death. With whom would I die, and in what role—psychopath, neurasthenic, absconding criminal? Vaughan dreamed endlessly of the deaths of the famous, inventing imaginary crashes for them. Around the deaths of James Dean and Albert Camus, Jayne Mansfield and John Kennedy he had woven elaborate fantasies. His imagination was a target gallery of screen actresses, politicians, business tycoons and television executives. Vaughan followed them everywhere with his camera, zoom lens watching from the observation platform of the Oceanic Terminal at the airport, from hotel mezzanine balconies and studio car-parks. For each of them Vaughan devised an optimum auto-death. Onassis and his wife would die in a recreation of the Dealey Plaza assassination. He saw Reagan in a complex rear-end collision, dying a stylized death that expressed Vaughan's obsession with Reagan's genital organs, like his obsession with the exquisite transits of the screen actress's pubis across the vinyl seat covers of hired limousines.

After his last attempt to kill my wife Catherine, I knew that Vaughan had retired finally into his own skull. In this overlit realm ruled by violence and technology he was now driving for ever at a hundred miles an hour along an empty motorway, past deserted filling stations on the edges of wide fields, waiting for a single oncoming car. In his mind Vaughan saw the whole world dying in a simultaneous automobile disaster, millions of vehicles hurled together in a terminal congress of spurting loins and engine coolant.

> Vaughan unfolded for me
> all his obsessions
> with the mysterious
> eroticism of wounds: the
> perverse logic of
> blood-soaked instrument
> panels, seat-belts smeared
> with excrement, sun-vizors
> lined with brain-tissue,
> the grotesque overhang
> of an instrument panel
> forced on to
> a driver's crotch as if
> in some calibrated
> act of fellatio—the
> intimate time and space of
> a single human being
> fossilized forever in
> this web of chromium
> knives and frosted glass.

I remember my first minor collision in a deserted hotel car-park. Disturbed by a police patrol, we had forced ourselves through a hurried sex-act. Reversing out of the park, I struck an unmarked tree. Catherine vomited over my seat. This pool of vomit with its clots of blood like liquid rubies, as viscous and discreet as everything produced by Catherine, still contains for me the essence of the erotic delirium of the car-crash, more exciting than her own rectal and vaginal mucus, as refined as the excrement of a fairy queen, or the minuscule globes of liquid that formed beside the bubbles of her contact lenses. In this magic pool, lifting from her throat like a rare discharge of fluid from the mouth of a remote and mysterious shrine, I saw my own reflection, a mirror of blood, semen and vomit, distilled from a mouth whose contours only a few minutes before had drawn steadily against my penis.

Now that Vaughan has died, we will leave with the others who gathered around him, like a crowd drawn to an injured

CONTINUED ON PAGE 156

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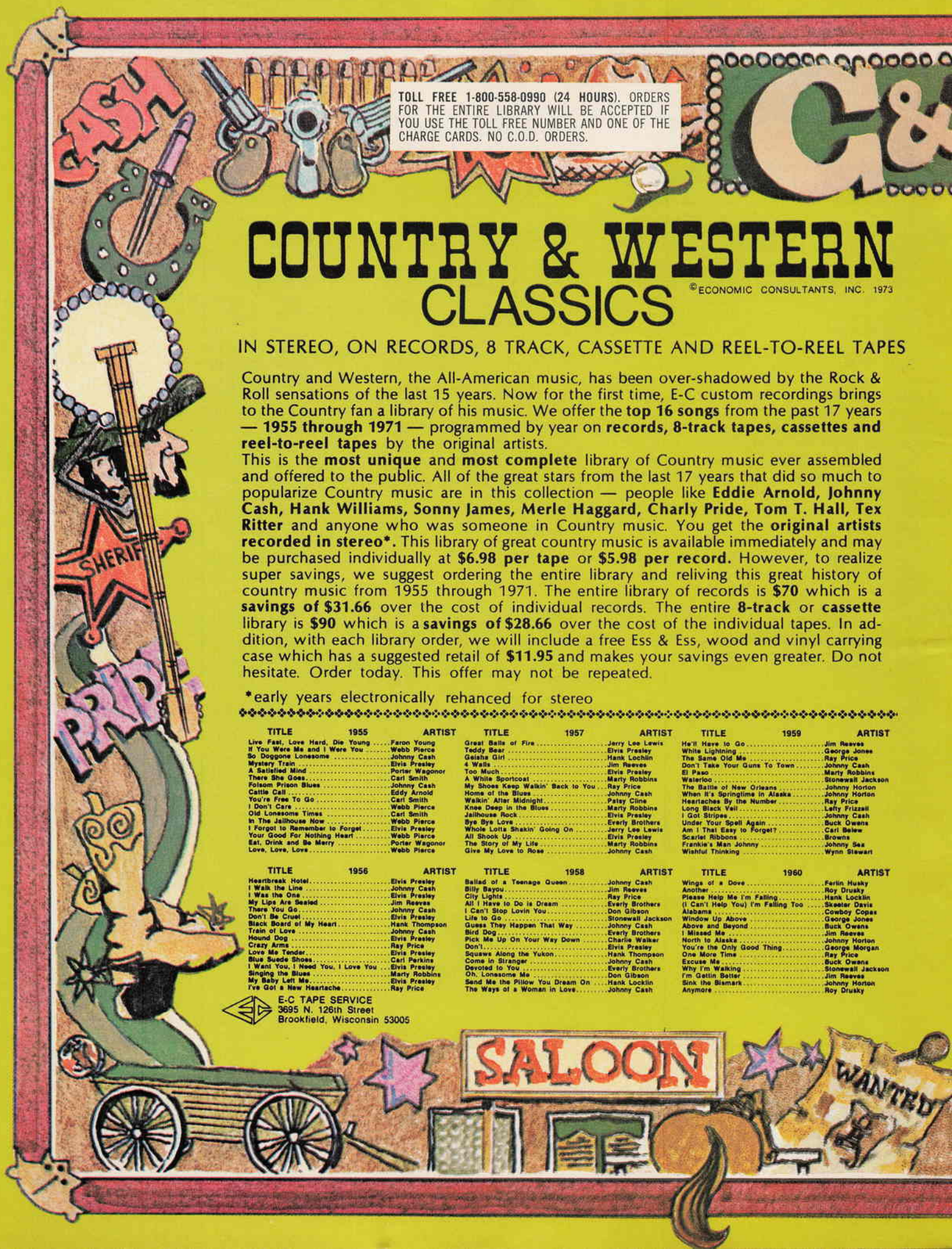

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*early years electronically rehanced for stereo

TITLE	1955	ARTIST
Live Fast, Love Hard, Die Young		Faron Young
If You Were Me and I Were You		Webb Pierce
So Doggone Lonesome		Johnny Cash
Mystery Train		Elvis Presley
A Satisfied Mind		Porter Wagonor
There She Goes		Carl Smith
Folsom Prison Blues		Johnny Cash
Cattle Call		Eddy Arnold
You're Free To Go		Carl Smith
I Don't Care		Webb Pierce
Old Lonesome Times		Carl Smith
In The Jailhouse Now		Webb Pierce
I Forgot to Remember to Forget		Elvis Presley
Your Good For Nothing Heart		Webb Pierce
Eat, Drink and Be Merry		Porter Wagonor
Love, Love, Love		Webb Pierce

TITLE	1956	ARTIST
Heartbreak Hotel		Elvis Presley
I Walk the Line		Johnny Cash
I Was the One		Elvis Presley
My Lips Are Sealed		Jim Reeves
There You Go		Johnny Cash
Don't Be Cruel		Elvis Presley
Black Board of My Heart		Hank Thompson
Train of Love		Johnny Cash
Hound Dog		Elvis Presley
Crazy Arms		Ray Price
Love Me Tender		Elvis Presley
Blue Suede Shoes		Carl Perkins
I Want You, I Need You, I Love You		Elvis Presley
Singing the Blues		Marty Robbins
My Baby Left Me		Elvis Presley
I've Got a New Heartache		Ray Price

TITLE	1957	ARTIST
Great Balls of Fire		Jerry Lee Lewis
Teddy Bear		Elvis Presley
Geisha Girl		Hank Locklin
4 Walls		Jim Reeves
Too Much		Elvis Presley
A White Sportcoat		Marty Robbins
My Shoes Keep Walkin' Back to You		Ray Price
Home of the Blues		Johnny Cash
Walkin' After Midnight		Patsy Cline
Knee Deep in the Blues		Marty Robbins
Jailhouse Rock		Elvis Presley
Bye Bye Love		Everly Brothers
Whole Lotta Shakin' Going On		Jerry Lee Lewis
All Shook Up		Elvis Presley
The Story of My Life		Marty Robbins
Give My Love to Rose		Johnny Cash

TITLE	1958	ARTIST
Ballad of a Teenage Queen		Johnny Cash
Billy Bayou		Jim Reeves
City Lights		Ray Price
All I Have to Do is Dream		Everly Brothers
I Can't Stop Lovin You		Don Gibson
Life to Go		Stonewall Jackson
Guess They Happen That Way		Johnny Cash
Bird Dog		Everly Brothers
Pick Me Up On Your Way Down		Charlie Walker
Don't		Elvis Presley
Squaws Along the Yukon		Hank Thompson
Come In Stranger		Johnny Cash
Devoted to You		Everly Brothers
Oh, Lonesome Me		Don Gibson
Send Me the Pillow You Dream On		Hank Locklin
The Ways of a Woman in Love		Johnny Cash

TITLE	1959	ARTIST
He'll Have to Go		Jim Reeves
White Lightning		George Jones
The Same Old Me		Ray Price
Don't Take Your Guns To Town		Johnny Cash
El Paso		Marty Robbins
Waterloo		Stonewall Jackson
The Battle of New Orleans		Johnny Horton
When It's Springtime in Alaska		Johnny Horton
Heartaches By the Number		Ray Price
Long Black Veil		Lefty Frizzell
I Got Stripes		Johnny Cash
Under Your Spell Again		Buck Owens
Am I That Easy to Forget?		Carl Belew
Scarlet Ribbons		Browns
Frankie's Man Johnny		Johnny Sea
Wishful Thinking		Wynn Stewart

TITLE	1960	ARTIST
Wings of a Dove		Ferlin Husky
Another		Roy Drusky
Please Help Me I'm Falling		Hank Locklin
(I Can't Help You) I'm Falling Too		Skeeter Davis
Alabama		Cowboy Copas
Window Up Above		George Jones
Above and Beyond		Buck Owens
I Missed Me		Jim Reeves
North to Alaska		Johnny Horton
You're the Only Good Thing		George Morgan
One More Time		Ray Price
Excuse Me		Buck Owens
Why I'm Walking		Stonewall Jackson
I'm Gettin Better		Jim Reeves
Sink the Bismark		Johnny Horton
Anymore		Roy Drusky

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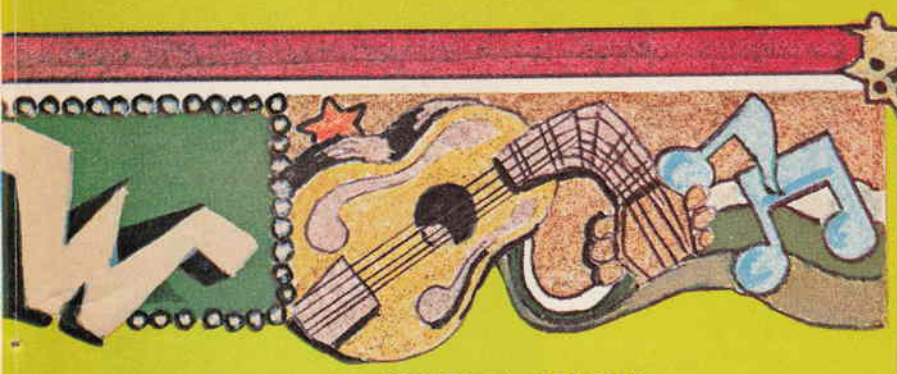

ORIGINAL ARTISTS

TITLE	1961	ARTIST
Foolin' Around		Buck Owens
I Dream of Hill Billy Heaven		Tex Ritter
Tender Years		George Jones
Hello Walls		Faron Young
I Fall to Pieces		Patsy Cline
I'd Rather Loan You Out		Roy Drusky
Walk on By		Leroy Van Dyke
Big Bad John		Jimmy Dean
Under the Influence of Love		Buck Owens
Signed, Sealed and Delivered		Cowboy Copas
Losing Your Love		Jim Reeves
Three Hearts in a Tangle		Roy Drusky
Oklahoma Hills		Hank Thompson
My Last Date (With You)		Skeeter Davis
Soft Rain		Ray Price
The Blizzard		Jim Reeves

TITLE	1962	ARTIST
Devil Woman		Marty Robbins
I've Been Everywhere		Hank Snow
She Thinks I Still Care		George Jones
Misery Loves Company		Porter Wagoner
Charlie's Shoes		Billy Walker
The End of the World		Skeeter Davis
Don't Let Me Cross Over		Carl Butler
P.T. 109		Jimmy Dean
The Ballad of Jed Clampet		Flatt and Scruggs
A Little Bitty Tear		Burl Ives
A Wound Time Can't Erase		Stonewall Jackson
A Girl I Used To Know		Geo. Jones
Waverton Mountain		Clyde King
A Little Heartache		Eddy Arnold
You're For Me		Buck Owens
Adios Amigo		Jim Reeves

TITLE	1963	ARTIST
Ring of Fire		Johnny Cash
Detroit City		Bobby Bare
Act Naturally		Buck Owens
B. J. The D. J.		Stonewall Jackson
Abilene		George Hamilton IV
Talk Back Trembling Lips		Ernest Ashworth
Six Days on the Road		Dave Dudly
Lonesome 7-7203		Hawkshaw Hawkins
The Matador		Johnny Cash
Sweet Dreams of You		Patsy Cline
500 Miles Away		Bobby Bare
Love's Gonna Live Here		Buck Owens
Mountain of Love		David Houston
Ninety Miles an Hour		Hank Snow
Guilty		Jim Reeves
Still		Bill Anderson

TITLE	1964	ARTIST
Understand Your Man		Johnny Cash
Dang Me		Roger Miller
My Heart Skips A Beat		Buck Owens
Saginaw Michigan		Lefty Frizzell
Don't Be Angry		Stonewall Jackson
The Race is On		Geo. Jones
It Ain't Me Babe		Johnny Cash
Chug-A-Lug		Roger Miller
Together Again		Buck Owens
Burning Memories		Ray Price
Cross The Bridge at Waco		Billy Walker
Miller's Cave		Bobby Bare
Sorrow on the Rocks		Porter Wagoner
Your Heart Turned Left		Geo. Jones
The Ballad of Ira Hays		Johnny Cash
Four Strong Winds		Bobby Bare

TITLE	1965	ARTIST
King of the Road		Roger Miller
This Is It		Jim Reeves
What's he doing in My World?		Eddy Arnold
Ribbon of Darkness		Marty Robbins
Orange Blossom Special		Johnny Cash
The First Thing Every Morning		Jimmy Dean
May the Bird of Paradise Fly		Little Jimmy Dickens
Yes, Mr. Peters		Roy Drusky & Pris Mitchell
The D. J. Cried		Ernest Ashworth
England Swings		Roger Miller
Make the World Go Away		Eddy Arnold
Is it Really Over?		Jim Reeves
10 Little Bottles		Johnny Bond
The Other Woman		Ray Price
Flowers on the Wall		Statler Bros.
Yakety Axe		Chet Atkins

TITLE	1966	ARTIST
Blue Side of Lonesome		Jim Reeves
Take Good Care of Her		Sonny James
I Want to Go With You		Eddy Arnold
I Get the Fever		Bill Anderson
The One on the Left is on the Right		Johnny Cash
Don't Come Home a Drinkin'		Loretta Lynn
The Bottle Let Me Down		Merle Haggard
Tippy Toeing		Harden Trio
The Tips of My Finger		Eddy Arnold
Loser's Cathedral		David Houston
Snow Flake		Jim Reeves
Room in Your Heart		Sonny James
Evil on Your Mind		Jan Howard
Somebody Like Me		Eddy Arnold
Swinging Doors		Merle Haggard
Distant Drums		Jim Reeves

TITLE	1967	ARTIST
It's the Little Things		Sonny James
Sam's Place		Buck Owens
Here Comes Heaven		Eddy Arnold
For Loving You		Bill Anderson
By the Time I Get to Phoenix		Glen Campbell
Walk Through This World With Me		George Jones
Your Tender Loving Care		Buck Owens
Jackson		Johnny Cash
Turn the World Around		Eddy Arnold
My Elusive Dreams		David Houston
Where Does the Good Times Go?		Buck Owens
Laura		Leon Ashley
I Don't Wanna Play House With You		Tammy Wynette
Sing Me Back Home		Merle Haggard
Tonight Carmen		Marty Robbins
Rosanna's Gone Wild		Johnny Cash

TITLE	1968	ARTIST
Daddy Sings Bass		Johnny Cash
I Wanna Live		Glen Campbell
Take Me to Your World		Tammy Wynette
Honey		Bobby Goldsboro
How Long Will My Baby Be Gone?		Buck Owens
Harper Valley P.T.A.		Jeannie C. Riley
Then You Tell Me Good-by		Eddy Arnold
I Walk Alone		Marty Robbins
D-I-V-O-R-C-E		Tammy Wynette
The Legend of Bonnie & Clyde		Merle Haggard
To Make Love Sweeter For You		Jerry Lee Lewis
Wichita Lineman		Glen Campbell
Stand By Your Man		Tammy Wynette
Mama Tried		Merle Haggard
Wild Weekend		Bill Anderson
What's Made Milwaukee Famous		Jerry Lee Lewis

TITLE	1969	ARTIST
Running Bear		Sonny James
Galveston		Glen Campbell
Johnny B. Good		Buck Owens
Okie From Muskogee		Merle Haggard
Singing my Song		Tammy Wynette
Baby, Baby (I know you're a lady)		David Houston
A Boy Named Sue		Johnny Cash
Only the Lonely		Sonny James
My Life		Bill Anderson
Is Anybody Going to San Antone?		Charley Pride
The Ways to Love a Man		Tammy Wynette
Who's Gonna Mow Your Grass		Buck Owens
A Week in a Country Jail		Tom T. Hall
That's a No No		Lynn Anderson
(I'm So) Afraid of Losing you Again		Charley Pride
Games People Play		Freddy Weller

TITLE	1970	ARTIST
Rose Garden		Lynn Anderson
Sunday Morning Coming Down		Johnny Cash
My Woman, My Woman		Marty Robbins
He Loves Me All the Way		Tammy Wynette
I Can't Believe that You've Stopped Loving Me		Charley Pride
15 Years Ago		Conway Twitty
Coal Miners Daughter		Loretta Lynn
There Must be More Love Than This		Jerry Lee Lewis
Flesh & Blood		Johnny Cash
For the Good Times		Roy Price
Run, Woman Run		Tammy Wynette
Long, Long Texas Road		Roy Drusky
The Pool Shark		Dave Dudley
If I were a Carpenter		J. Cash & J. Carter
All for the Love of Sunshine		Hank Williams Jr.
The Wonders You Perform		Tammy Wynette

TITLE	1971	ARTIST
Bright Lights		Sonny James
Carolyn		Merle Haggard
You're My Man		Lynn Anderson
Me & You & a Dog Named Boo		Stonewall Jackson
How Much More Can She Stand		Conway Twitty
Quits		Bill Anderson
Good Lovin		Tammy Wynette
It's Four in The Morning		Faron Young
Man in Black		Johnny Cash
Coat of Many Colors		Dolly Parton
The Year that Clayton Delany Died		Tom T. Hall
When You're Hot You're Hot		Jerry Reed
She's All I Got		Johnny Paycheck
One's on the Way		Loretta Lynn
Would You Take Another Chance with Me		Jerry Lee Lewis
Always Remember		Bill Anderson

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4 DIPLOMAT THE PLAYERS CHOICE

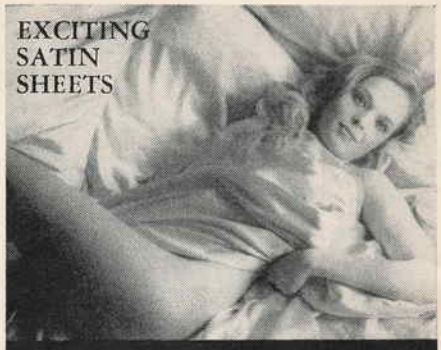
CRASH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 153

cripple whose deformed postures reveal the secret formulas of their minds and lives. All of us who knew Vaughan accept the perverse eroticism of the car-crash, as painful as the drawing of an exposed organ through the aperture of a surgical wound. I have watched copulating couples moving along darkened freeways at night, men and women on the verge of orgasm, the cars speeding in a series of inviting trajectories towards the flashing headlamps of the oncoming traffic stream. Young men alone behind the wheels of their first cars, near-wrecks picked up in scrap-yards, masturbate as they move on worn tires to aimless destinations. After a near collision at a traffic intersection semen jolts across a cracked speedometer dial. Later, the dried residues of that same semen are brushed by the lacquered hair of the first young woman who lies across his lap with her mouth over his penis, one hand on the wheel hurtling the car through the darkness towards a multi-level interchange, the swerving brakes drawing the semen from him as he grazes the tailgate of an articulated truck loaded with colour television sets, his left hand vibrating her clitoris towards orgasm as the headlamps of the truck flare warningly in his rear-view mirror. Later still, he watches as a friend takes a teenage girl in the rear seat. Heavy mechanic's hands expose her buttocks to the advertisement hoardings that hurl past them. The wet highways flash by in the glare of headlamps and the scream of brake-pads. The shaft of his penis glistens above the girl as he strikes at the frayed plastic roof of the car, marking the yellow fabric with his smegma.

The last ambulance had left. An hour earlier the film actress had been steered towards her limousine. In the evening light the white concrete of the collision corridor below the flyover resembled a secret airstrip from which mysterious machines would take off into a metallized sky. Vaughan's glass aeroplane flew somewhere above the heads of the bored spectators moving back to their cars, above the tired policemen gathering together the crushed suitcases and handbags of the airline tourists. I thought of Vaughan's body, colder now, its rectal temperature following the same downward gradients as those of the other victims of the crash. Across the night air these gradients fell like streamers from the office towers and apartment houses of the city, and from the warm mucosa of the film actress in her hotel suite.

I drove back towards the airport. The lights along Western Avenue illuminated the speeding cars, moving together towards their celebration of wounds.



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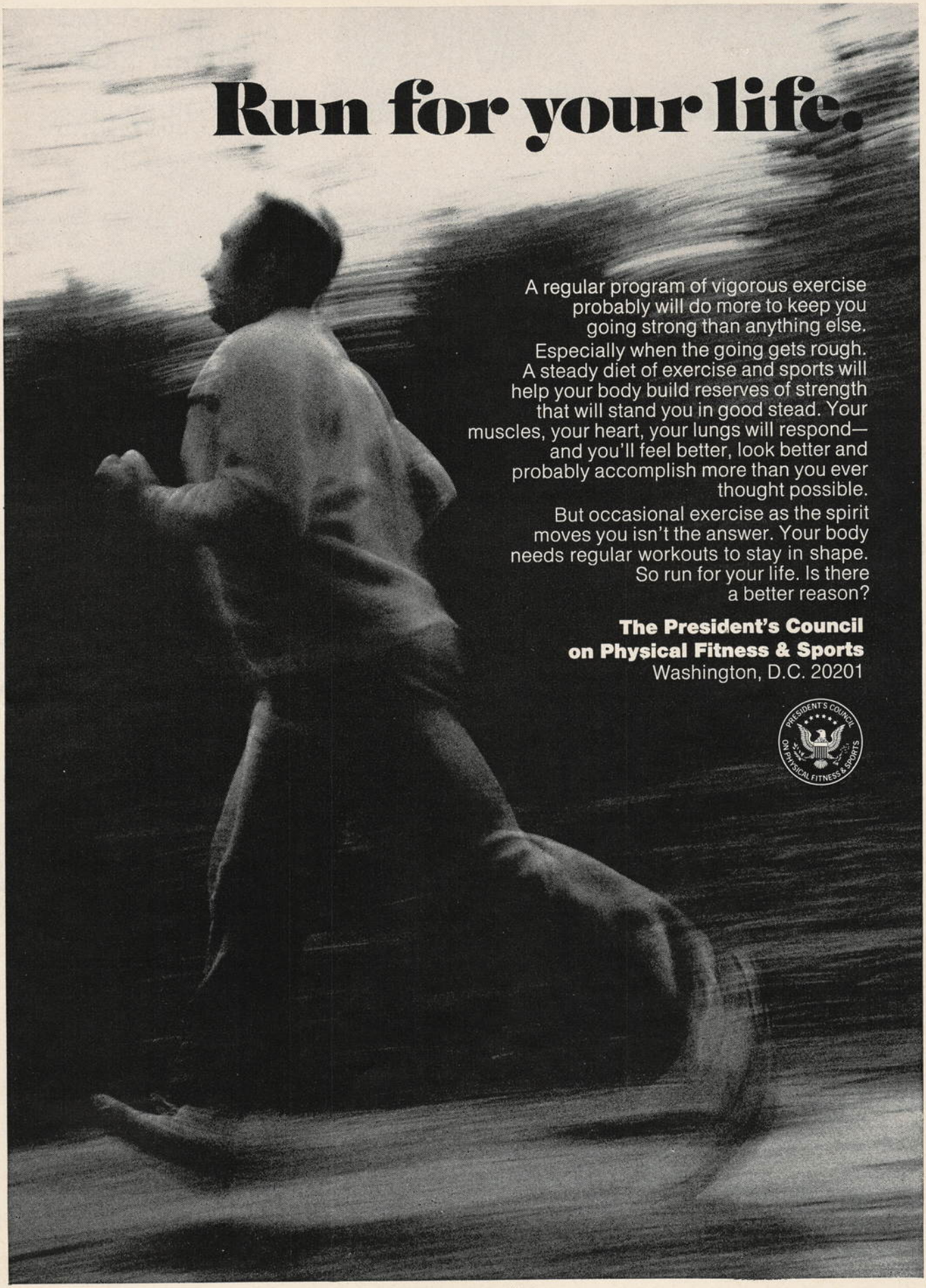
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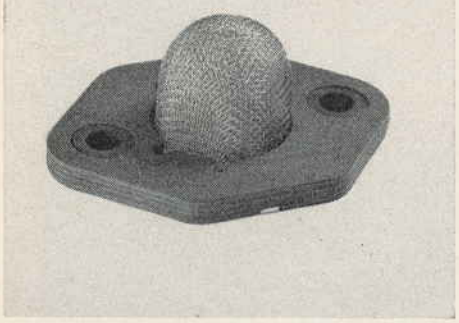

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XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106

thinks this is great, because the sight of two women making it really turns him on. We decided to invite another girl into bed with us and everything was beautiful until the time came for my husband to screw us. His erection just vanished, leaving all of us frustrated. We both turn on to this girl and have been to bed with her four times since, but it keeps on happening. Can you tell us why? My husband also thinks that there is something wrong with him because after making love he can't get another erection for several hours. I told him I was very happy with his performance; I said that I'd rather screw for thirty minutes and be satisfied than screw for five hours and be frustrated. He never worried about this until one night we were in bed with another couple and my husband noticed that the other guy could get another erection anytime he wanted to. What he didn't notice was that this guy didn't last nearly as long as he did. If you have any helpful ideas for us we'd be glad to hear them.—C.P.

The sight of two chicks making it together usually turns any man on in a minute, but when the two girls really get it together they sometimes forget that there is another person in bed with them. It is great for him to watch and get excited, but after a while, when the first excitement is over, he also needs to be stimulated—physically, that is. Make sure the next time you get involved in such a threesome not to neglect your husband's desires. Don't just make it with your girl friend and then ask him to screw you right off the bat. The possibilities that exist to satisfy your man are unlimited. The fact that he can only come once is quite normal. This sometimes depends on age. Some men when they get to be over thirty or over forty will notice that the number of orgasms decreases, but the pleasurable feeling remains the same whether for one or many orgasms.

ACTING OUT

I'm a normal heterosexual male with a good track record with the ladies. I've been happily married for many years. About five years ago, we went to a fancy dress party in drag, dressed as each other. While I was dressing and making up I became so aroused that I had to make love so that my skirt didn't bulge. I was the hit of the party, and after returning home my wife could hardly wait to get back into her frillies. We had a "lesbian" orgy for two days and have continued the practice every now and then. We've become curious about transvestism. Have you had any experiences in this line?—A.L.

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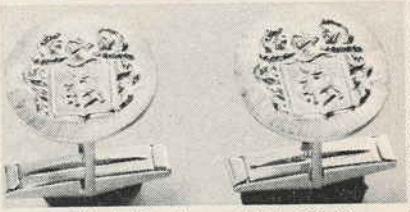

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Quite frequently I receive letters from transvestites who are absolutely heterosexual but simply love to dress up in women's clothing. I once had a boyfriend in Holland who was so damn pretty that one day I decided to dress him like a girl and put all kinds of makeup on his face. He simply looked divine. I must have been eighteen at that time, but got quite turned on to my new "girl friend" and like you and your wife we made love like two tender loving lesbians. If the two of you dig it, go right ahead, but make sure you don't shock others with this somewhat strange behavior. Anything that happens within the four walls of your bedroom is strictly for you and your partner to enjoy. Whatever turns the two of you on obviously is good.

HE AIMS FOR THE STARS, BUT . . .

Recently my wife and I were engaged in our usual bedtime activities when she decided to masturbate me. Since she hadn't done this for quite some time I was extremely excited. I thought to myself: "When I come, it will probably hit the ceiling." But to my surprise when I came the sperm just rolled out like molasses out of a bottle. Since then we have tried it several times with the same results. Is this normal, or should I see a doctor?—Byron

Nothing to worry about, as long as you produce the sperm you want. Very young men in their teens and twenties are sometimes able to spout up against the ceiling, and as the number of orgasms decreases with age, so does the force with which the sperm comes out of the penis. The act of coming is still the same, isn't it? If your sperm really drips out very slowly you perhaps should see a doctor, but if it is a nice thick liquid leaking out evenly there should be no problems.

LITTLE HELPER

I agree one hundred percent with the advice you gave recently in your column to *Embarrassed,* who was worried about his penis length. I'm twenty-four, married, and my penis when erect is a little shy of six inches long. This does not hamper my sexual performance at all. When I make love to my wife I'm not afraid to kiss and caress her body, especially her sexual organs. Nine times out of ten I go down on her and she has an orgasm, then she starts working on me. After that I take my penis and start rubbing the head up and down her vagina—this really gets to her and she usually has another orgasm. By now I'm ready to run it in her, and she usually comes at least twice more. I've found that how you treat a girl's body is more important than the length of your cock. I wrote this letter to try and help all those worried men out there—tell them to stop being screwed up and start screwing.—Passionate

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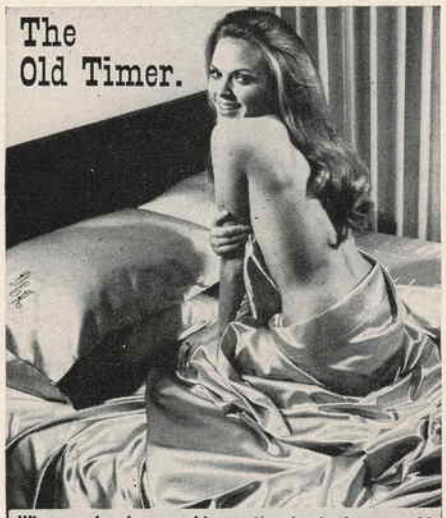

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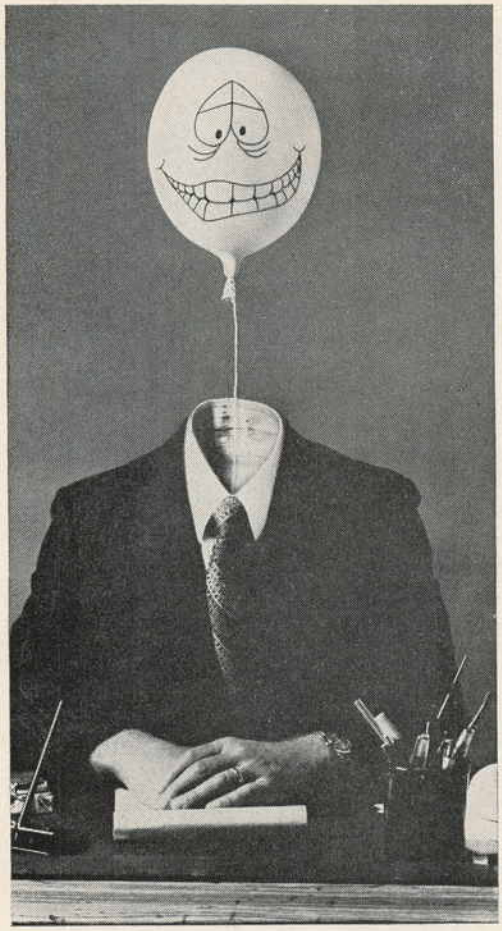

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For information Ask your Heart Association

SEXINDEX

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

New York hotel and spent several hours making love. When her husband finally fell asleep, she went out into Central Park and allowed herself to be picked up by a stranger. She went with him to a hotel and had intercourse. Later, she picked up several more men and slept with them, too, before returning to her bridegroom. From that time on, she regularly went to bed with men she picked up in the streets while her husband was out at work. Asked by the board whether her original sexual experience was so unsatisfactory that she needed to seek satisfaction elsewhere, she replied, "Oh no! I enjoyed it so much that I wanted to do it again immediately." She said she experienced orgasm in every sexual encounter but that her desire would return within an hour. This case seems to disprove the older, conventional theory that nymphomania is a manifestation of frigidity —an eternal quest for the ever elusive orgasm.

obscene telephone calls: Most women have received at least one anonymous phone call in their lives from a caller who utters a string of obscenities or a slavering description of how he is going to rape the listener (he never does). Unfortunately, most women gratify the caller by expressing outrage and indignation. It is much better simply to put the phone down or to hand the phone over to a male friend to answer, which usually frightens the caller off for good. Really persistent obscene calls can be dealt with by the phone company and the police, but it is extremely rare for a caller to persist if the recipient always hangs up promptly. The mentality of the obscene caller is similar to that of the practitioner of indecent exposure, except that he chooses to shock verbally rather than visually. He usually masturbates all the time he is making the call, which is why hanging up immediately is the most discouraging response.

odor: Sexual attraction among animals is almost exclusively based on the sense of smell. Experiments with monkeys, for instance, show that the male will ignore suitable mates if his nostrils have been blocked with cotton wool. Humans seem to have lost their receptivity to smell. There is some evidence that human odor is *intended* to be sexually alluring even if we ignore it. The characteristic body smell only develops at puberty and it is mainly concentrated in the genital-anal area and the armpits. The output of odor increases markedly during sexual excitement and some people find that this has an aphrodisiac effect. Nevertheless, the general trend is toward repressing all odors, both by the use of deodorants and by shaving the odor-retaining hair.

oestrus: In animals, the time when the female is "in heat," that is, when she most attracts the male and is able to conceive. At other times the sexes are not especially attracted to each other and in a few species such as the mole, the female's vagina actually closes up between mating seasons. For a long time menstruation—which occurs in apes, monkeys, and a few shrews as well as in humans —was thought to be a type of oestrus, but the essential difference is that menstruation occurs *between* ovulations and at precisely the time when the female is not likely to conceive.

olisbos: Ancient Greek form of dildo, probably made of leather, also called *baubon* or "self-satisfier." It was a speciality of the port of Miletus in Asia Minor and was exported from there all over the civilized world.

Onan (c.1700 B.C.): Biblical character whose story is recorded in Genesis. When Onan's elder brother, Er, was killed, his father Judah ordered him to marry Er's widow Tamar and "raise up seed to thy brother." But "Onan knew that the seed should not be his; and it came to pass, when he went in unto his brother's wife, that he spilled it on the ground, lest that he should give seed to his brother. And the thing which he did displeased the Lord." The whole story refers to a custom still practiced by some primitive tribes called the levirate, whereby if a married man dies without sons his next brother marries the widow and produces sons on behalf of the dead man in order to preserve his patrimony. Though "onanism" has become synonymous with masturbation, it is evident from the context that Onan's real "crime" was to practice *coitus interruptus* and so evade his duty under the levirate.

Oneida community: Utopian group founded in New York State in 1846 by Father J.H. Noyes from, he claimed, "the most respectable families in Vermont." It was one of several "Perfectionist" sects of the time which believed in the leadership of women, chastity, and "spiritual wifehood," based on the biblical reference that St. Paul had traveled on his missionary journeys with a "wife who was a sister to him." Most Perfectionists interpreted "spiritual wifehood" as a form of bundling (*q.v.*)—fully clothed heavy petting—but the Oneidans preferred Complex Marriage, i.e. partner-swapping. In order to keep it spiritual (and prevent pregnancy), the men were enjoined to practice "carezza" (*q.v.*), making love without ejaculating. In his pamphlet *Male Continence* (New York, 1872), Noyes claimed that the community suffered no nervous troubles as a result of this habit, but by the end of the century it had disbanded.

orgasm: Sexual climax in men and women. The male climax includes ejaculation (*q.v.*). It can be provoked by sexual intercourse, masturbation, fantasy, or any other erotic stimulus—some women claim to have an orgasm when they sneeze, many have them when horseback riding, and one *Penthouse* reader reports having an orgasm when she wins at the roulette table. Dr. Hip (*q.v.*) printed a letter from a twenty-six-year-old woman who said, "The only way I have ever reached a climax is to get in a swimming pool or the sea or a bathtub with the water under 60 degrees F. and kick fast. Then I can reach a climax once, get out, wait five to ten minutes, reach it again better, and if the water is *real* cold, reach it up to four times." According to Masters and Johnson, whatever the stim-

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ulus, the physiological signs of a woman's orgasm are the same: nipple erection, vaginal lubrication, and increases in pulse rate, blood pressure, and rate of breathing. In addition, there is a "sex flush" covering the entire body. Orgasm lasts from several seconds to ten to fifteen seconds and is marked by three to twelve contractions of the vaginal muscles (in a condition called "status orgasmus" the first contraction lasts several seconds and the following spasms may continue for over a minute). Many women also experience multiple orgasms, sometimes following each other with hardly perceptible pause. Masters and Johnson observed one woman who had over fifty orgasms in a single laboratory session, and the record is supposed to be one hundred in an hour. Yet despite this colossal potential, many women do not experience orgasm at all in sexual intercourse—Dr. Martin Cole puts the figure as high as 75 percent—though they may do so in masturbation. This must be due to psychological factors and/or their partners' ineptitude. A surprising number of women are "not sure" whether they have orgasms, and this is probably because their orgasms are of the low-key variety, a series of ripples rather than the classic "waves breaking on the seashore." Alternatively, they may psychologically deny what they physiologically experience. A man can help a woman to achieve orgasm by prolonging foreplay so that she is already "on the brink" when he enters her. This is particularly true of the quite large number of women who do not find penis-vagina contact especially stimulating. The couple can make love in a position where the man can continue caressing the breasts and clitoris during intercourse. Women can help themselves to achieve orgasm by practicing masturbation—often the responsiveness acquired in this way will carry over into intercourse. The biological function of female orgasm seems to be pure pleasure. A question that has vexed mankind for centuries is whether orgasm is more pleasurable for the male or the female. The Greek gods referred the question to Tiresias, a seer who had spent seven years as a woman. We referred it to Della Aleksander, a transsexual who in 1970 became a woman after twenty-odd years of active manhood. She assured us that sex is more pleasurable for the woman.

orgy: A wild sex party characterized by uninhibited heterosexual and homosexual intercourse with several partners. The great orgies of antiquity were also marked by conspicuous extravagance—Caligula once presented his current favorite boy with a cup of wine and vinegar into which he tossed a priceless pearl. The pearl dissolved and the catamite drank it up. The food was equally fantastic, including delicacies like peacock brains, flamingo tongues, and the entrails of lampreys. Roman orgy-goers learnt to vomit at will so that they could move on to the next course, and each had a slave to hold his penis for him while he urinated. Nero held his orgies in the huge arena of the Circus Maximus and invited all the prostitutes in town. At one party he laughingly castrated his boyfriend Sporus, "even endeavoring to transform him into a woman." Heliogabalus went one step further and considered castrating himself, but he finally settled for wearing women's clothes and offering himself as a prostitute. Such scenes of debauchery were not revived until the Renaissance, when the Borgia family, in-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 164

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11/73

SHE'S GONNA GETCHA!
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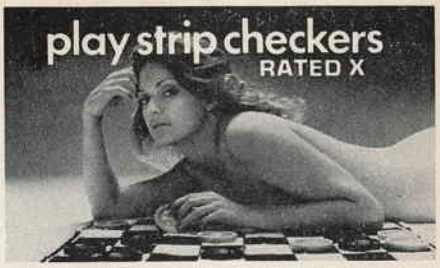
Sex Energy
Sexual Life Between
Blacks and Whites

cluding the Borgia pope, Alexander VI, set about making up for lost time. In 1501 Cesare Borgia held a party where, according to eyewitness John Burchard, "Fifty prostitutes of the kind known as courtesans and who are not of the common people, were present. After the meal they danced with the servants and the others who were present. At first they wore their dresses, then they stripped themselves completely naked. The meal over, the lighted candles which were on the table were set out on the floor, and chestnuts were thrown down for the naked courtesans to pick up, crawling on hands and knees between the candlesticks. The Pope, the Duke, and Lucrezia his sister were present watching. Finally a collection of silk cloaks, of hose, of brooches, and of other things was displayed, and these were promised to those who had connection with the greatest number of prostitutes. This took place in public. The spectators, who acted as judges, gave the prizes to those who were adjudged to be the victors." In 18th-century England, Charlotte Hayes, a brothel-keeper, read a travel book that said that in Tahiti "young men and girls copulate publicly before the people." This struck her as a good idea and she sent a circular to her clients advising them that "This evening at 7 o'clock precisely 12 beautiful nymphs, spotless virgins, will carry out the famous Feast of Venus as it is celebrated in Tahiti." Apparently twenty-three eager Tahiti-fans turned up, including five members of Parliament. At least they were *willing* orgy-goers—sometime in 1772, the Marquis de Sade gave a party in Marseilles where he doped the refreshments with Spanish fly. The poor guests, "burning with unchaste desire, gave themselves up to all the excesses to which the most lascivious frenzy can carry one.... Several persons are dead from the excesses to which they gave themselves in their Priapic fury and others are still severely indisposed." The last great orgy-giver was probably Aleister Crowley (q.v.), though his sexual free-for-alls were dignified with the name of magic ceremonies. Modern orgies are depressingly unglamorous and often rely heavily on paid help.

FASHION FINDER

Merchandise from the following firms is featured editorially in this issue (pages 115 through 119). Contact them directly for information on where to purchase their styles.

Barlan Furs, Inc.: 333 Seventh Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10001—(212) LO 5-2850/Calvin the Leather Man: 754 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10021—(212) 628-2774/Cisco, Inc.: 16 East 34th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016—(212) 684-5700/Dia Diadoto: 201 East 66th Street, New York, N.Y. 10021—(212) 988-5662/Giovannelli: 853 Seventh Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019—(212) 541-8928/Harley-Davidson of Manhattan, Inc.: 372 East 76th Street; New York, N.Y. 10021—(212) 734-6630/Italia Bootwear Ltd.: 47 West 34th Street, New York, N.Y. 10001—(212) 565-1595/Pandemonium: 2133 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10025—(212) 787-9674/Rafael: 29 West 56th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019—(212) 582-1760/Revillon-Saks: 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022—(212) 421-2000/Rosebud: 4518 Wayne Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa. 19144—(215) GL 7-6453/Ben Thylan: 32 East 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022—(212) 753-7700/Wagner-Altman, Inc.: 130 West 30th Street, New York, N.Y. 10001—(212) LO 5-3632



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How many? Waist size
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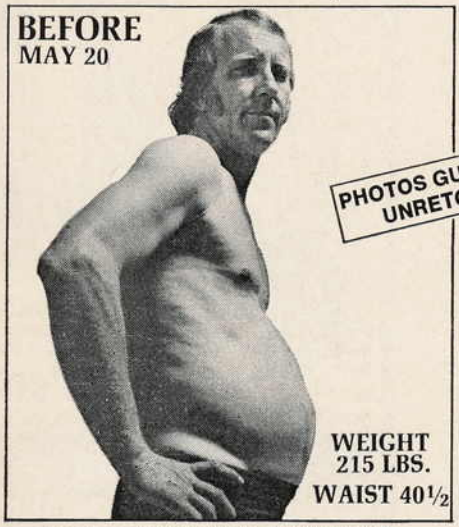
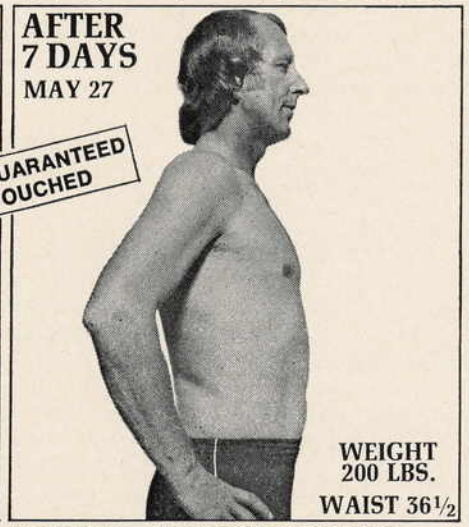
"I lost 5¾ inches off my waist, 25 pounds of excess weight... and shaped up...in just 14 days!"

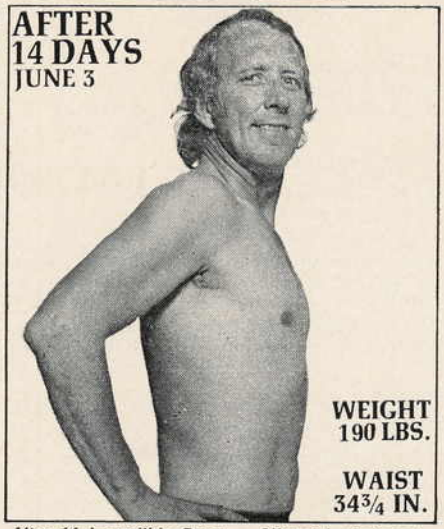
One 5-Minute exercise, twice daily, lying on my back, without giving up the foods I love...Did It!"



Gordon as he looked the day he started.



After 7 Days — A remarkable transformation — pot almost gone — revitalized.



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SEE AND FEEL AMAZING RESULTS IN JUST 3 DAYS!!

WHAT IS THIS INGENIOUS PLAN?

The Weider "5" Minute Body Shaper plan is based on doing ONE CONTINUOUS RHYTHMIC CO-ORDINATED EXERCISE while still eating the foods you like. That's all you do! This one five-minute exercise is designed to attack the Waist and Hips (where fat accumulates quickest, giving your body a flabby, weak and distorted look) — as well as burn off excess body fat fast by speeding up your metabolism, burning up stored calories and releasing excess water—while reshaping your chest, abdomen, firming up your legs and arms — your total body!

It's safer than strenuous workouts, beats the time consumption and dangers of gym workouts....or any other vigorous sport.

The unit weighs about 16 oz. and fits any wallet-sized case. You can carry it and use it wherever there's floor space — anytime. Even while watching television.

WHAT COMES OFF IN 14 DAYS?

Individual results vary, but during an average 14 day period, you can expect to lose up to four inches from your waistline and up to ten pounds off your present weight. It strengthens your heart and lungs, increases stamina and endurance, improves your digestive function and general health. IT TOUGHENS YOU UP. For a '5-Minute Exerciser' — it sure does a lot!

WHAT SATISFIED CUSTOMERS SAY:

Results vary depending on how much overweight each of our students is. Nevertheless, this is a sampling from the impressive letters we receive: **Willie Ellis** — "I lost 3 inches off my waist and 9 pounds in 7 days." **Kent Christensen** — "I lost 5½ inches off my waist and 20 pounds in 10 days." **Marino Zoller, M.D.** — "I lost 2 inches off my waist in 14 days." **Michael Benedict** — "I lost 6 inches off my waist and 22 pounds in 21 days." **Ken Waller** — "I lost 3 inches off my waist in 5 days."

WHAT THE EXPERTS SAY:

Medical Doctors, Chiropractors, Osteopaths, Athletic Coaches....agree its the most successful Waistline-Weight Reducer and Shaping Up Plan ever invented!

"Doctors have always known, exercise done while lying on the back virtually eliminates strains while slimming and reshaping the body. Yours is the finest Body Shaper Program on the market." RICHARD TYLER, D.C.

"Beats jogging and working out in gyms — and much safer. I lost 4½ inches off my waist in 14 days." — JIM HANLEY, famous athletic coach.

"Based on sound physiological and medical knowledge, it burns fat and shapes the body without strain to the heart or other organs. I lost 12 lbs. of excess weight using it." DR. ANITA D. SANTANGELO, Chiropractic Orthopedics

*EXPOSING EFFORTLESS EXERCISERS

Reader's Digest (Sept. 1971), New York Times and Good Housekeeping, among others, exposed sauna wraps, inflated belts, weighted belts and effortless exercisers as frauds. Scientific researchers, medical and fitness experts all agree...there is only one way to firm, shape and trim up your body... **you must work the inches off!**

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Because this isn't a "gimmick" plan — and you have been fooled in the past by "effortless exercisers" — I make you this **UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE: "GET IT OFF FAST" — and see measurable and firming results in three days or return the exerciser for a full 100% refund!** Proven results are already verified. The guarantee is in writing. Now, can you think of a reason for not ordering your "5-Minute Total Body Shaper?"

FREE TRIAL OFFER!!

See your exciting new body begin to take shape in 3 days or every penny back!

SEND TODAY
Weight Just 16 oz.

14 days shaped me up in the privacy of my home!

'5' MINUTE BODY SHAPER

We Care About The Shape You're In — **DON'T YOU?**

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Prove to me I can see results and start shaping up in 3 days! ☐ I enclose $9.95 for "5" Minute Body Shaper & Slimming Course, plus $1.00 for shipping and handling. ☐ SAVE! Order TWO for only $17.95, plus $1.00 for shipping and handling. (No C.O.D.'s please). Enclosed is ☐ check or ☐ money order or ☐ cash for $..... (Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.)

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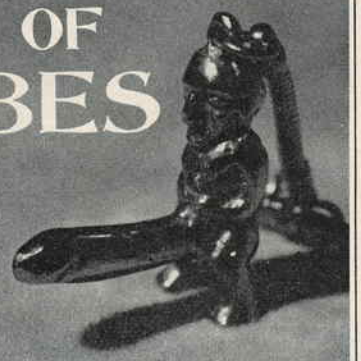

The phallic god Bes was first personified as a dwarf deity in the 18th Dynasty (1557 to 1304 B.C.) of Egypt. His popularity grew and he acquired new attributes with time. A frolicsome god of pleasure and a helper of women in childbirth, he was also a god of vengeance and battle, with power to counteract magic practices and protect against snakes and other terrors. He became the guardian of sleep, sending sweet dreams to those in slumber. Bes passed into Greek iconography as Silenus, the satyr.

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SOUND ADVICE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114

(and expensive) motors to provide smooth tape motion. Both are coming finally to the cartridge recorder.

Panasonic and Akai have developed heads made of the extremely hard materials originally used in such specialized applications as videotape recorders and then adapted these materials for cassette and open-reel recorders. The advantages of super-hard heads are twofold—they wear very slowly and they offer improved frequency response.

These improvements don't come cheaply. Cassette recorders utilizing all three—hot-pressed ferrite or glass ferrite heads (the former developed by Panasonic and JVC, the latter by Akai), better motors, and Dolby or other noise reduction—now cost upward of $200, with several new models reaching as high as $500. Component-quality cartridge recorders are heading in the same direction, with the price of top models up about 25 percent since last year.

Part of the increase represents nothing more than inflation and the fact that manufacturing costs in Japan, where most of these units come from, have gone up. But to justify higher prices, manufacturers like Panasonic, Sony, Harmon-Kardon, and Akai have beefed up the features and performance on their new units.

And while the cartridge has been upgraded, companies like Columbia Magnetics, Memorex, TDK, Capitol 2, BASF, and others have been continually improving the cassette. TDK, for example, has a new cassette tape that uses a super-high density gamma ferrite formulation resulting in much stronger distortion-free signals on the tape. TDK's ED has been followed by Memorex's MRX-2 high-density formulation and by similar iron-oxide tapes from Columbia Magnetics and Capitol 2.

Despite the gains in cartridge and cassette performance, open reel still remains the choice of most serious tape users, because of its maximum fidelity and because of the ease of tape editing. There are more open-reel machines to choose from than there were two years ago, with manufacturers like Kenwood, Sansui, Akai, Sony, Technics by Panasonic, and others coming up with machines designed to produce top-fidelity recordings.

Equipment makers have been slow to add noise-reduction to open-reel recorders. They felt that noise reduction produced maximum benefits at slower tape speeds. All that the owner of a high-priced open-reel recorder had to do to get rid of tape hiss, they argued, was to use a faster tape speed. Revox didn't buy that argument, nor did the thousands of people who bought Revoxes equipped with Dolby noise-reduction systems last year. Teac is now producing a similar model.

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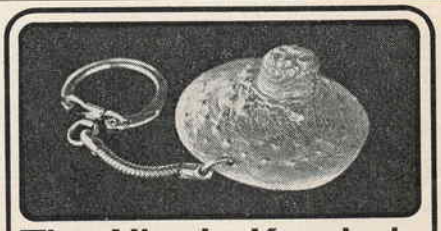

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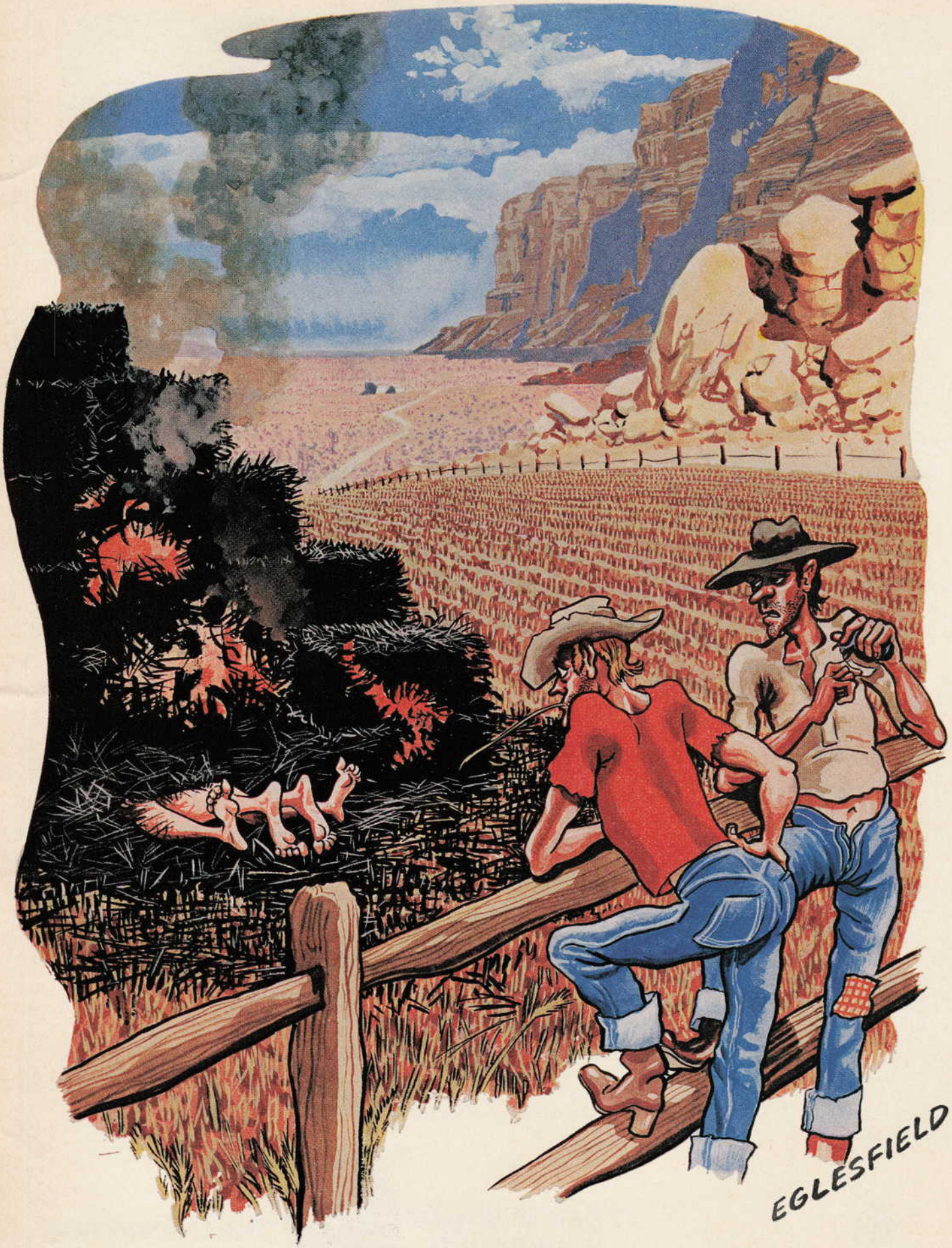
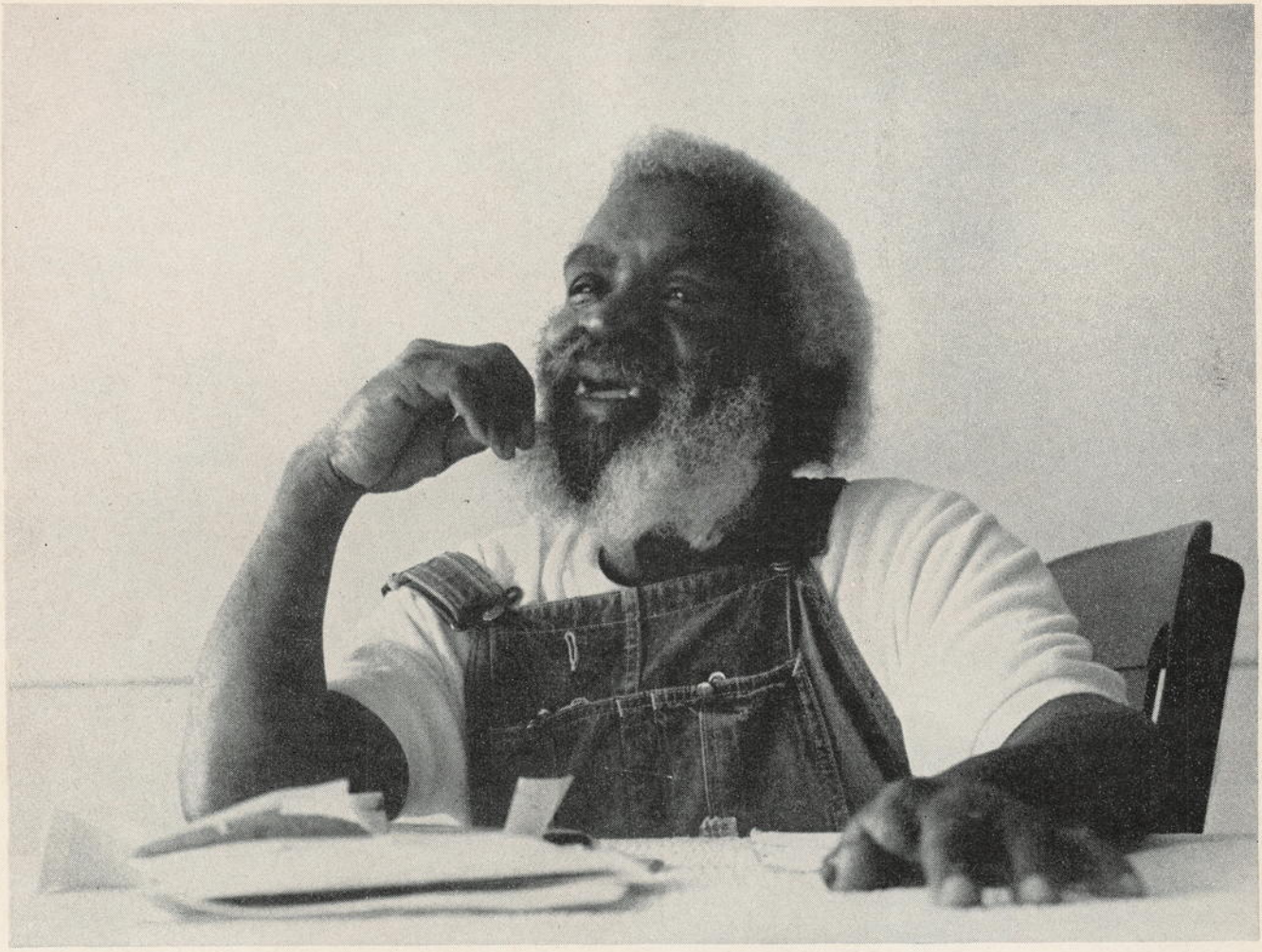


"Guess it musta bin friction!"



All John Gurley wanted for his birthday was a birth day.

When John Gurley applied for social security benefits he was told he didn't exist. There was no record of his birth. Life had overlooked this man who stands just 4'4".

But people cared. At a United Way agency in Williamson, N. Y., John's heritage was traced back to Pasquotank County, Salem, North Carolina.

There, census records showed a William and Margaret Gurley had a son who was four years old in 1910. The boy's name was John but everybody called him "Knee High."

Today, everybody calls him "Shorty" and he gets the social security check he worked for "ever since I can remember." Thanks to you, he has a real birthday.

On that day no man stands taller than John Gurley.

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Because there's a lot of the West in all of us.

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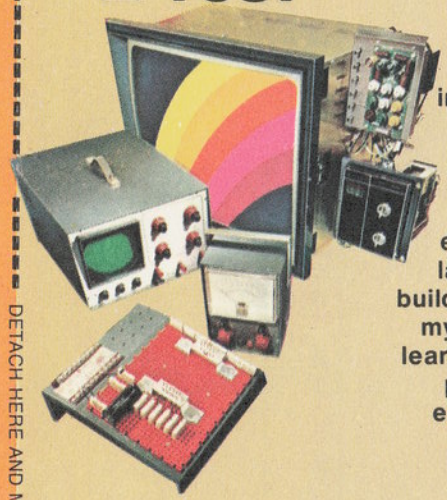

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